SONGS THE CHILDREN LOVE TO SING

A collection of more than three hundred songs for mothers and for children of all ages

INCLUDING

Game Songs
Flower Songs
Work Songs
Nature Songs
Home Songs
Play Songs

Songs of the Animals
Songs of the Months
Songs of the Seasons
Songs for Little Girls
Songs for Little Boys
Nursery Rhymes and Songs
Songs of Our Country

Sacred Songs
Hymns
Bird Songs
Folk Songs
Lullabies
Christmas Songs

Arranged for singing or playing

by

ALBERT E. WIER
Editor of "The Ideal Home Music Library"

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
NEW YORK LONDON

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To Mothers and Big Sisters

WE have endeavored to make "Songs the Children Love to Sing" a complete book of recreation songs in the fullest sense of the word, by including ditties of all kinds and for all ages. There are altogether more than three hundred songs of nineteen different varieties, and under each class will be found a gradation of difficulty which will render it easy to select songs for children of any particular age or accomplishment.

The piano arrangement carries the melody in the right hand—so that the child can readily hear it—and the accompaniment in the left hand, with the words between the two staves. Accordingly the songs can be sung or played at will.

THE EDITOR

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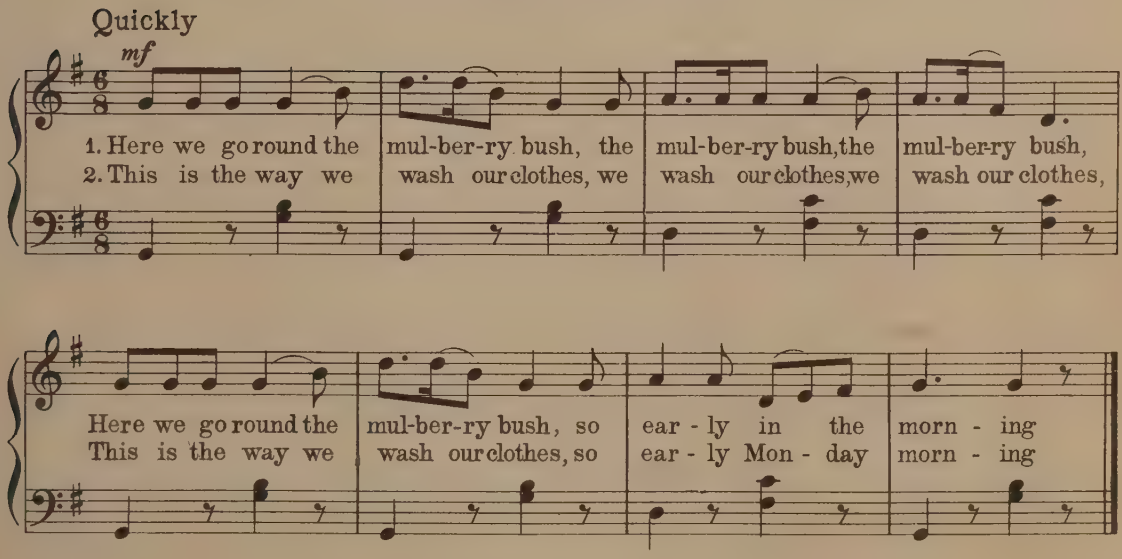
SONG GAMES FOR CHILDREN

Singing games for children are something which they will heartily enjoy if played with vim and spirit. They are also without doubt the healthiest and most elevating amusement which can be provided by mothers big and little for the little ones, indoors or out. All the universally popular and familiar singing games are included in this section of "Songs the Children Love to Sing," with general instructions as to the ways of playing them. Some of these games, however, are played in different ways in various sections of the country, therefore the instructions in this book are subject to change at will.

The Mulberry Bush


Quickly
mf
1. Here we go round the mul-ber-ry bush, the mul-ber-ry bush, the mul-ber-ry bush,
2. This is the way we wash our clothes, we wash our clothes, we wash our clothes,
Here we go round the mul-ber-ry bush, so ear - ly in the morn - ing
This is the way we wash our clothes, so ear - ly Mon - day morn - ing

3. This is the way we iron our clothes, &c.
So early Tuesday morning.

4. This is the way we scrub the floor, &c.
So early Wednesday morning.

5. This is the way we mend our clothes, &c.
So early Thursday morning.

6. This is the way we sweep the house, &c.
So early Friday morning.

7. This is the way we bake our bread, &c.
So early Saturday morning.

8. This is the way we go to church, &c.
So early Sunday morning.

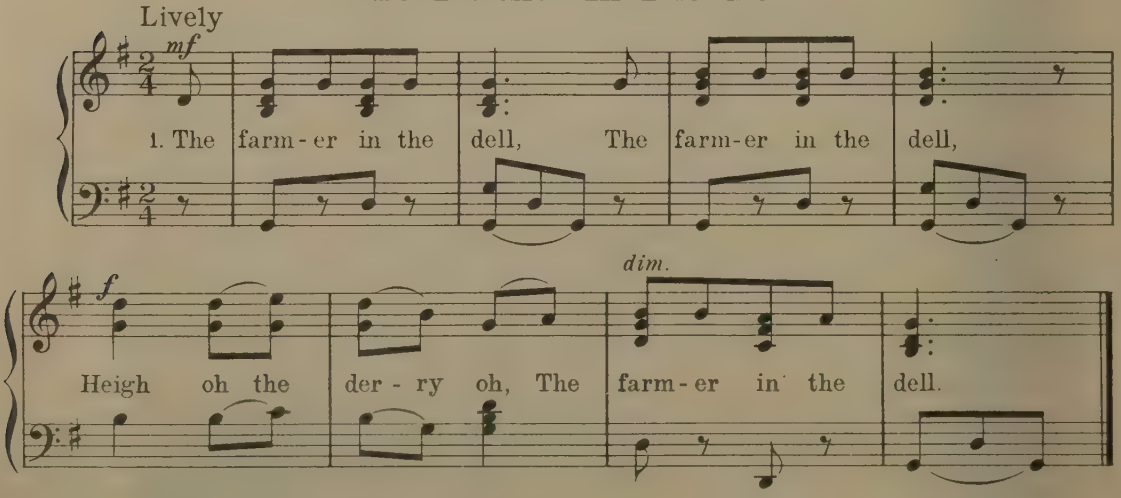
The game consists in simply suiting the actions to the words of each verse of the song. It is especially attractive for little girls.

Ten Little Indians

Not too fast
mf
cresc.
1. One lit-tle, two lit-tle, three lit-tle In-dians, Four lit-tle, five lit-tle, six lit-tle In-dians,
2. Ten lit-tle, nine lit-tle, eight lit-tle In-dians, Seven lit-tle, six lit-tle, five lit-tle In-dians,
f
dim.
Seven lit-tle, eight lit-tle, nine lit-tle In-dians, Ten lit-tle In-dian boys.
Four lit-tle, three lit-tle, two lit-tle In-dians, One lit-tle In-dian boy.

While singing the first verse, the children appear suddenly one by one, hopping Indian fashion. In the second verse they disappear one by one in the same way.

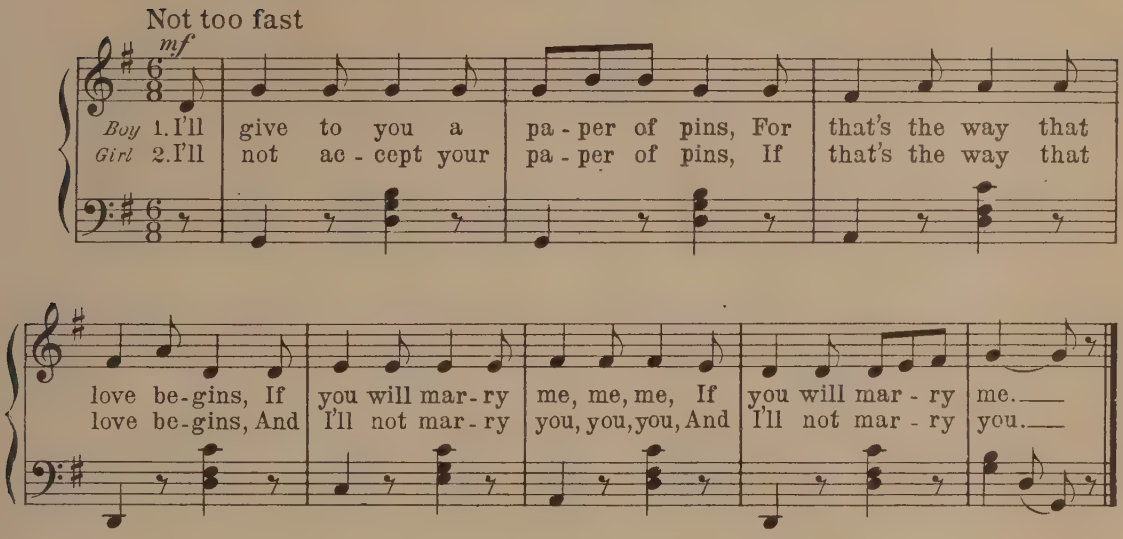
The Farmer In The Dell



2. The farmer takes a wife, etc.
3. The wife takes the child, etc.
4. The child takes the nurse, etc.
5. The nurse takes the dog, etc.
6. The dog takes the cat, etc.
7. The cat takes the rat, etc.
8. The rat takes the cheese, etc.
9. The cheese stands alone, etc.

A child, representing the farmer stands in the center of a circle of children, and chooses another child, "the wife" at the end of the second verse; this one chooses another, "the child," and so on until "the cheese" is selected, after which the game begins over again.

I'll Give To You A Paper Of Pins


Not too fast
mf
Boy 1. I'll give to you a pa - per of pins, For that's the way that
Girl 2. I'll not ac - cept your pa - per of pins, If that's the way that
love be-gins, If you will mar - ry me, me, me, If you will mar - ry me.
love be-gins, And I'll not mar - ry you, you, you, And I'll not mar - ry you.

Boy

3. I'll give to you a nice easy chair,
To sit and comb your golden hair
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

5. I'll give to you a bright silver spoon,
To feed your babe this afternoon
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

7. I'll give to you a fine dress of green,
To make you look like a real queen,
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

9. I'll give to you the key of my chest,
So you'll have gold at your request,
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

11. I'll give to you the key to my heart,
That we may love and never part,
If you will marry me, me, me,
If you will marry me.

Girl

4. I'll not accept your nice easy chair,
To sit and comb my golden hair,
And I'll not marry you, you, you,
And I'll not marry you.

6. I'll not accept your bright silver spoon,
To feed my babe this afternoon,
And I'll not marry you, you, you,
And I'll not marry you.

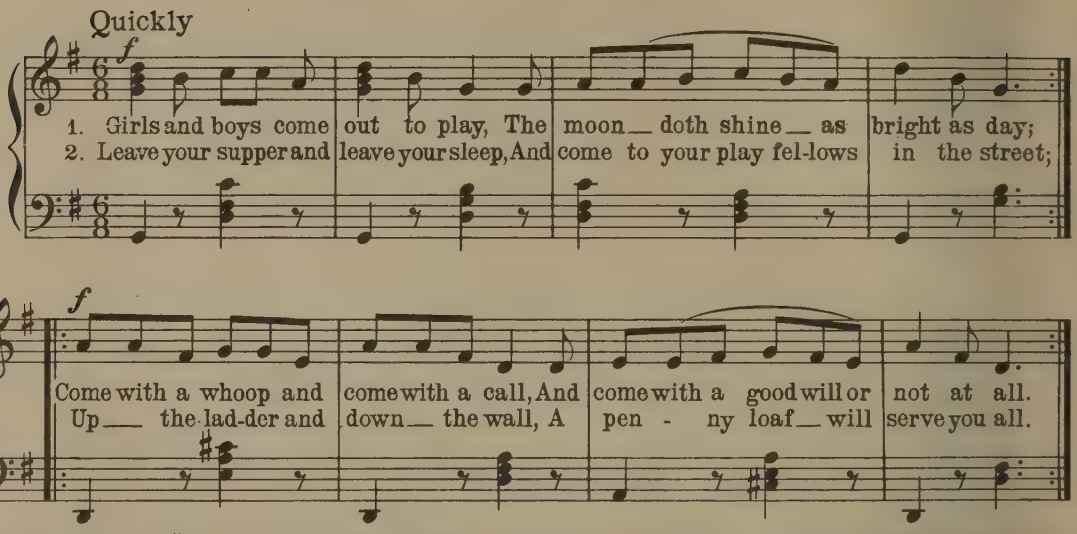
8. I'll not accept your fine dress of green,
To make me look like a real queen,
And I'll not marry you, you, you,
And I'll not marry you.

10. I'll not accept the key of your heart,
That I'll have gold at my request,
And I'll not marry you, you, you,
And I'll not marry you.

12. Yes, I'll accept the key to your heart,
That we may love and never part,
And I will marry you, you, you,
And I will marry you.

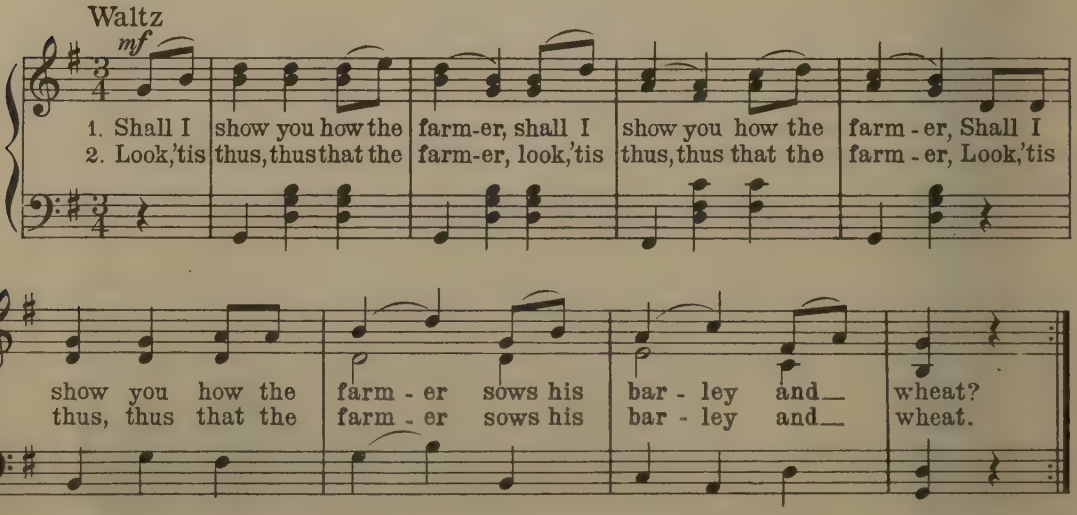
Verses 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 and 11 are sung by a boy, and verses 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 by a little girl. The verses may be repeated by different children until all have taken part.

Girls And Boys Come Out To Play


Quickly
f
1. Girls and boys come out to play, The moon doth shine as bright as day;
2. Leave your supper and leave your sleep, And come to your play fel-lows in the street;
f
Come with a whoop and come with a call, And come with a good will or not at all.
Up the lad-der and down the wall, A pen - ny loaf will serve you all.

This is a kind of "free-for-all" game in which the children join hands in a circle to frolic and dance to their heart's content.

The Farmer


Waltz
mf
1. Shall I show you how the farm-er, shall I show you how the farm - er, Shall I
2. Look, 'tis thus, thus that the farm-er, look, 'tis thus, thus that the farm - er, Look, 'tis
show you how the farm - er sows his bar - ley and wheat?
thus, thus that the farm - er sows his bar - ley and wheat.

3. Shall I show you how the farmer, etc.
Reaps his barley and wheat.

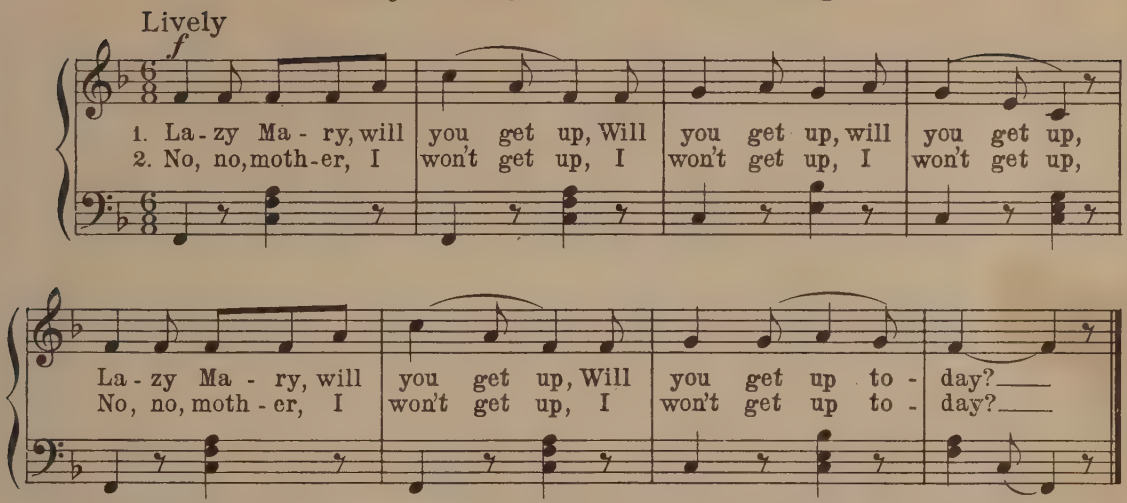
4. Look 'tis thus, thus that the farmer, etc.
Reaps his barley and wheat.

5. Shall I show you how the farmer, etc.
Threshes barley and wheat.

6. Look 'tis thus, thus that the farmer, etc.
Threshes barley and wheat.

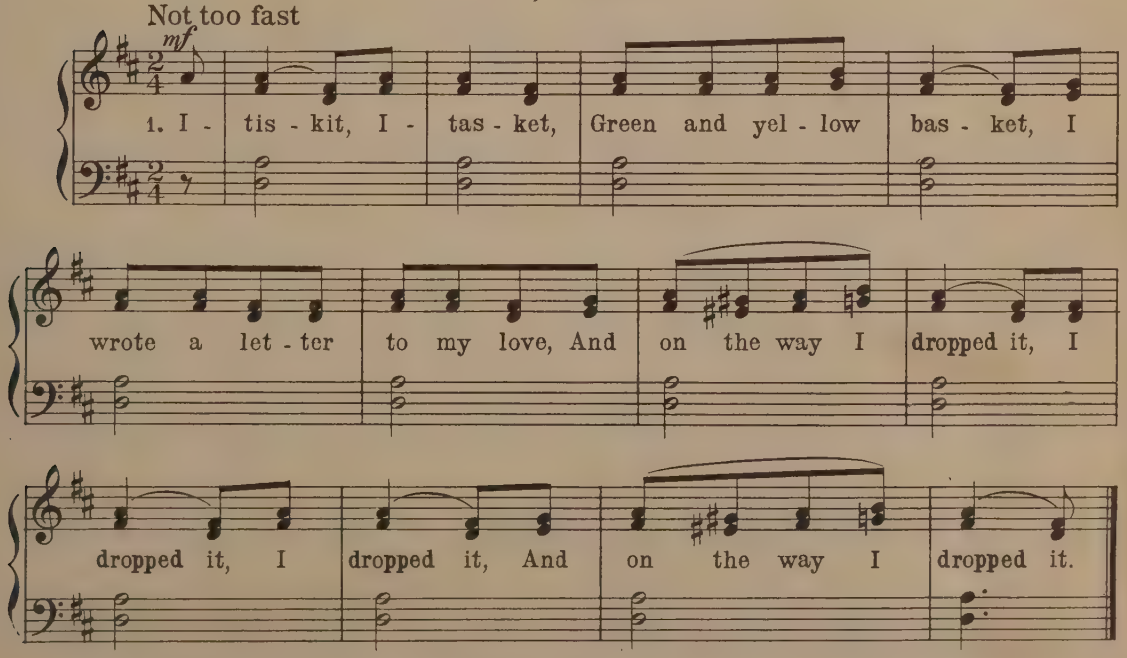
The game consists in the children imitating the motions of the farmer sowing, reaping and threshing wheat.

Lazy Mary, Will You Get Up?


Lively
f
1. La - zy Ma - ry, will you get up, Will you get up, will you get up,
2. No, no, moth - er, I won't get up, I won't get up, I won't get up,
La - zy Ma - ry, will you get up, Will you get up to - day?
No, no, moth - er, I won't get up, I won't get up to - day?

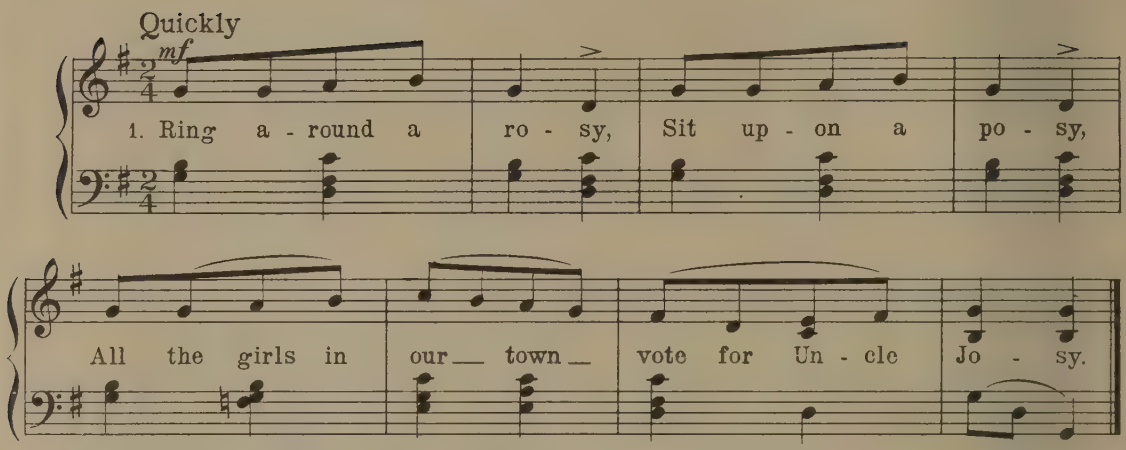
All the children sing the first verse, while dancing around the child chosen to be "Lazy Mary." Then they all sing the second verse together.

Itiskit, Itasket


Not too fast
mf
1. I - tis - kit, I - tas - ket, Green and yel - low bas - ket, I
wrote a let - ter to my love, And on the way I dropped it, I
dropped it, I dropped it, And on the way I dropped it.

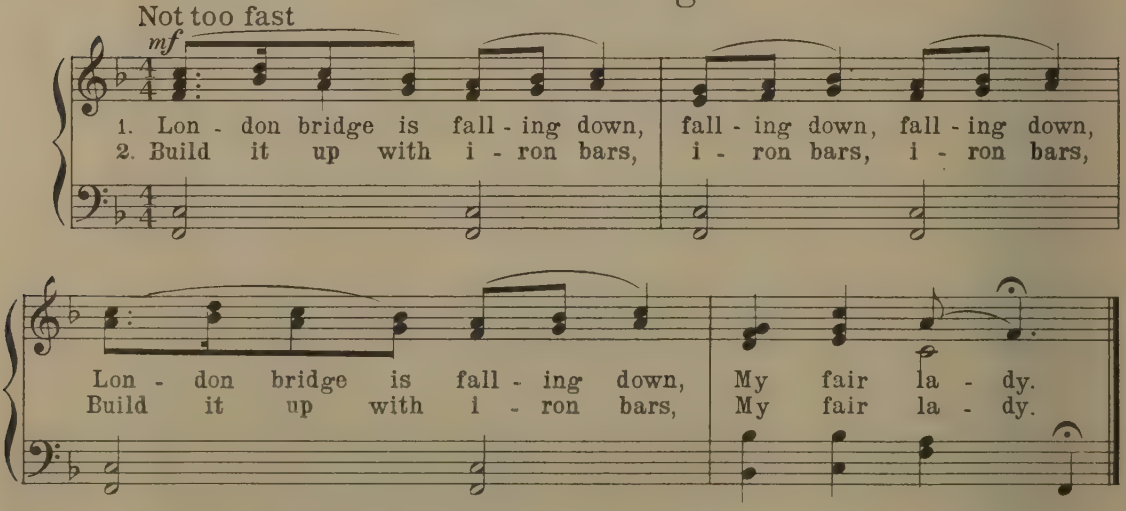
A game similar in action to "drop the handkerchief." When the words are sung "I lost it" a letter or handkerchief is dropped behind some child by another who runs around the circle of players. This child picks it up and drops it behind some other child, and this keeps up until every child has had the handkerchief or letter.

Ring Around A Rosy



All the players dance around in a ring, and fall down at the last words.

London Bridge

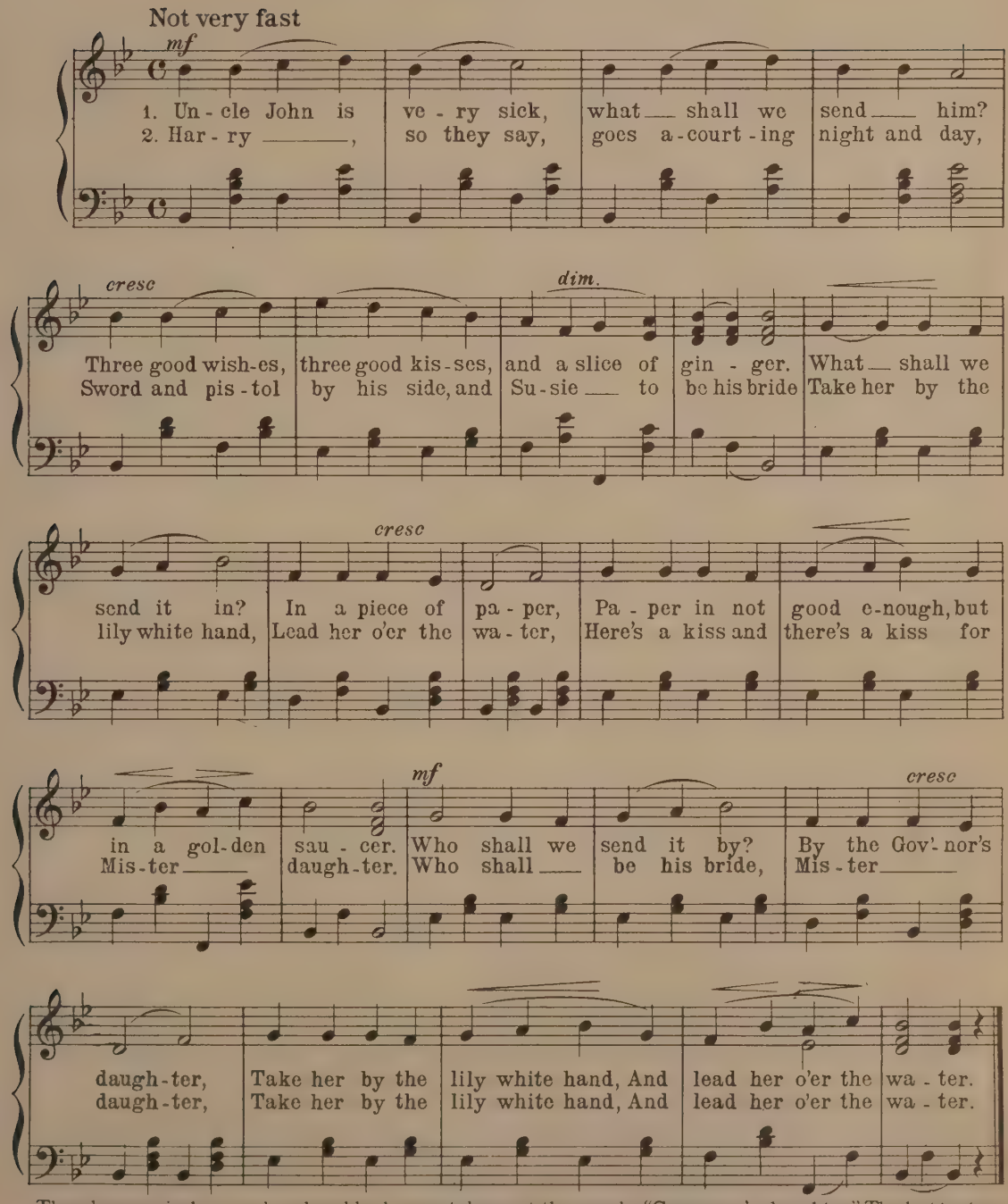

Not too fast
mf
1. Lon - don bridge is fall - ing down, fall - ing down, fall - ing down,
2. Build it up with i - ron bars, i - ron bars, i - ron bars,
Lon - don bridge is fall - ing down, My fair la - dy.
Build it up with i - ron bars, My fair la - dy.

3. Iron bars will bend and break,
   Bend and break, bend and break.
   Iron bars will bend and break.
   My fair lady.

4. Build it up with silver and gold,
   Silver and gold, silver and gold.
   Build it up with silver and gold,
   My fair lady.

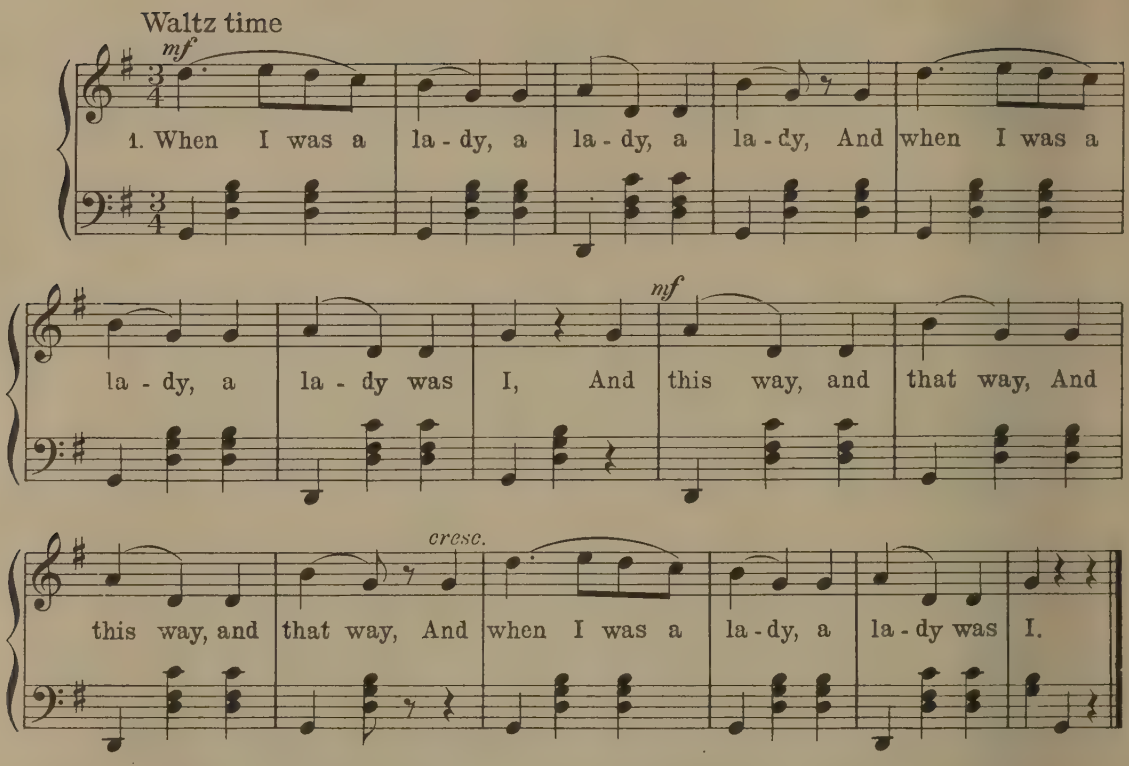
The children pass under a bridge formed by two other children raising their arms to form an arch. These two children have previously secretly decided which one represents "gold" and which one "silver." At the words "My fair lady," the bridge falls - that is the children imitating it, drop their hands - and the child who is caught is asked which it prefers, "gold or silver." This child then takes its place behind the one who represents his choice and the game continues until all have chosen. Then a tug-of-war between "gold and silver" ends the game.

Uncle John Is Very Sick


Not very fast
mf
1. Un - cle John is ve - ry sick, what shall we send him?
2. Har - ry ——, so they say, goes a - court - ing night and day,
cresc
dim.
Three good wish-es, three good kis - ses, and a slice of gin - ger. What shall we
Sword and pis - tol by his side, and Su - sie to be his bride Take her by the
cresc
send it in? In a piece of pa - per, Pa - per in not good e-nough, but
lily white hand, Lead her o'er the wa - ter, Here's a kiss and there's a kiss for
mf
cresc
in a gol-den sau - cer. Who shall we send it by? By the Gov'-nor's
Mis-ter—— daugh-ter. Who shall—— be his bride, Mis - ter——
daugh - ter, Take her by the lily white hand, And lead her o'er the wa - ter.
daugh - ter, Take her by the lily white hand, And lead her o'er the wa - ter.

The players circle round and suddenly squat down at the words "Governor's daughter." The last to stoop chooses the boy or the girl who is his or her favorite, and the second verse is sung with their names inserted at the proper places.

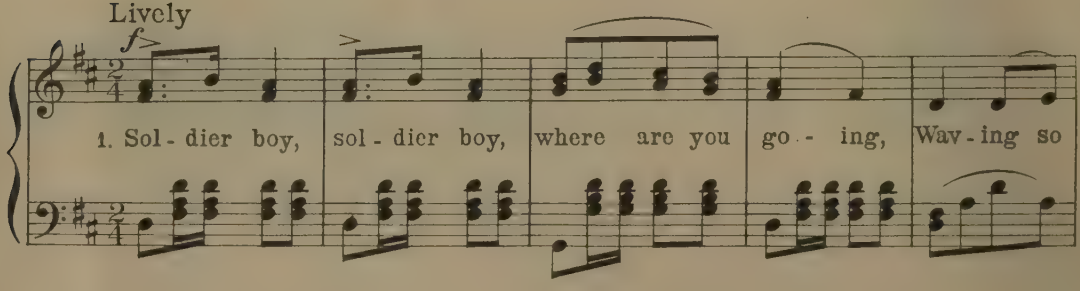
When I Was A Lady

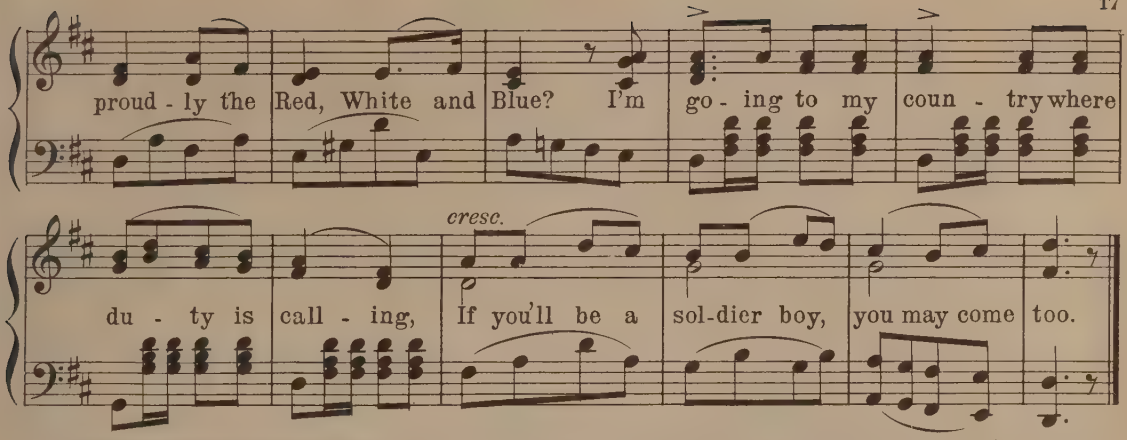

Waltz time
mf
1. When I was a la - dy, a la - dy, a la - dy, And when I was a
la - dy, a la - dy was I, And this way, and that way, And
mf
cresc.
this way, and that way, And when I was a la - dy, a la - dy was I.

2. When I was a young girl, etc., etc.
3. When I was a dancer, etc., etc.
4. When I was a young man, etc., etc.
5. When I was a soldier, etc., etc.

This is another motion game. A leader is chosen for the first verse, and she imitates the actions of a lady by making a curtsey and kissing her hands, first right and then left. A different child is chosen to represent the character in each of the verses and the other children imitate whatever motions they make.

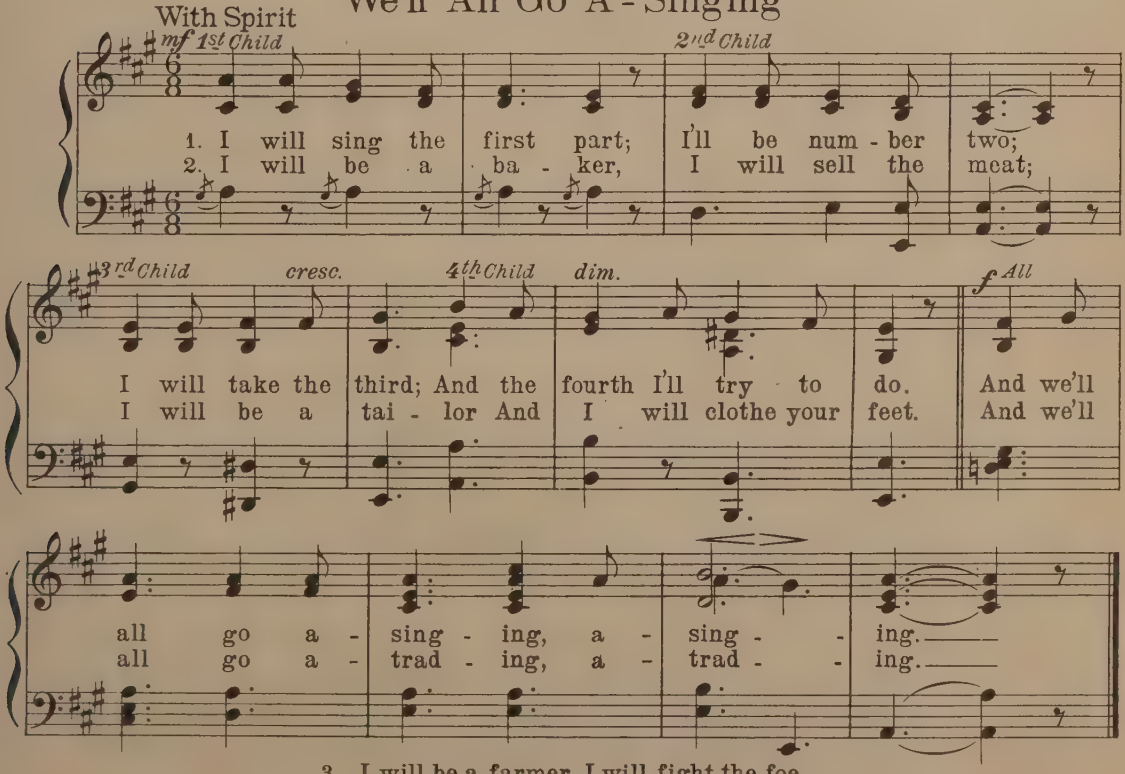
Soldier Boy





The game consists in forming two lines of children, one of which marches around the other while those who are not marching sing the verse as far as the words "Red, White and Blue." The line of marching children sings the rest of the verse and at the words "You may come too" both lines form into one and march together, singing the entire song again.

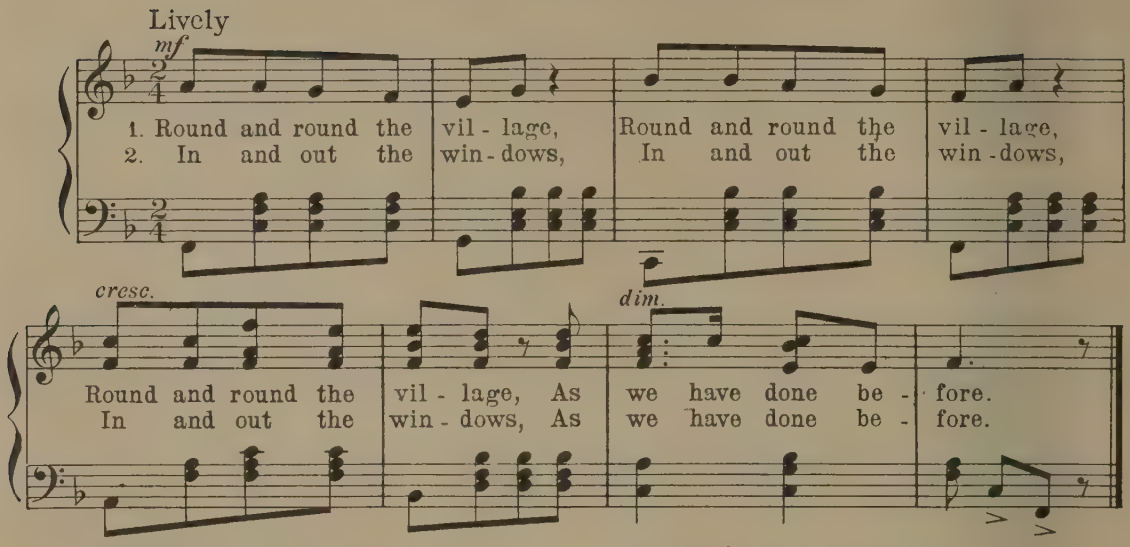
We'll All Go A-Singing


With Spirit
mf 1st Child
2nd Child
1. I will sing the first part; I'll be num - ber two;
2. I will be a ba - ker, I will sell the meat;
3rd Child
cresc.
4th Child
dim.
f All
I will take the third; And the fourth I'll try to do. And we'll
I will be a tai - lor And I will clothe your feet. And we'll
all go a - sing - ing, a - sing - ing.
all go a - trad - ing, a - trad - ing.

3. I will be a farmer, I will fight the foe,
I will be a lawyer, and I to sea will go,
And we'll all do our duty, our duty!

Four children can take the singing parts in this game. As they sing the different lines, they imitate the actions of a "baker" etc. All the children join in the chorus.

Round And Round The Village

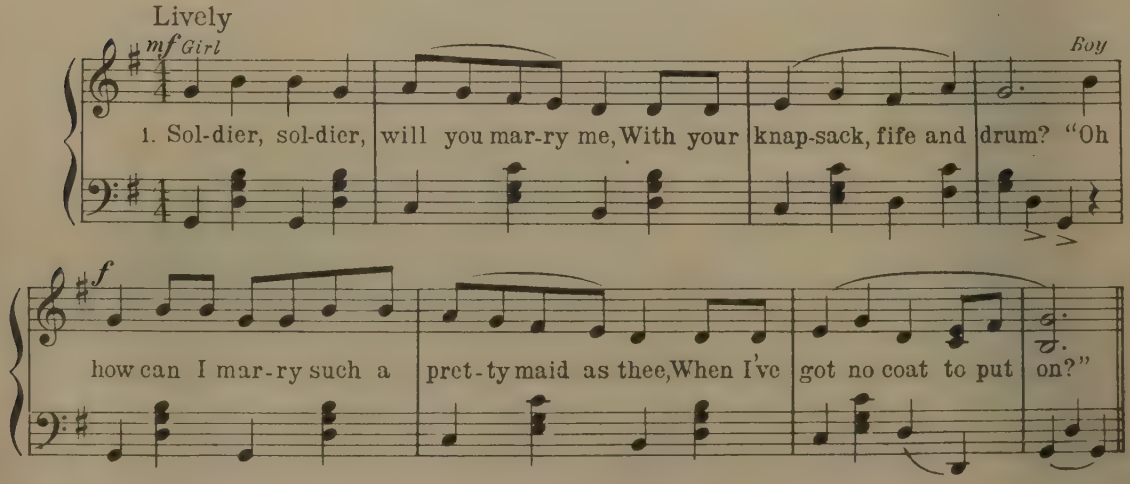

Lively
mf
1. Round and round the vil - lage, Round and round the vil - lage,
2. In and out the win - dows, In and out the win - dows,
cresc.
dim.
Round and round the vil - lage, As we have done be - fore.
In and out the win - dows, As we have done be - fore.

3. Stand and face your lover,
Stand and face your lover,
Stand and face your lover,
As we have done before.

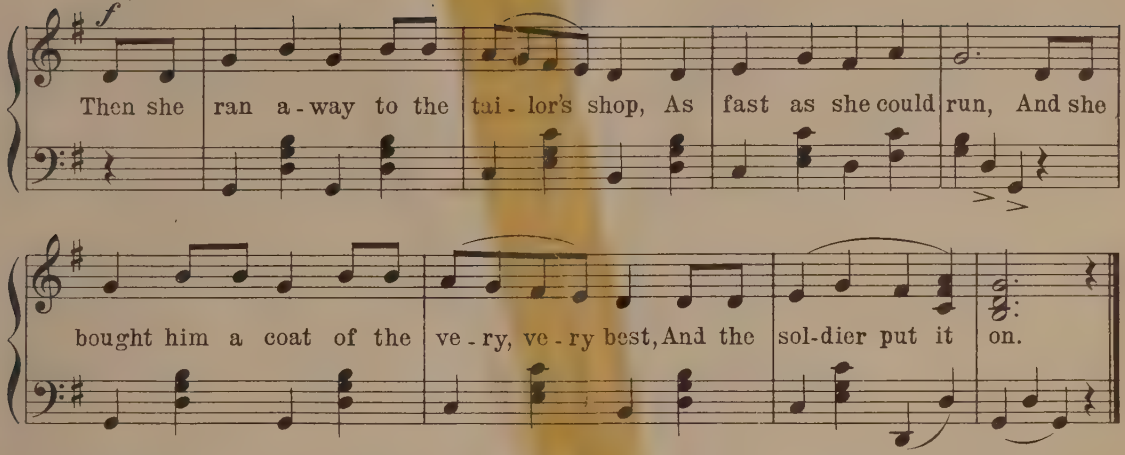
4. Kiss her 'fore you leave her,
Kiss her 'fore you leave her,
Kiss her 'fore you leave her,
As we have done before.

The children form a ring with one player on the outside, who runs around it while they are singing. During the second verse they raise their arms and let her in the center, and she runs in and out between the children, trying to complete the circle before the verse ends. In the third verse, she chooses her lover and they stand facing each other until the fourth verse when they exchange a kiss. Then the game begins all over again with the first child back in the circle and the one who was chosen as the lover on the outside.

Soldier, Soldier, Will You Marry Me?


Lively
mf Girl
Boy
1. Sol-dier, sol-dier, will you mar-ry me, With your knap-sack, fife and drum? "Oh
f
how can I mar-ry such a pret-ty maid as thee, When I've got no coat to put on?"

CHORUS


f
Then she ran a-way to the tai-lor's shop, As fast as she could run, And she
bought him a coat of the ve-ry, ve-ry best, And the sol-dier put it on.

2. Soldier, soldier will you marry me? etc.
When I have no shoes to put on.
Then she ran away to the shoemaker's shop, etc

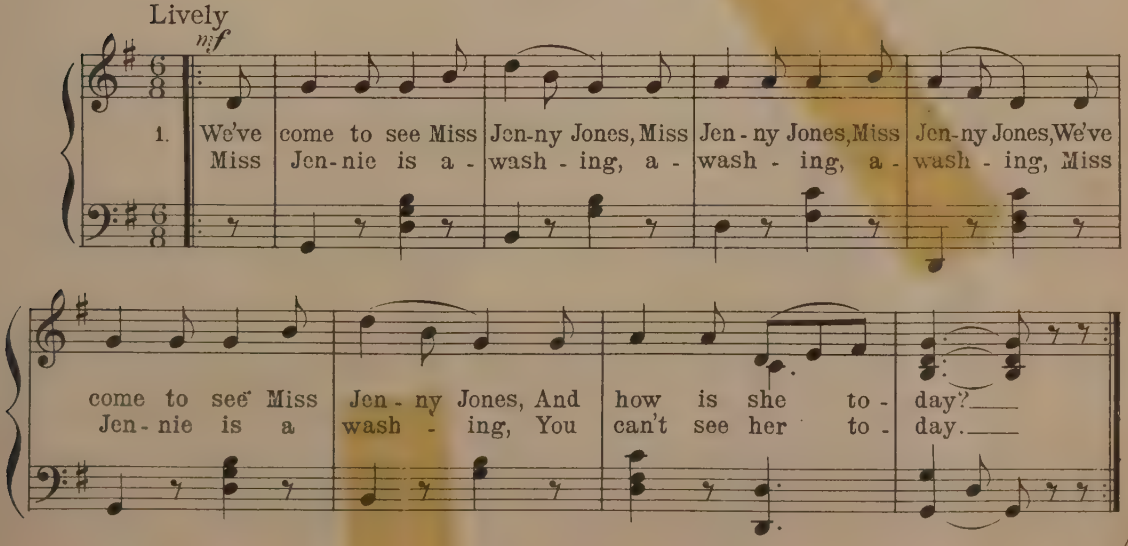
3. Soldier, soldier will you marry me? etc.
When I have no hat to put on.
Then she ran away to the hatter's shop, etc.

4. Soldier, soldier will you marry me? etc.
When I have no gloves to put on.
So she ran away to a glove-maker's shop, etc

5. Soldier, soldier will you marry me? etc.
"Oh, now can I marry such a pretty maid as thee,
When I've got a good wife at home?"

Two children are selected to play the parts. The little girl sings the first half of the verse and the little boy the second half. When he says he has no coat to put on, she borrows one from some other one of the children and so on for each verse. The last verse, which is sung by the soldier alone, always creates great merriment.

Jenny Jones


Lively
mf
6/8
1.
We've come to see Miss Jen-ny Jones, Miss Jen-ny Jones, Miss Jen-ny Jones, We've
Miss Jen-nie is a-wash-ing, a-wash-ing, a-wash-ing, Miss
come to see Miss Jen-ny Jones, And how is she to-day?
Jen-nie is a wash-ing, You can't see her to-day.

CHORUS

2. We've come to see, etc.
   Miss Jenny is a-starching, etc.
   Chorus

3. We've come to see, etc.
   Miss Jenny is a-ironing, etc.
   Chorus

4. We've come to see, etc.
   Miss Jenny is a-sweeping, etc.
   Chorus

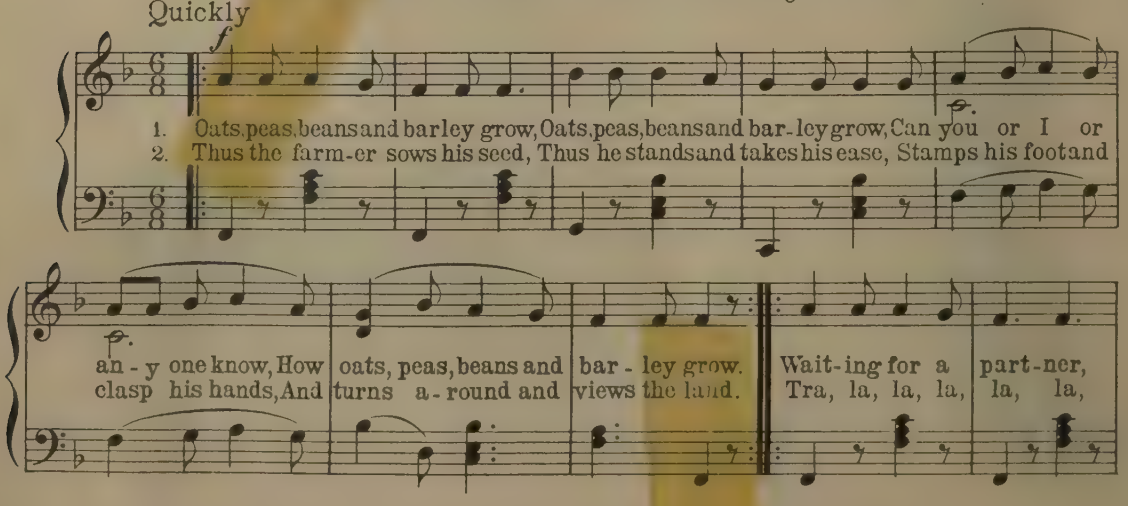
5. We've come to see, etc.
   Miss Jenny is a-sick-a-bed, etc.
   Chorus

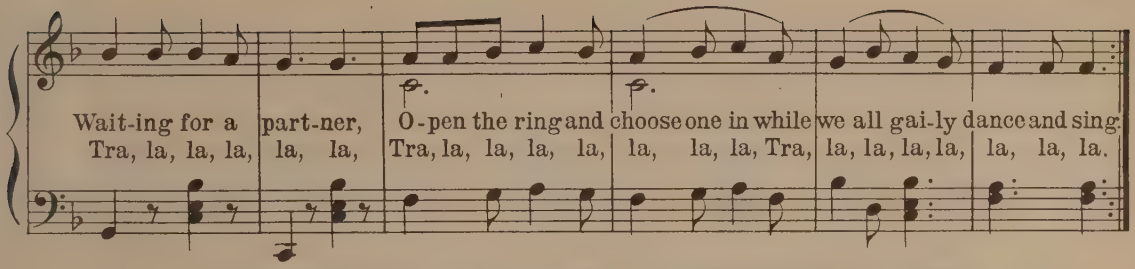
6. We've come to see, etc.
   Miss Jenny is a-dying, etc.
   Chorus

7. We've come to see, etc.
   Miss Jenny is a-dead, etc.
   Chorus

On child represents Miss Jennie Jones and another child her mother. The players dance in a circle around them singing the verse "We've Come to See Miss Jenny Jones" and the two children in the center sing the answer "Miss Jenny is a-washing" etc. When the mother says "Jenny is dead," the children run away in all directions crying. The first one she catches takes her place in the center of the circle and the game begins over again.

Oats, Peas, Beans And Barley Grow

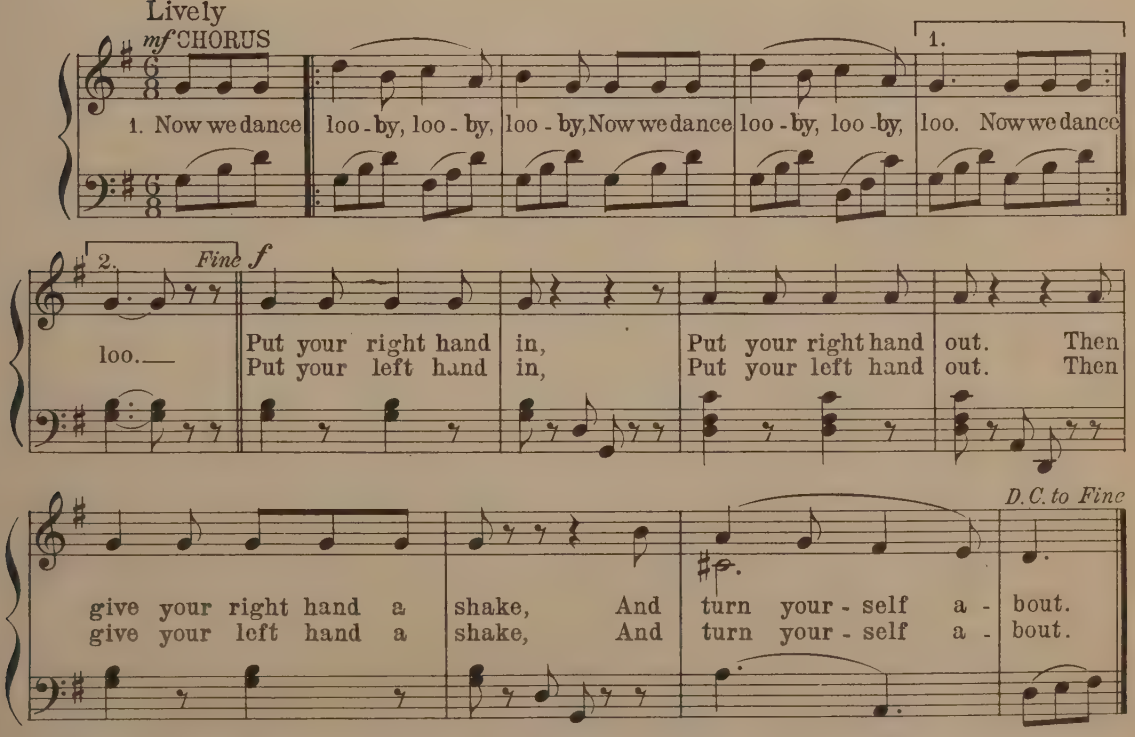

Quickly
1. Oats, peas, beans and barley grow, Oats, peas, beans and bar-ley grow, Can you or I or
2. Thus the farm-er sows his seed, Thus he stands and takes his ease, Stamps his foot and
an - y one know, How oats, peas, beans and bar - ley grow.
clasp his hands, And turns a-round and views the land.
Wait-ing for a part-ner,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la,


Wait-ing for a part-ner, O-pen the ring and choose one in while we all gai-ly dance and sing.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Now you're married you must obey, you must be true to all you say,
You must be kind, you must be good, and keep your wife in kindlingwood.

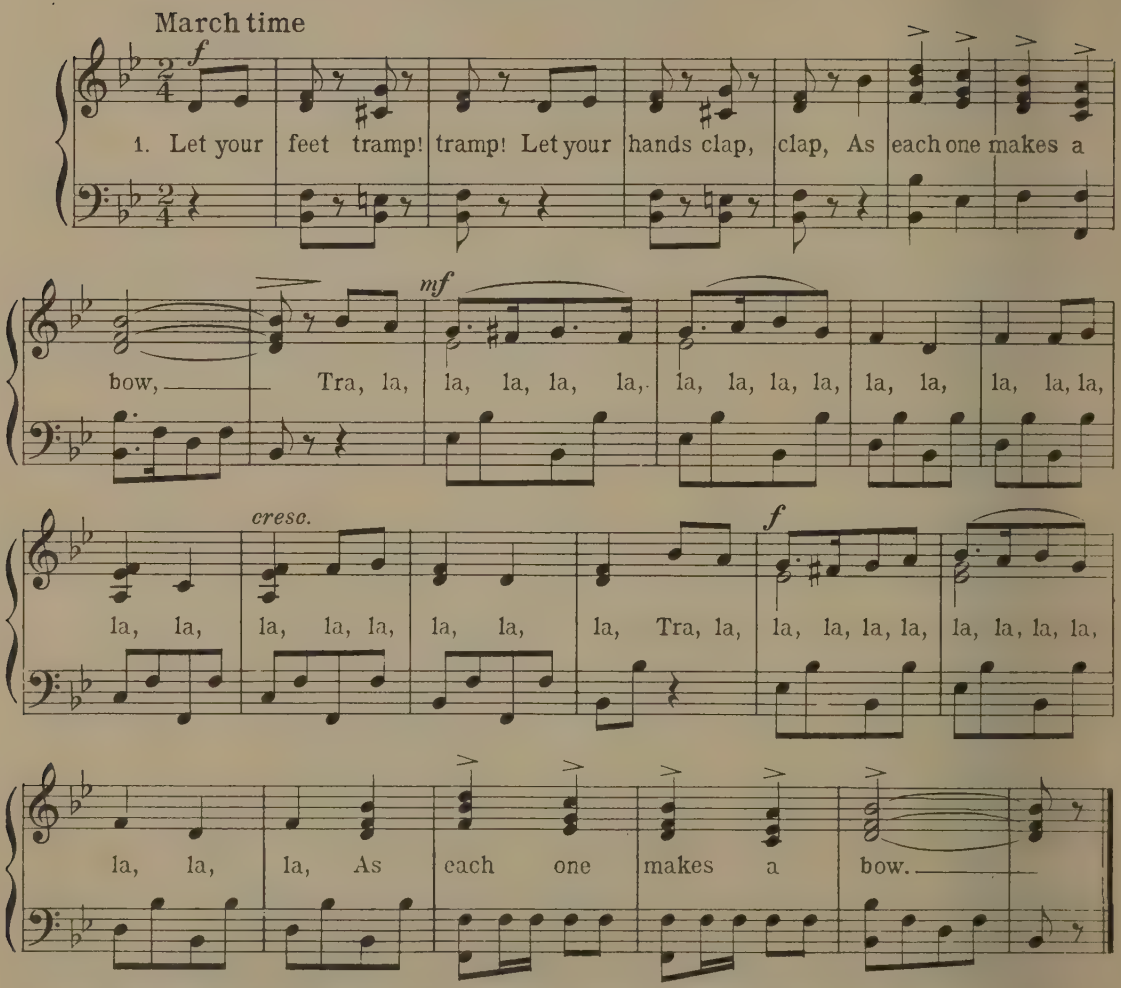
The children form a ring and circle around a child representing the farmer in the center. After the first four lines are sung, they imitate the farmer's motions in sowing, etc. Then they clasp hands again. The child representing the farmer chooses a partner and they both kneel during the second verse. Then the first child joins the ring of children and the child he chose takes his place as the farmer.

Looby Loo


Lively
mf CHORUS
1. Now we dance loo - by, loo - by, loo - by, Now we dance loo - by, loo - by, loo. Now we dance
2.
Fine
f
loo.
Put your right hand in, Put your right hand out. Then
Put your left hand in, Put your left hand out. Then
D.C. to Fine
give your right hand a shake, And turn your - self a - bout.
give your left hand a shake, And turn your - self a - bout.

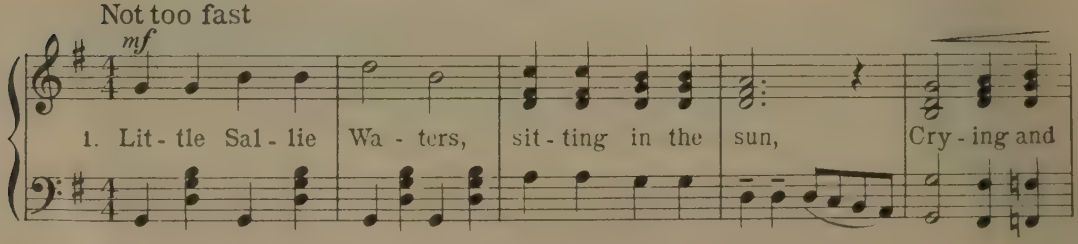
This is a game of English origin and is played in many different ways. It is really a kind of gymnastic game, and in place of the instructions "Put your right hand in" there can be added the right foot, the left foot, the head, etc. While singing the song the children join hands in a circle, doing the action indicated and swaying from side to side during the chorus, which in this instance begins and ends the song.

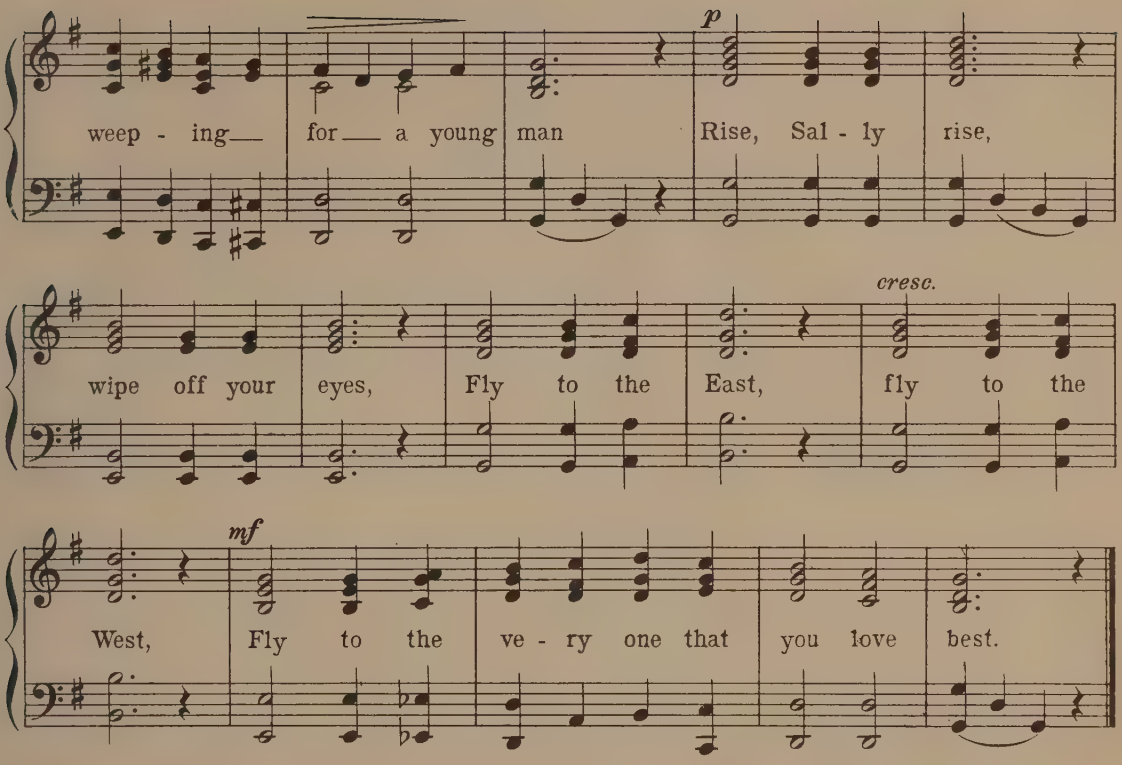
Marching Game


March time
f
1. Let your feet tramp! tramp! Let your hands clap, clap, As each one makes a
mf
bow, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
cresc.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
f
la, la, la, As each one makes a bow.

A marching game in which the children imitate the actions indicated by the words.

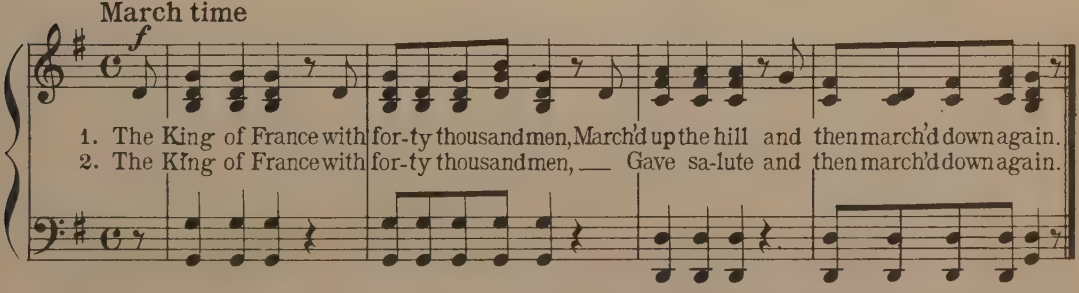
Little Sally Waters




p
weep - ing— for— a young man Rise, Sal - ly rise,
cresc.
wipe off your eyes, Fly to the East, fly to the
mf
West, Fly to the ve - ry one that you love best.

The children form a ring, with the child representing "Sally Waters" in the center She kneels or sits on the ground, with her face in her hands as if weeping. The ring of children dance round singing the verse, and at the words "Rise, Sally Rise," she rises and chooses another from the ring who goes into the center with her. She then joins the ring and the other child takes her place. The game continues until each child has taken the part of Sally Waters.

The King Of France

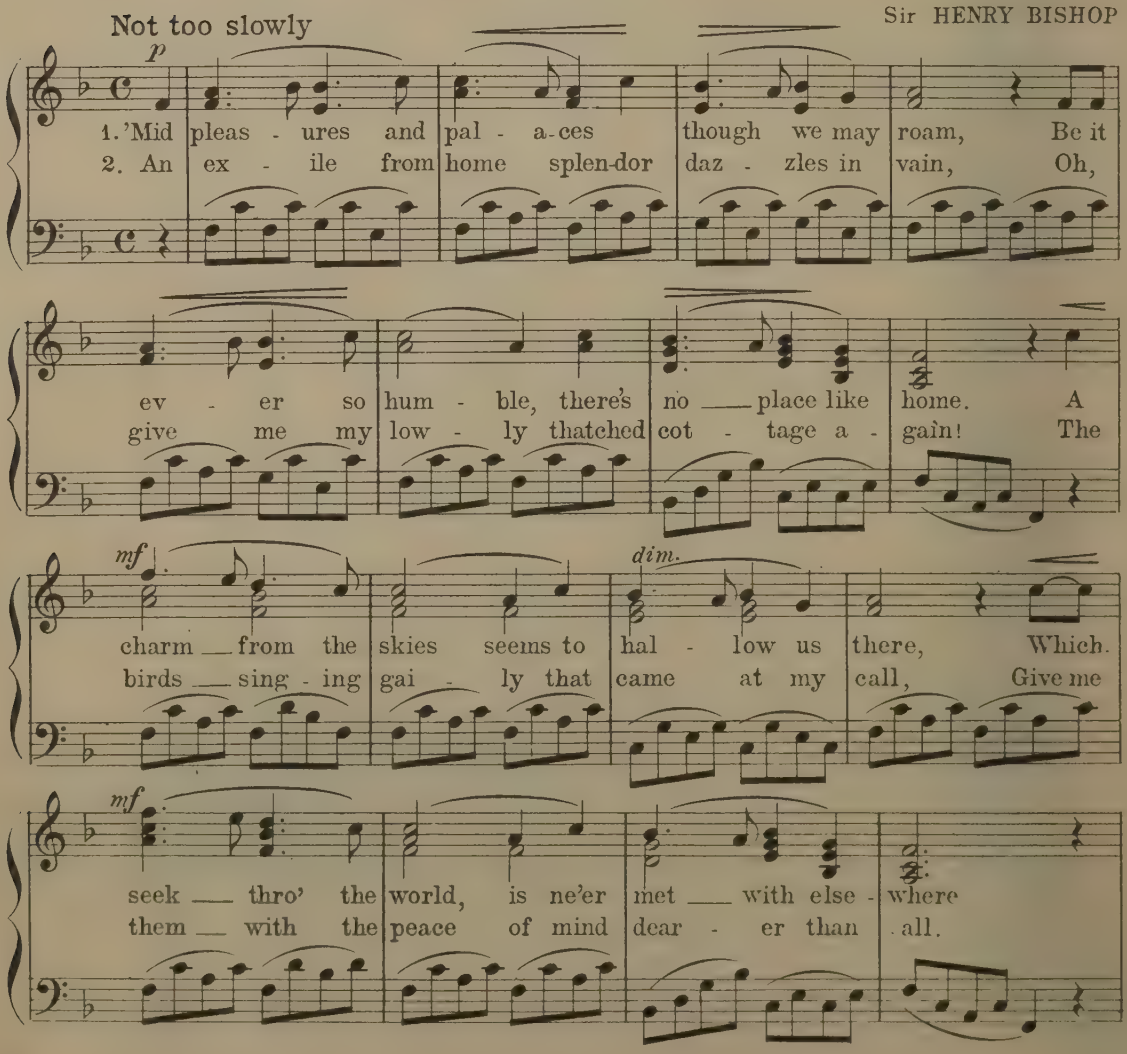

March time
f
1. The King of France with for-ty thousand men, March'd up the hill and then march'd down again.
2. The King of France with for-ty thousand men, — Gave sa-lute and then march'd down again.

Two rows of children are formed, each with a leader and each facing the other. Each leader advances several steps singing and suiting their gestures to the words of the song. Then the two rows march toward each other, singing and imitating their leaders.

SONGS OF HOME

Every child should learn to sing the "Home Songs" of his country, for there are none with sweeter melodies or more inspired poems. In most instances, the songs such as "Home, Sweet Home" are presented with the original words, but in others, as in the case with "In the Gloaming," the original words have been altered in order to bring their meaning within the comprehension of children. This is in no sense an innovation, as it has been the custom for many years to have children's versions of well-known songs.

Home, Sweet Home

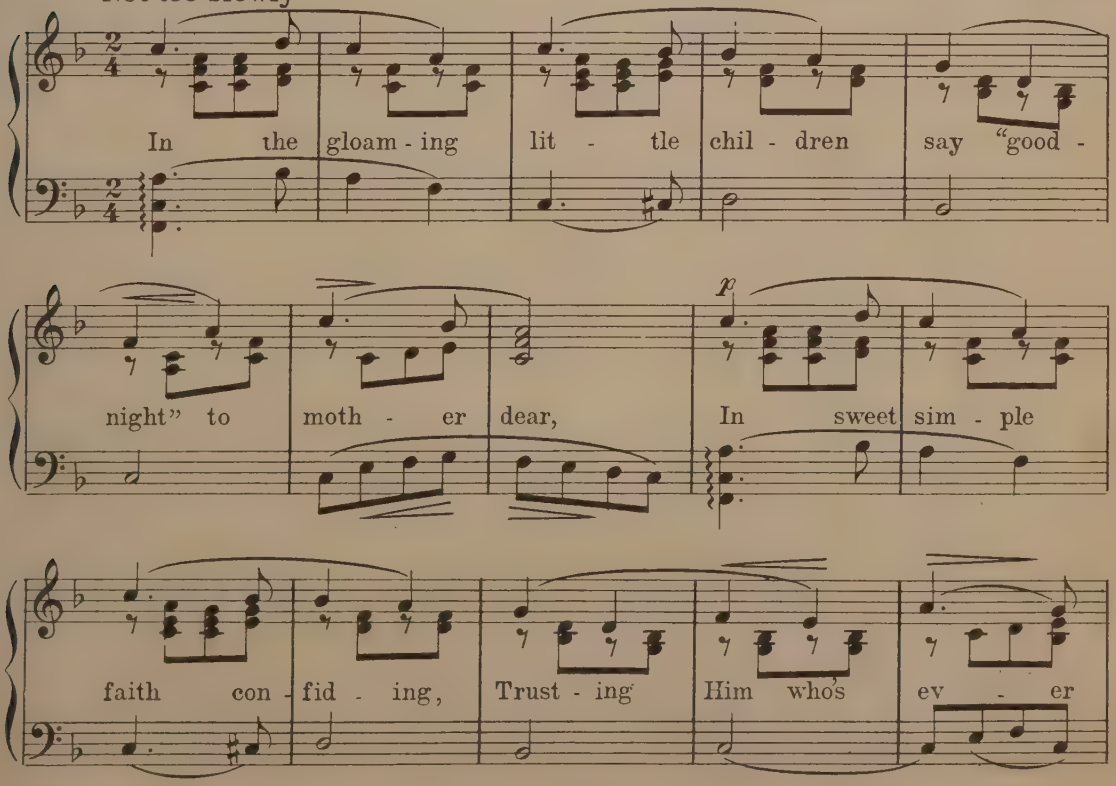

Not too slowly
Sir HENRY BISHOP
p
1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a-ces though we may roam, Be it
2. An ex - ile from home splen-dor daz - zles in vain, Oh,
ev - er so hum - ble, there's no ___ place like home. A
give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain! The
mf
dim.
charm ___ from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which.
birds ___ sing - ing gai - ly that came at my call, Give me
mf
seek ___ thro' the world, is ne'er met ___ with else - where
them ___ with the peace of mind dear - er than all.

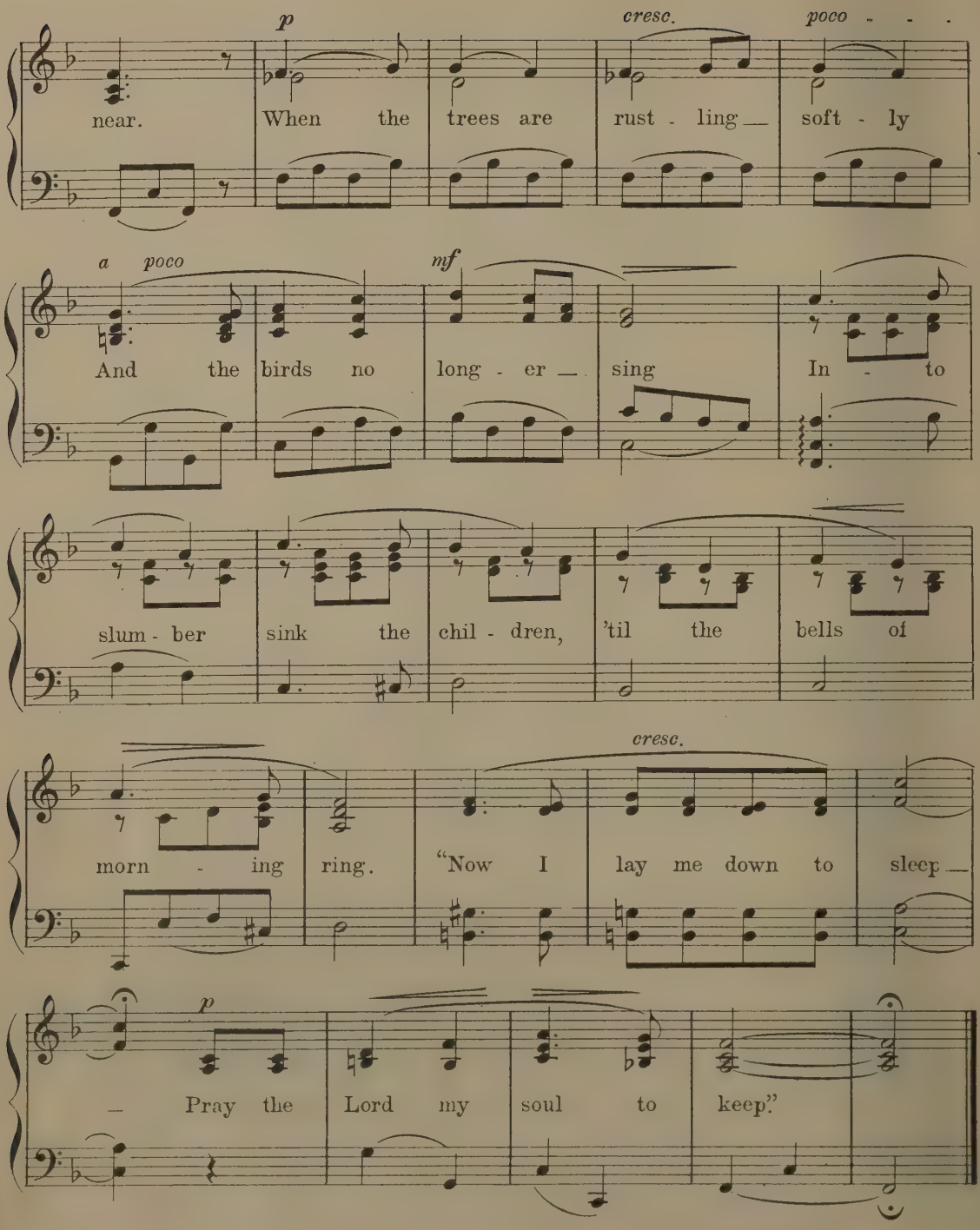
Words Adapted

In The Gloaming

Music by J. L. MOLLOY

Not too slowly




p
cresc.
poco - - -
near. When the trees are rust - ling soft - ly
a poco
mf
And the birds no long - er sing In - to
slum - ber sink the chil - dren, 'til the bells of
cresc.
morn - ing ring. "Now I lay me down to sleep
p
Pray the Lord my soul to keep."

The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

Moderato

mp

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child - hood, When
2. The moss - cov - er'd buck - et I hail as a treas - ure, For
3. How soon from the green mos - sy rim to re - ceive it, As

fond rec - ol - lec - tion pre - sents them to view, The
of - ten at noon when re - turn'd from the field, I
pois'd on the curb it re - clin'd to my lips, Not a

mf

or - chard, the mead - ow, the
found it the source of an
full flow - ing gob - let could

deep tan - gled wild - wood, And
ex - qui - site pleas - ure, The
tempt me to leave it, Tho'

ev - 'ry lov'd spot which my
pur - est and sweet - est that
fill'd with the nec - tar that

in - fan - cy knew. The
na - ture can yield How
Ju - pi - ter sips. And

mf

cresc.

wide spread - ing stream, the
ar - dent I seized it with
now far re - moved from the

mill that stood near it, The
hands that were glow - ing, And
loved sit - u - a - tion, The

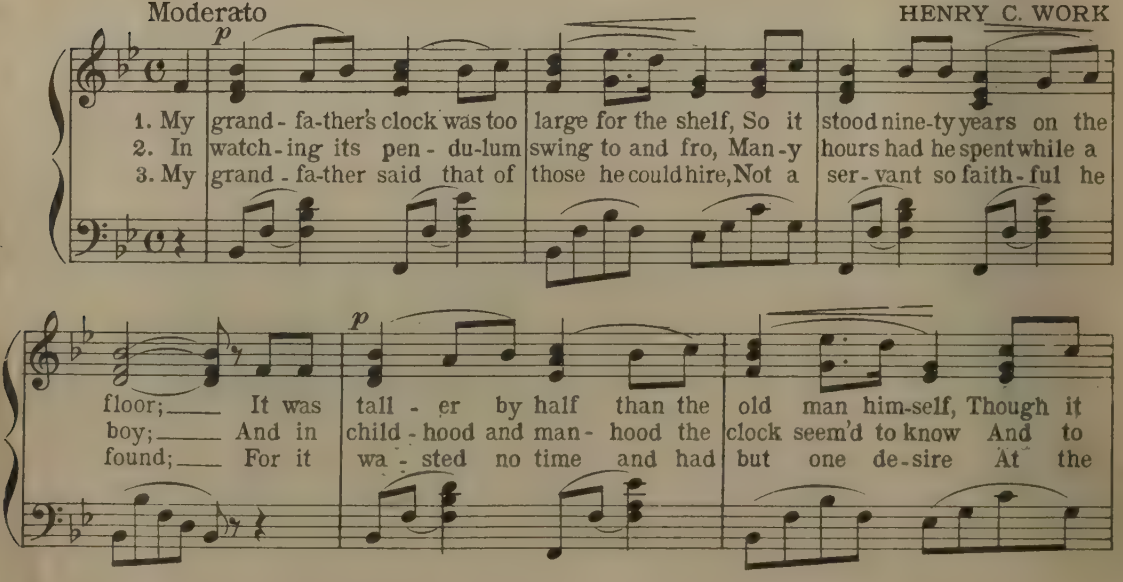
f

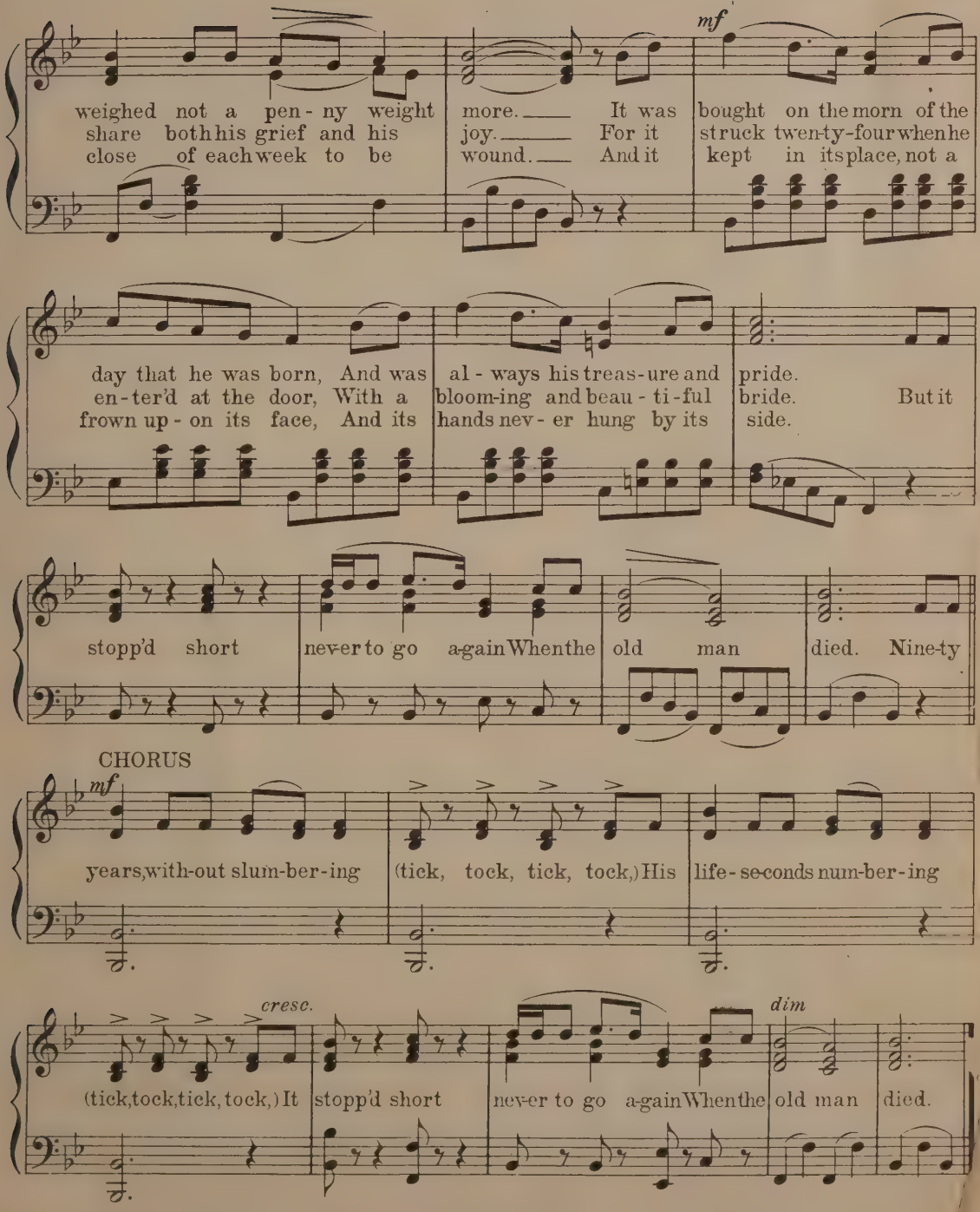
bridge and the rock where the
quick to the white peb - bled
tear of re - gret will in -

cat - a - ract fell. The
bot - tom it fell. Then
tru - sive - ly swell. As

mf
cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house by it, And
soon with the em - blem of truth o - ver - flow - ing, And
fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And
dim.
e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. The
drip - ping with cool - ness it rose from the well. The
sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well. The
rit.
old oak-en buck-et the i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-er'd buck-et that hung in the well.

Grandfather's Clock


Moderato
p
HENRY C. WORK
1. My grand - fa-ther's clock was too large for the shelf, So it stood nine-ty years on the
2. In watch - ing its pen - du-lum swing to and fro, Man - y hours had he spent while a
3. My grand - fa-ther said that of those he could hire, Not a ser - vant so faith - ful he
p
floor; It was tall - er by half than the old man him-self, Though it
boy; And in child - hood and man - hood the clock seem'd to know And to
found; For it wa - sted no time and had but one de-sire At the

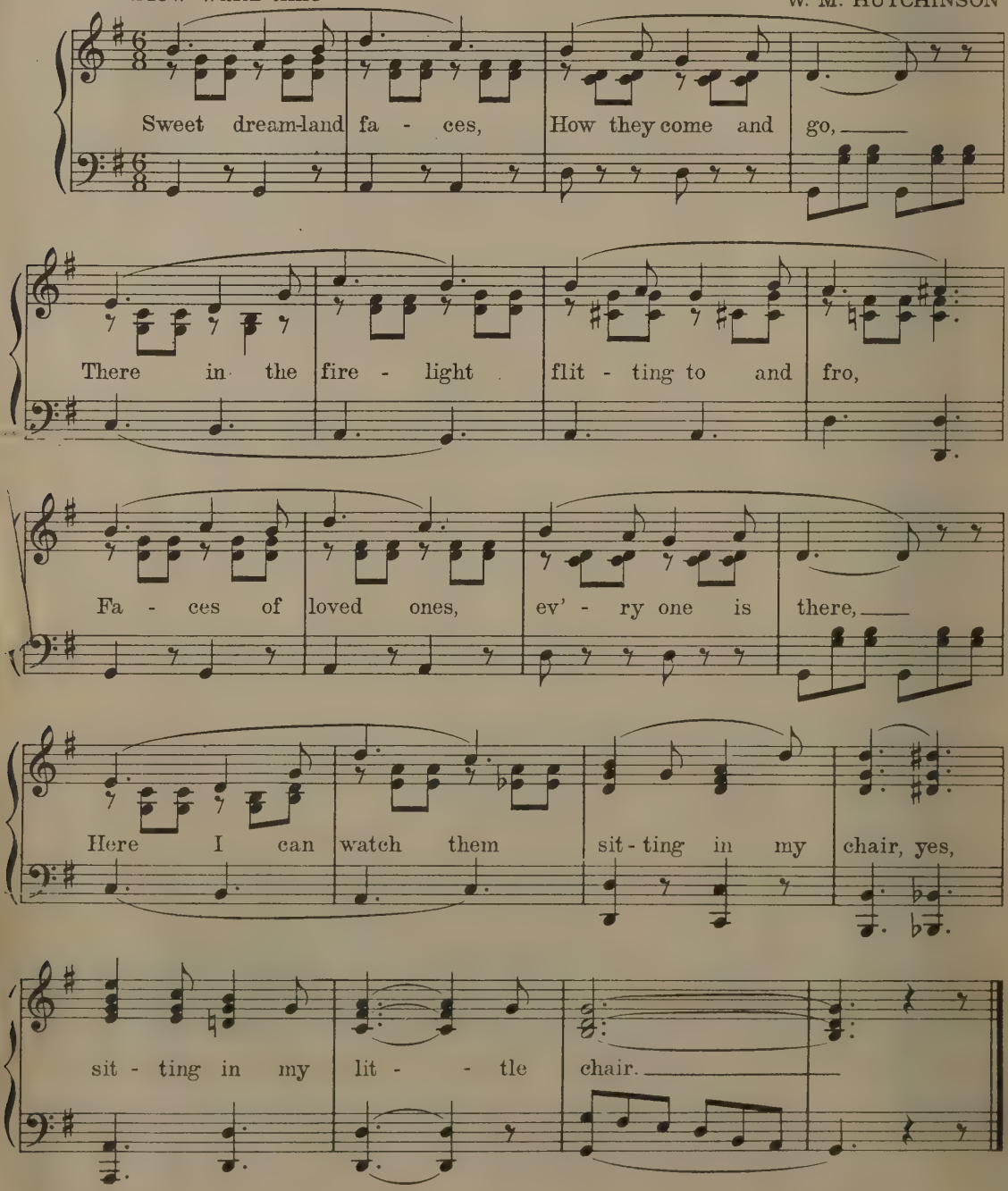

mf
weighed not a pen - ny weight more. It was bought on the morn of the
share both his grief and his joy. For it struck twen-ty-four when he
close of each week to be wound. And it kept in its place, not a
day that he was born, And was al - ways his treas-ure and pride.
en-ter'd at the door, With a bloom-ing and beau - ti-ful bride. But it
frown up - on its face, And its hands nev - er hung by its side.
stopp'd short nev-er to go a-gain When the old man died. Nine-ty
CHORUS
mf
years, with-out slum-ber-ing (tick, tock, tick, tock,) His life - se-conds num-ber-ing
cresc.
dim
(tick, tock, tick, tock,) It stopp'd short nev-er to go a-gain When the old man died.

Words Adapted

Sweet Dreamland Faces

Slow waltz time

W. M. HUTCHINSON


Sweet dream-land fa - ces, How they come and go,
There in the fire - light flit - ting to and fro,
Fa - ces of loved ones, ev' - ry one is there,
Here I can watch them sit - ting in my chair, yes,
sit - ting in my lit - - tle chair.

What Is Home Without A Mother?

Moderato

ALICE HAWTHORNE

mf

1. What is home with - out a moth-er? What are all the joys we
2. Things we prize are first to van - ish; Hearts we love to pass a -
3. Old - er hearts may have their sor-rows, Griefs that quick-ly die a -

mf

meet; When her lov - ing smile no long-er Greets the com-ing, com - ing of our
way; And how soon, e'en in our childhood, We be-hold her turn - ing, turn-ing
way; But a moth-er lost in childhood, grieves the heart, the heart from day to

cresc. *dim.*

feet! The days seem long, the nights are drear, And
gray; Her eyes grow dim, her step is slow; Her
day; We miss her kind, her will - ing hand, Her

cresc. *mf*

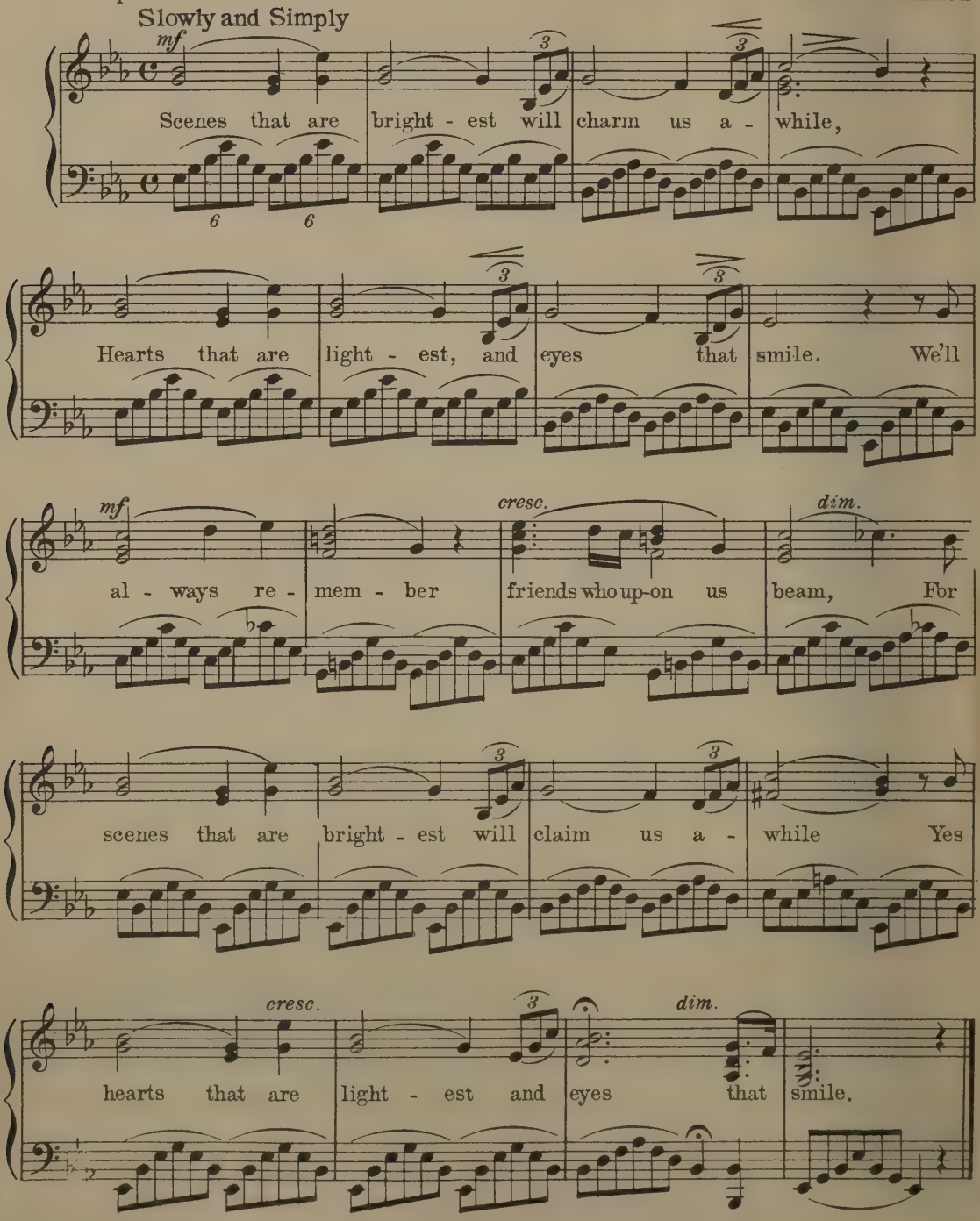
time rolls slow - ly on; And oh! how few are
joys of earth are past; And some-times 'ere we
fond and earn - est care, And oh! how dark is

child-hoods' plea-sures, When her gen - tle, gen - tle care is gone!
learn to know her She hath breath'd on earth, on earth her last.
life a - round us! What is home with-out, with-out her there?

Scenes That Are Brightest

Words Adapted

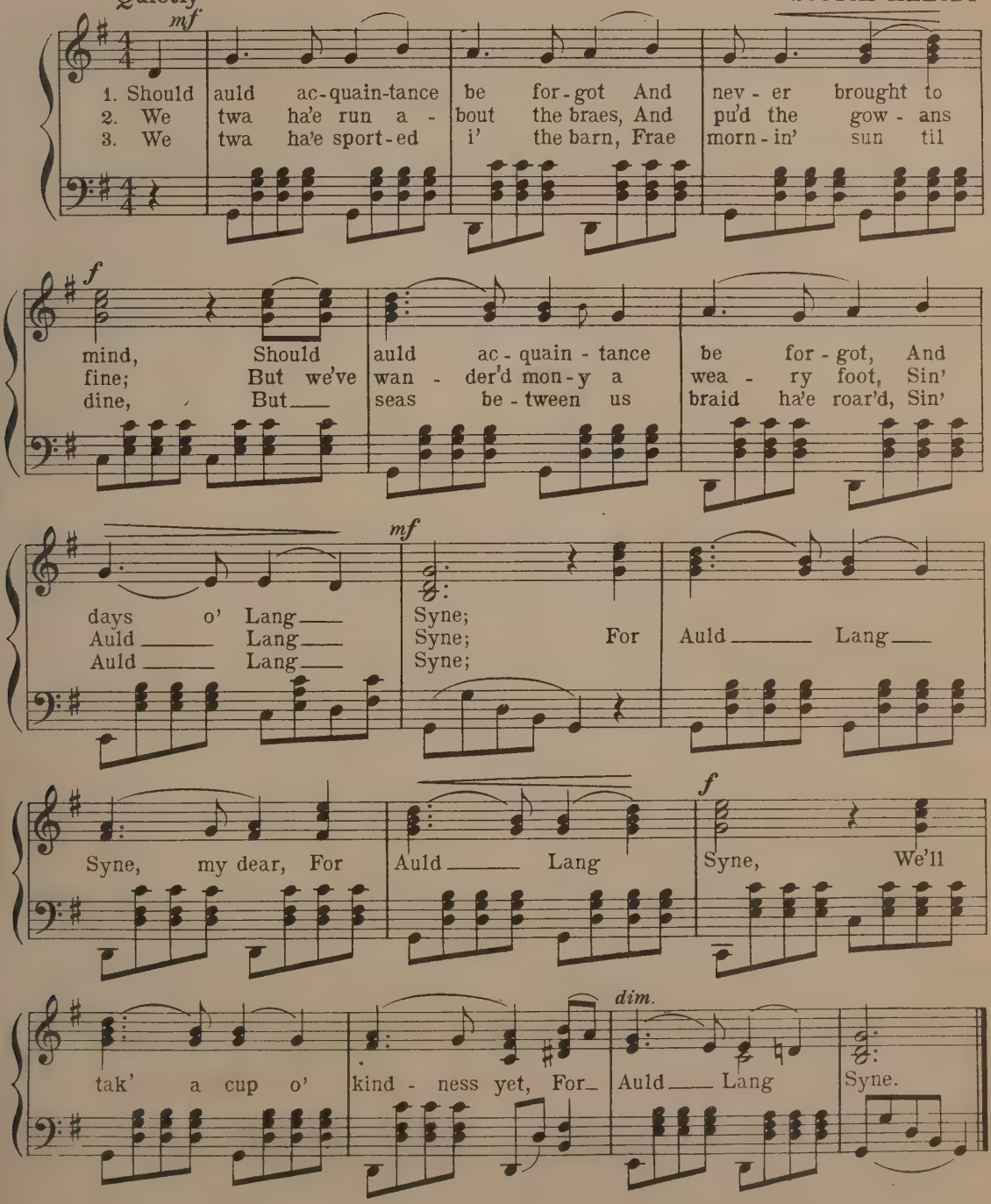
Wm V. WALLACE


Slowly and Simply
mf
Scenes that are bright - est will charm us a - while,
Hearts that are light - est, and eyes that smile. We'll
mf
cresc.
dim.
al - ways re - mem - ber friends who up-on us beam, For
scenes that are bright - est will claim us a - while Yes
cresc.
dim.
hearts that are light - est and eyes that smile.

Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

SCOTCH MELODY


Quietly
mf
1. Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got And nev-er brought to
2. We twa ha'e run a- bout the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the barn, Frae morn-in' sun til
f
mind, Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And
fine; But we've wan-der'd mon-y a wea-ry foot, Sin'
dine, But seas be-tween us braid ha'e roar'd, Sin'
mf
days o' Lang
Auld Lang
Auld Lang
Syne;
Syne; For Auld Lang
Syne;
Syne, my dear, For Auld Lang
f
Syne, We'll
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For
dim.
Auld Lang
Syne.

When The Swallows Homeward Fly

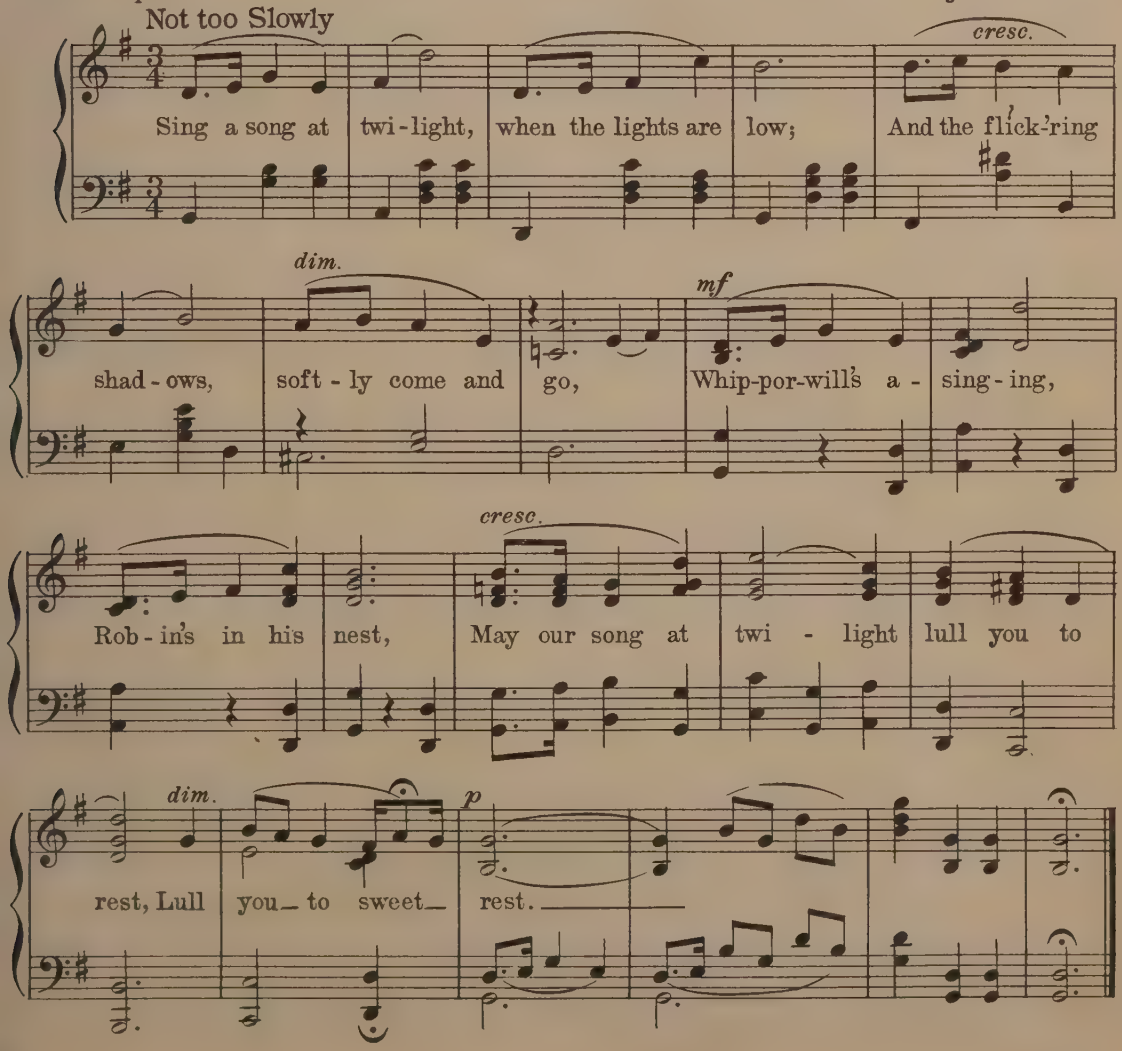
FRANZ A[illegible]

Slowly
mf
1. When the swal - lows home-ward fly, When the ro - ses scat-ter'd
2. When the white swan south-ward roves, To seek at noon the or-ange
cresc.
dim.
lie, When from neith - er hill nor dale, Chants the silv'- ry night - in-
groves, When the red tints of the west, Prove the sun is gone to
cresc.
gale, In these words my bleed-ing heart, Would to thee its grief im-
rest, In these words my bleed-ing heart, Would to thee its grief im-
f
mf
3
part. When I thus thy im - age lose,
part. When I thus thy im - age lose,
mf
Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose.
Can I, ah! can I e'er know re - pose.

Sing A Song At Twilight

Words Adapted

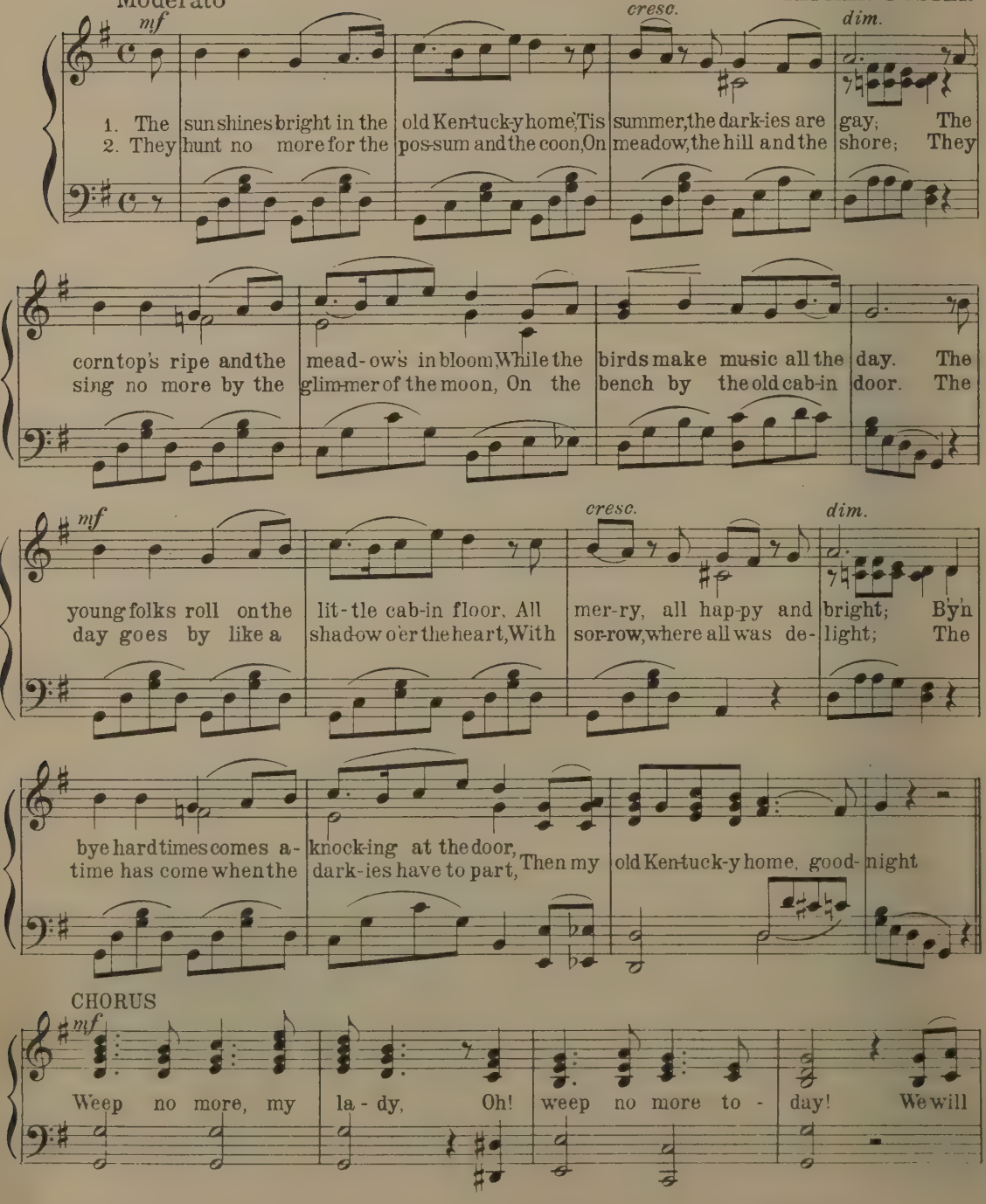
J. L. MOLLOY


Not too Slowly
cresc.
Sing a song at twi-light, when the lights are low; And the flick'ring
dim.
mf
shad-ows, soft-ly come and go, Whip-por-will's a-sing-ing,
cresc.
Rob-in's in his nest, May our song at twi-light lull you to
dim.
p
rest, Lull you to sweet rest.

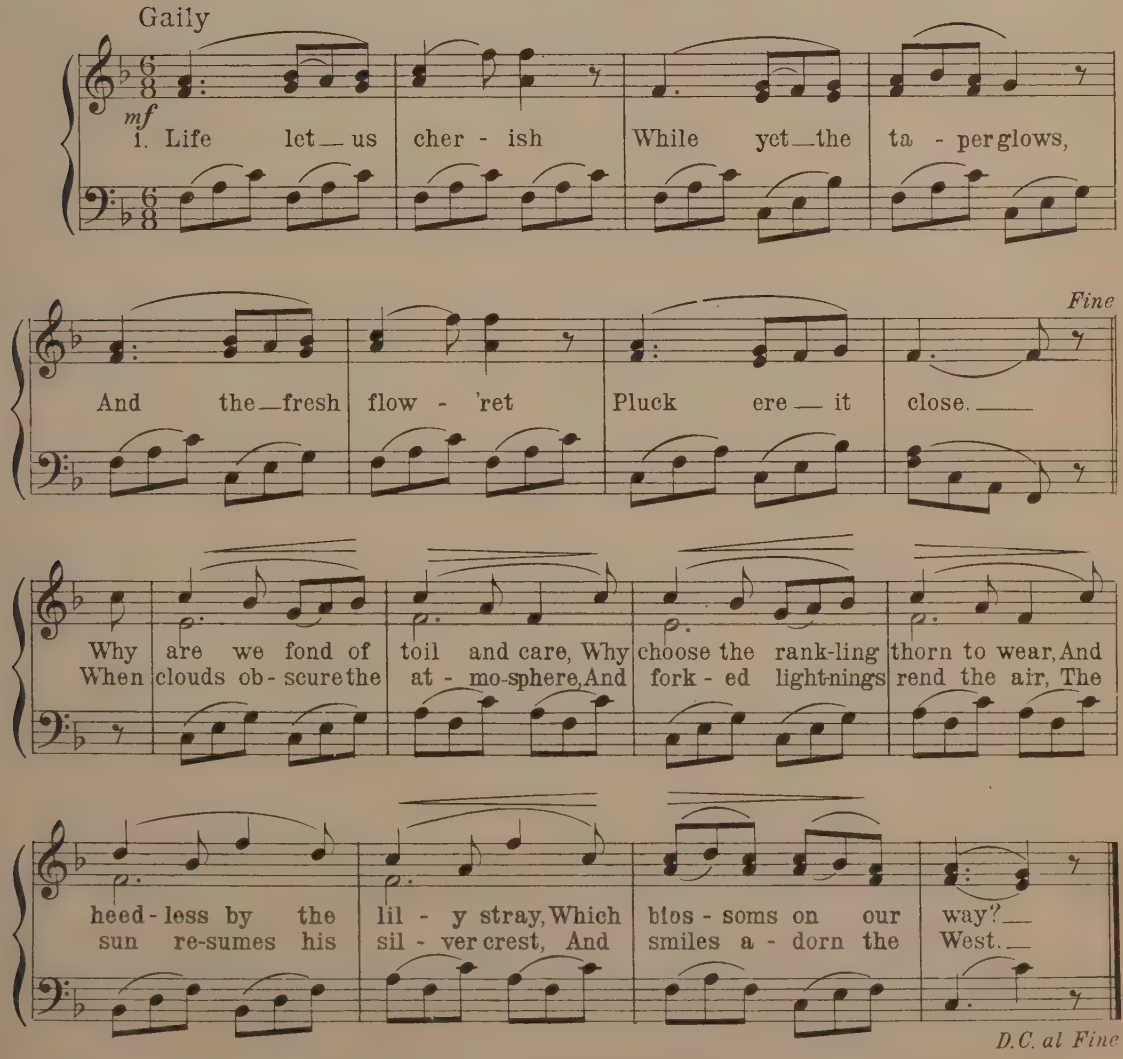
My Old Kentucky Home

Moderato

STEPHEN FOSTER


mf
cresc.
dim.
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis summer, the dark-ies are gay; The
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On meadow, the hill and the shore; They
corn top's ripe and the mead-ow's in bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The
sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door. The
mf
cresc.
dim.
young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor. All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; By'n
day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row, where all was de-light; The
bye hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night
time has come when the dark-ies have to part,
CHORUS
mf
Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh! weep no more to-day! We will

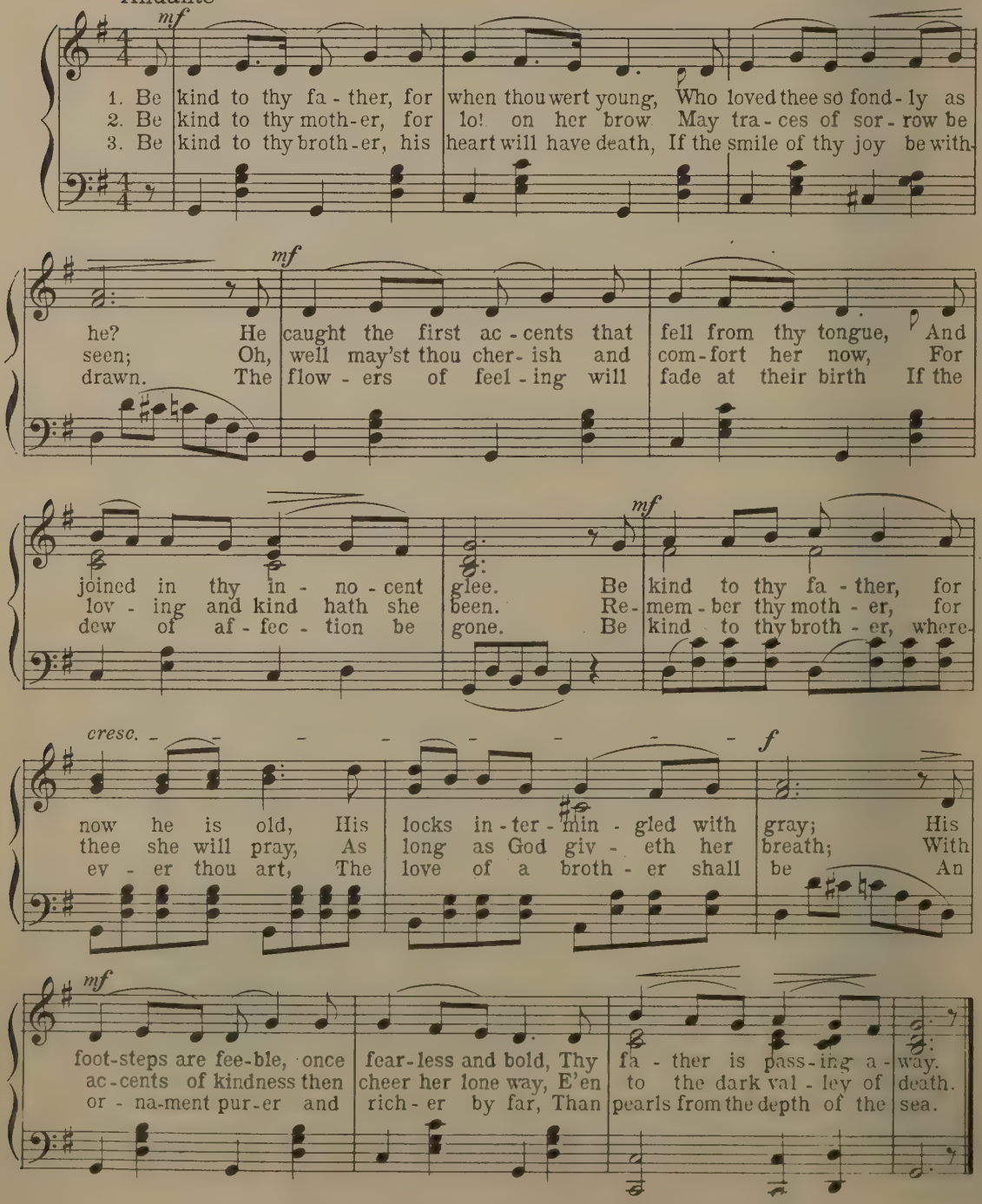
Life Let Us Cherish


Gaily
mf
1. Life let us cher - ish While yet the ta - per glows,
Fine
And the fresh flow - 'ret Pluck ere it close.
Why are we fond of toil and care, Why choose the rank-ling thorn to wear, And
When clouds ob - scure the at - mo-sphere, And fork - ed light-nings rend the air, The
heed - less by the lil - y stray, Which blos - soms on our way?
sun re-sumes his sil - ver crest, And smiles a - dorn the West.
D.C. al Fine

Be Kind To The Loved Ones At Home

Andante

I. B. WOODBURY

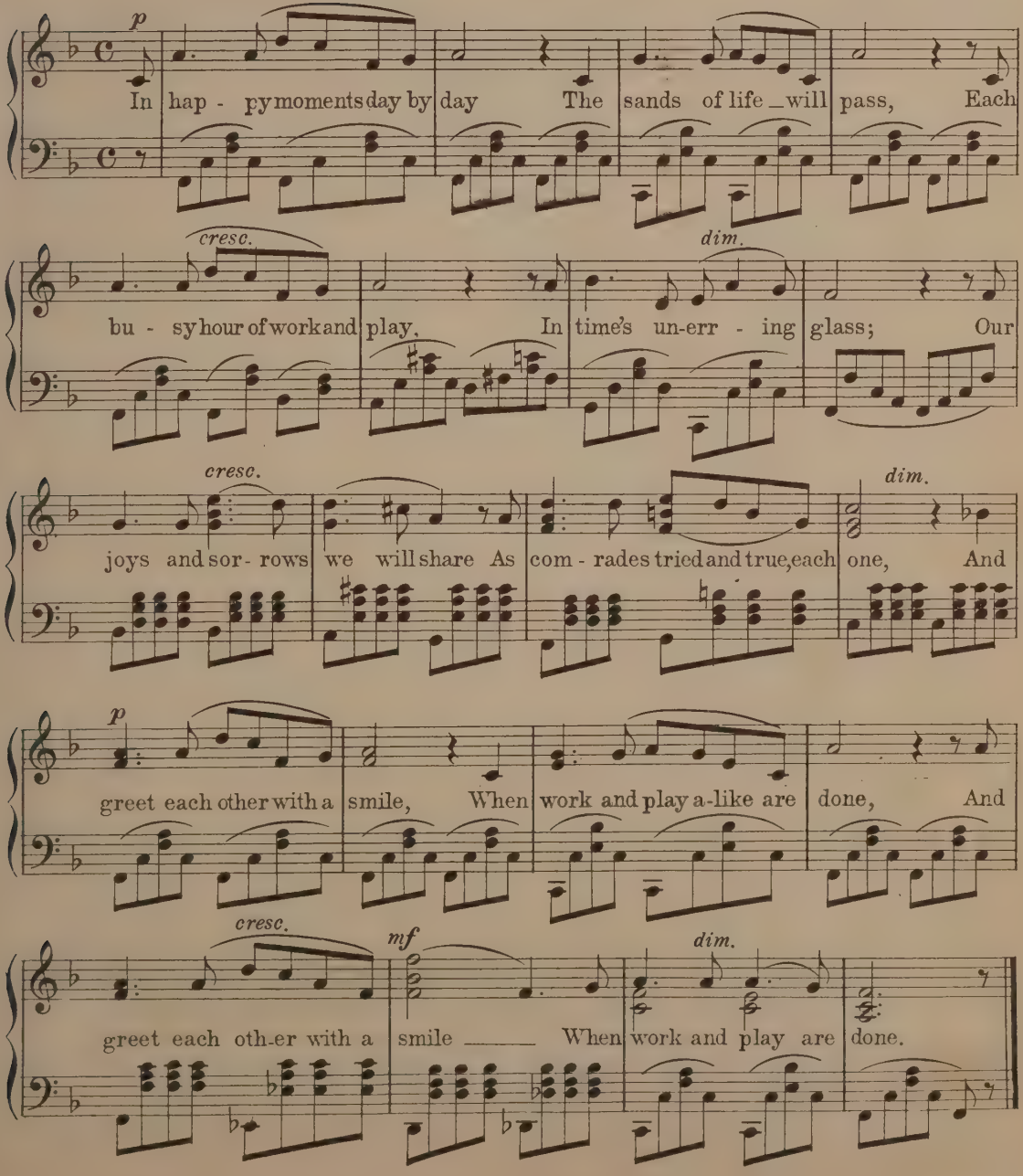

mf
1. Be kind to thy fa - ther, for when thou wert young, Who loved thee so fond - ly as
2. Be kind to thy moth - er, for lo! on her brow May tra - ces of sor - row be
3. Be kind to thy broth - er, his heart will have death, If the smile of thy joy be with-
he? He caught the first ac - cents that fell from thy tongue, And
seen; Oh, well may'st thou cher - ish and com - fort her now, For
drawn. The flow - ers of feel - ing will fade at their birth If the
joined in thy in - no - cent glee. Be kind to thy fa - ther, for
lov - ing and kind hath she been. Re - mem - ber thy moth - er, for
dew of af - fec - tion be gone. Be kind to thy broth - er, where-
cresc.
f
now he is old, His locks in - ter - min - gled with gray; His
thee she will pray, As long as God giv - eth her breath; With
ev - er thou art, The love of a broth - er shall be An
foot-steps are fee-ble, once fear-less and bold, Thy fa - ther is pass-ing a - way.
ac - cents of kindness then cheer her lone way, E'en to the dark val - ley of death.
or - na-ment pur-er and rich - er by far, Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

In Happy Moments Day by Day

Words Adapted

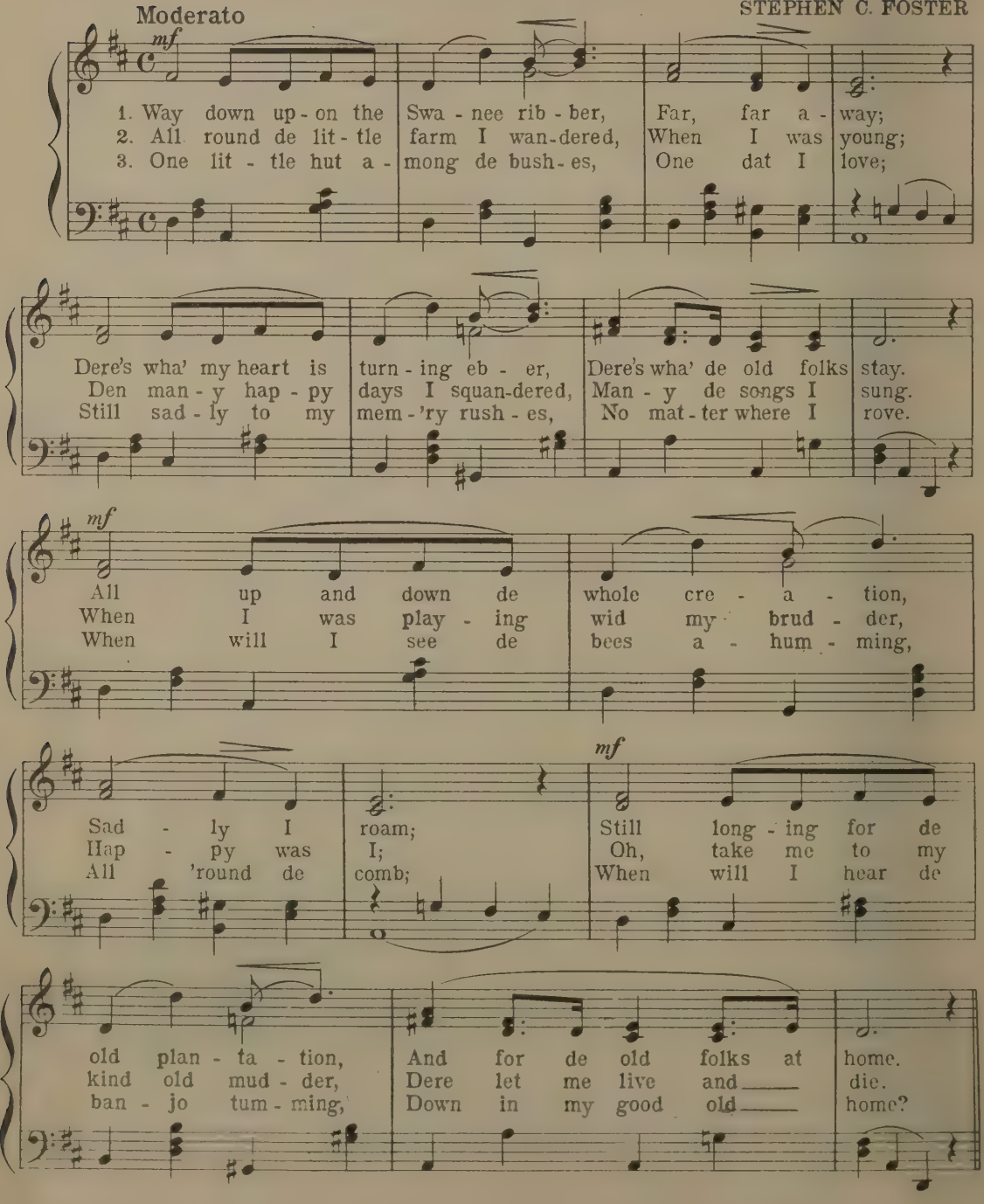
Not too slowly

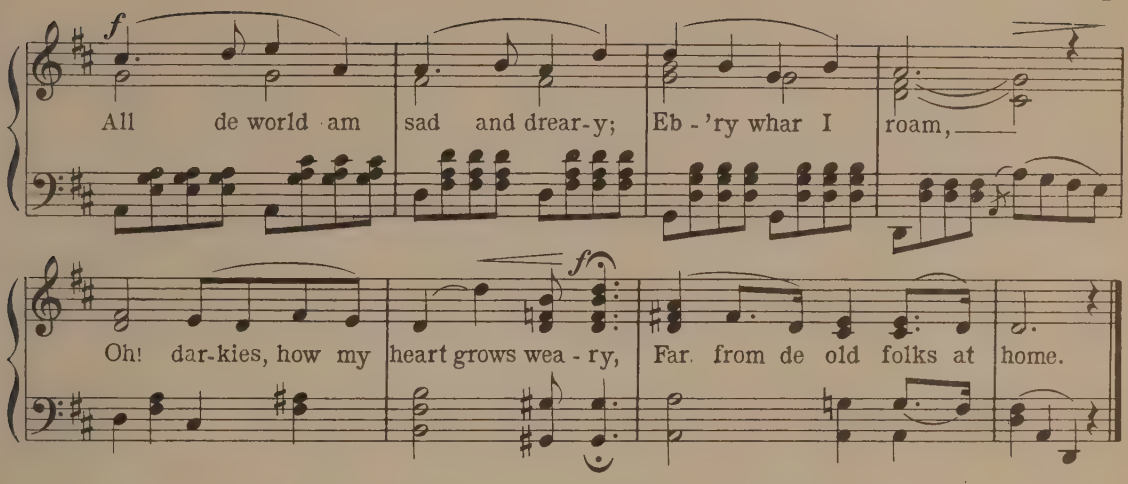
WM. V. WALLACE


p
In hap - py moments day by day The sands of life will pass, Each
cresc.
dim.
bu - sy hour of work and play. In time's un-err - ing glass; Our
cresc.
dim.
joys and sor - rows we will share As com - rades tried and true, each one, And
p
greet each other with a smile, When work and play a-like are done, And
cresc.
mf
dim.
greet each oth-er with a smile When work and play are done.

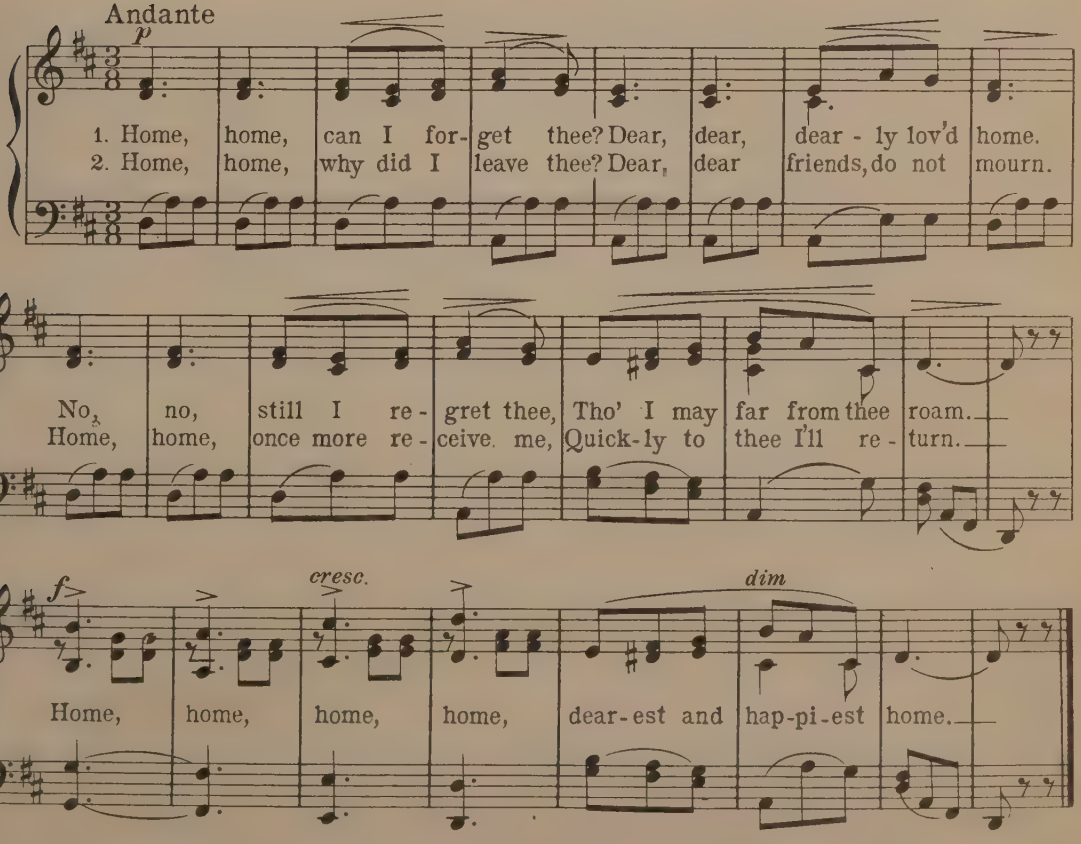
Old Folks At Home

STEPHEN C. FOSTER


Moderato
mf
1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way;
2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young;
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love;
Dere's wha' my heart is turn - ing eb - er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
Den man - y hap - py days I squan-dered, Man - y de songs I sung.
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.
mf
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion,
When I was play - ing wid my brud - der,
When will I see de bees a - hum - ming,
mf
Sad - ly I roam; Still long - ing for de
Hap - py was I; Oh, take me to my
All 'round de comb; When will I hear de
old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die.
ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home?



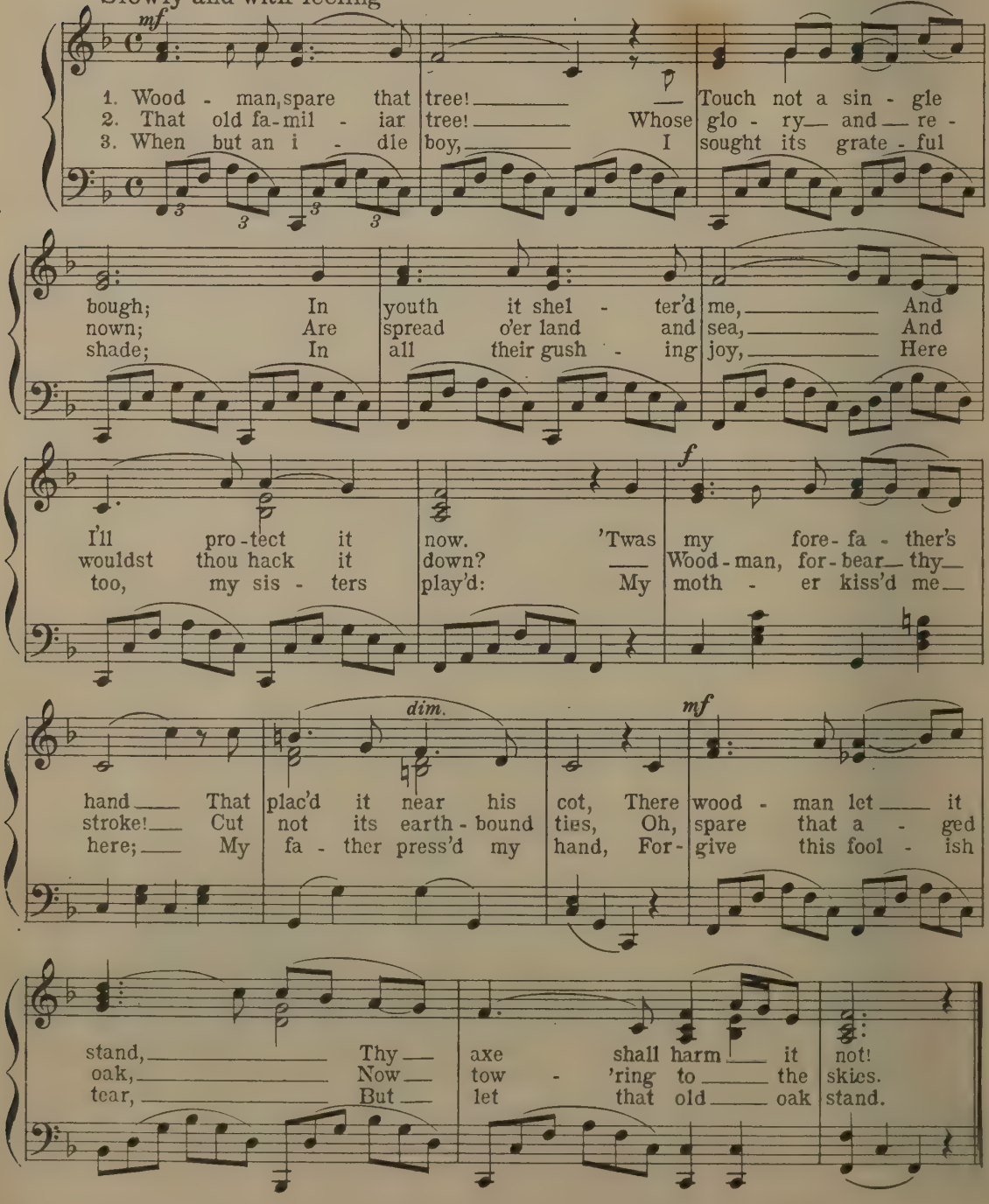
Home, Home, Can I Forget Thee?


Andante
p
1. Home, home, can I for-get thee? Dear, dear, dear-ly lov'd home.
2. Home, home, why did I leave thee? Dear, dear friends, do not mourn.
No, no, still I re-gret thee, Tho' I may far from thee roam.
Home, home, once more re-ceive me, Quick-ly to thee I'll re-turn.
f
cresc.
dim
Home, home, home, home, dear-est and hap-pi-est home.

Woodman, Spare That Tree

Slowly and with feeling

HENRY RUSSELL


mf
1. Wood - man, spare that tree! Touch not a sin - gle
2. That old fa-mil - iar tree! Whose glo - ry and re -
3. When but an i - dle boy, I sought its grate - ful
bough; In youth it shel - ter'd me, And
nown; Are spread o'er land and sea, And
shade; In all their gush - ing joy, Here
I'll pro-tect it now. 'Twas my fore-fa - ther's
wouldst thou hack it down? Wood-man, for-bear thy
too, my sis - ters play'd: My moth - er kiss'd me
f
hand That plac'd it near his cot, There wood - man let it
stroke! Cut not its earth-bound ties, Oh, spare that a - ged
here; My fa - ther press'd my hand, For-give this fool - ish
dim.
mf
stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!
oak, Now tow - 'ring to the skies.
tear, But let that old oak stand.

LULLABIES AND CRADLE SONGS

Every nation, even the uncivilized one, has many little cradle songs and lullabies with which its mothers sing their little ones to sleep. The author of the poem and the composer of the "tune" in most instances are unknown, but the sweetness of sentiment and purity of melody combine to infuse in them that Divine spark which will make them live as long as mothers shall lull their children to rest. Although the original texts of many of these songs were in foreign languages, it has seemed best to present only the English versions.

Bed-Time

Not too fast
p
cresc.
dim.
1. The eve - ning is com - ing, The sun sinks to rest, The
2. The flow - ers are clos - ing, The dai - sy's a - sleep, The
cresc.
dim.
cresc.
crows are all fly - ing straight home to the nest. "Caw" says the crow as he
prim - rose is bur - ied in slum - ber so deep, Closed for the night are the
mf
dim.
flies o - ver - head, "It's time lit - tle peo - ple were go - ing to bed!
ro - ses so red, "It's time lit - tle peo - ple were go - ing to bed!

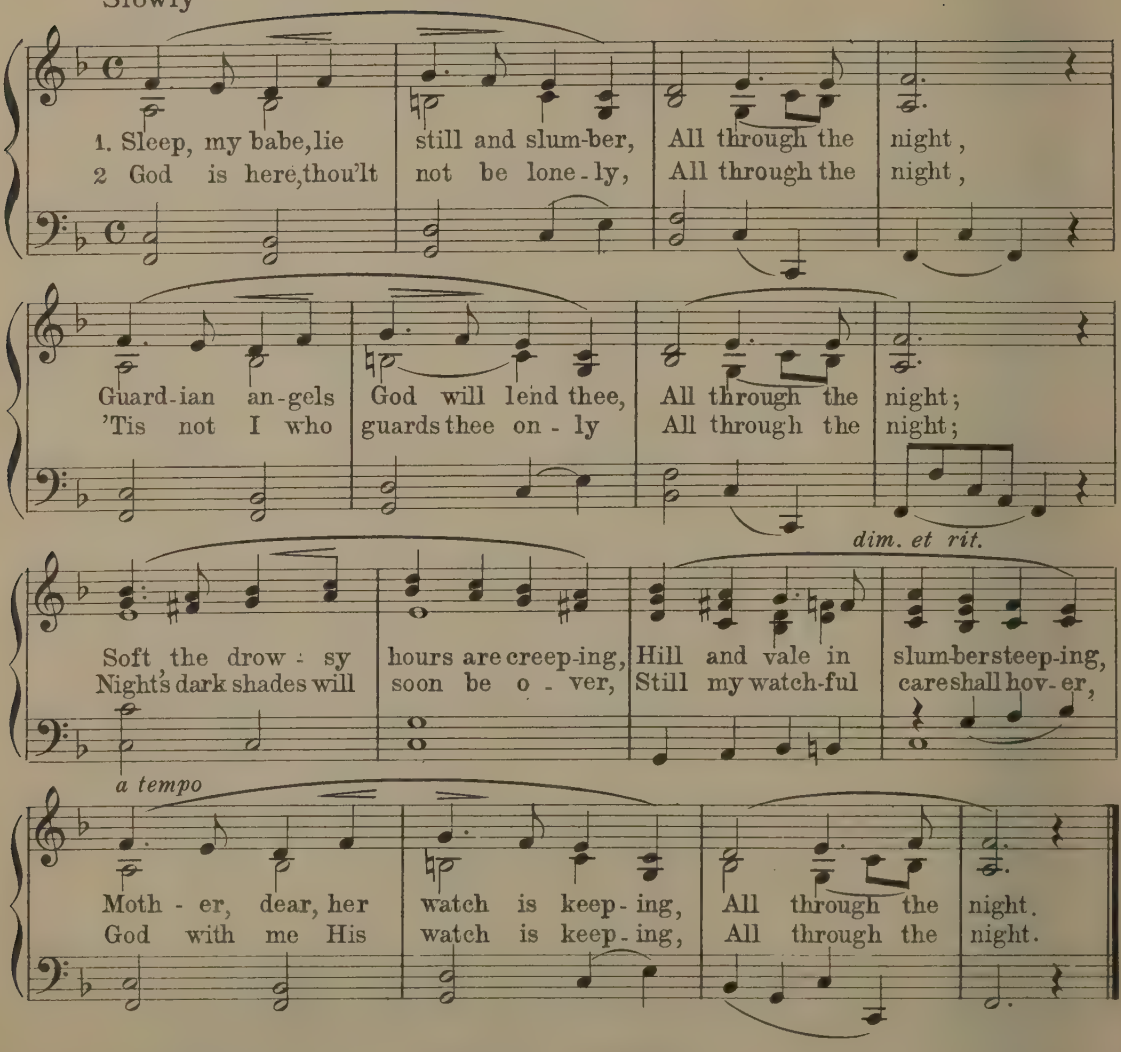
3. The butterfly, drowsy,
Has folded its wing;
The bees are returning,
No more the birds sing.
Their labour is over, their nestlings are fed;
It's time little people were going to bed!

4. Good-night, little people,
Good-night and good-night;
Sweet dreams to your eyelids
Till dawning of light;
The evening has come, there's no more to be said;
It's time little people were going to bed!

Welsh Lullaby

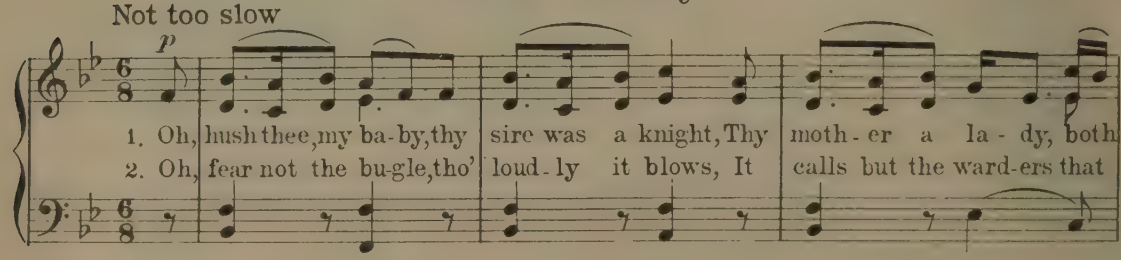
Words Adapted

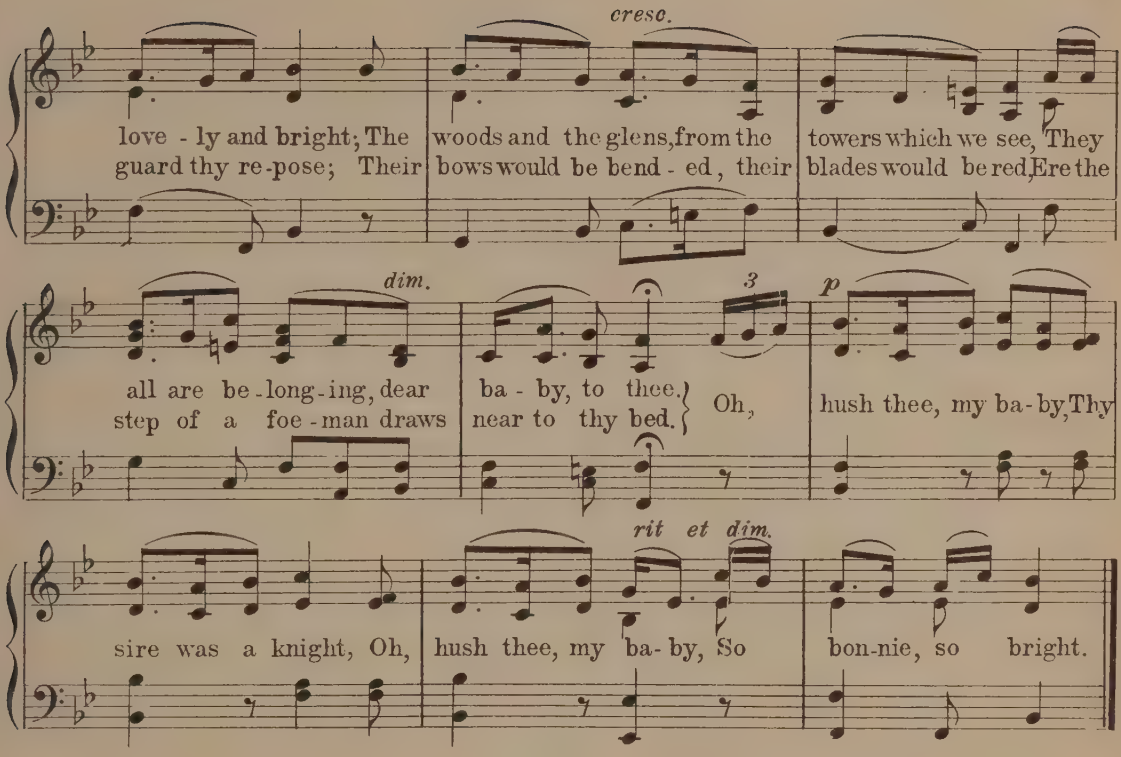
Slowly


1. Sleep, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, All through the night,
2 God is here, thou'lt not be lone-ly, All through the night,
Guard-ian an-gels God will lend thee, All through the night;
'Tis not I who guards thee on-ly All through the night;
dim. et rit.
Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing,
Night's dark shades will soon be o-ver, Still my watch-ful care shall hov-er,
a tempo
Moth-er, dear, her watch is keep-ing, All through the night.
God with me His watch is keep-ing, All through the night.

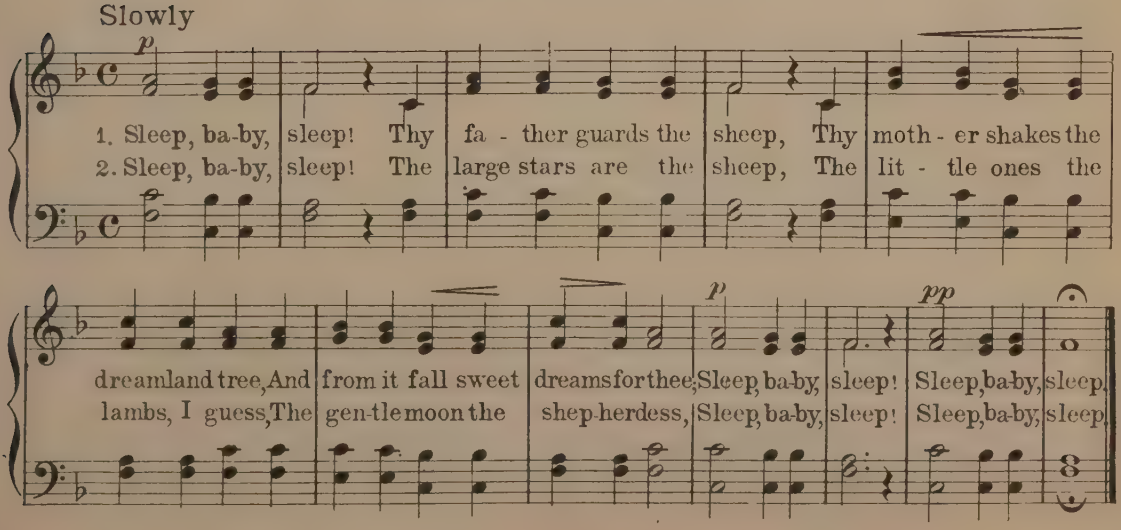
Scotch Lullaby

Not too slow


p
1. Oh, hush thee, my ba-by, thy sire was a knight, Thy moth-er a la-dy, both
2. Oh, fear not the bu-gle, tho' loud-ly it blows, It calls but the ward-ers that

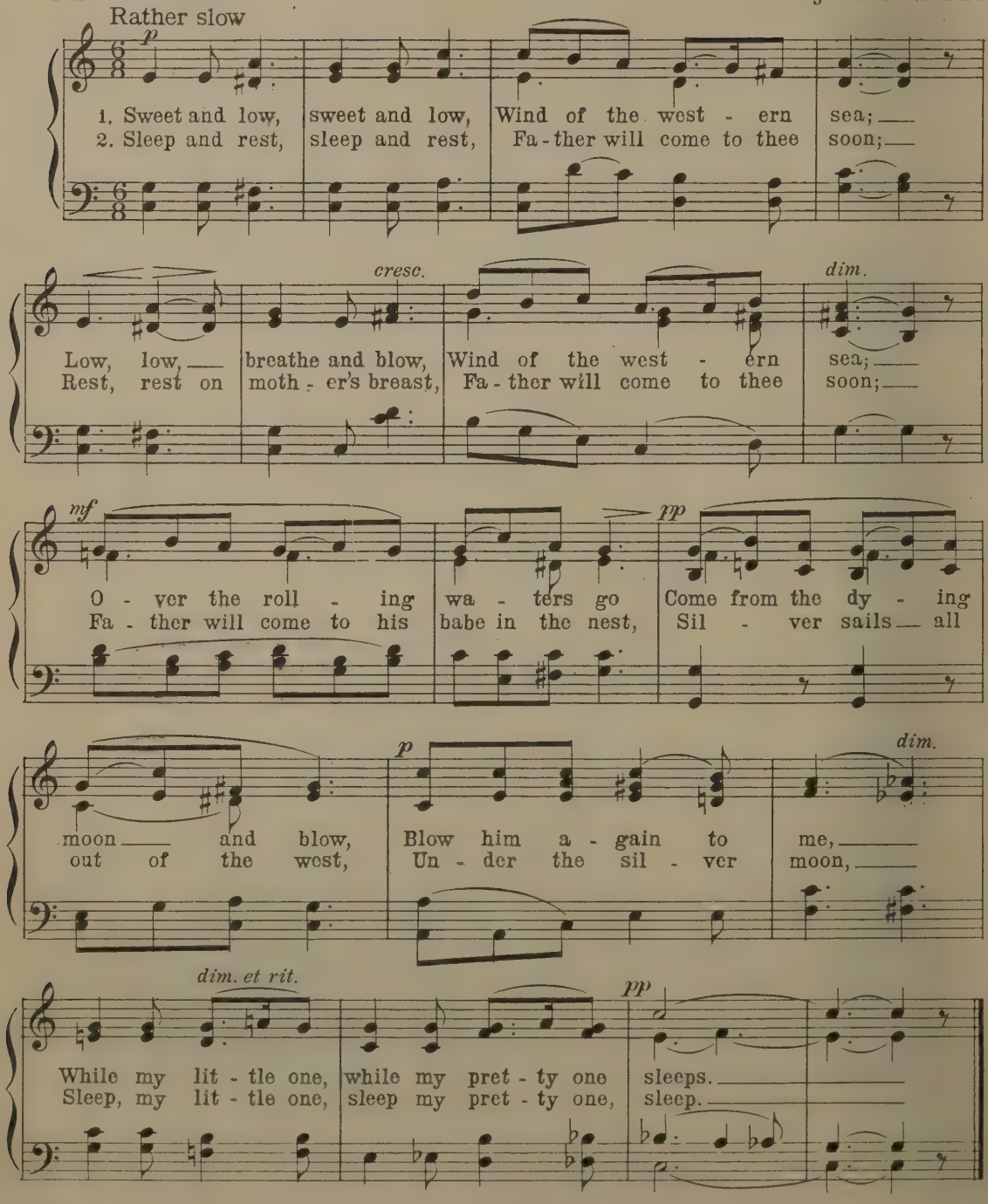

cresc.
love - ly and bright; The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see, They
guard thy re-pose; Their bows would be bend - ed, their blades would be red, Ere the
dim.
3
p
all are be-long-ing, dear ba - by, to thee, Oh, hush thee, my ba-by, Thy
step of a foe-man draws near to thy bed.
rit et dim.
sire was a knight, Oh, hush thee, my ba-by, So bon-nie, so bright.

German Cradle Song


Slowly
p
1. Sleep, ba-by, sleep! Thy fa - ther guards the sheep, Thy moth - er shakes the
2. Sleep, ba-by, sleep! The large stars are the sheep, The lit - tle ones the
p
pp
dreamland tree, And from it fall sweet dreams for thee, Sleep, ba-by, sleep! Sleep, ba-by, sleep,
lambs, I guess, The gen-tle moon the shep-herdess, Sleep, ba-by, sleep! Sleep, ba-by, sleep,

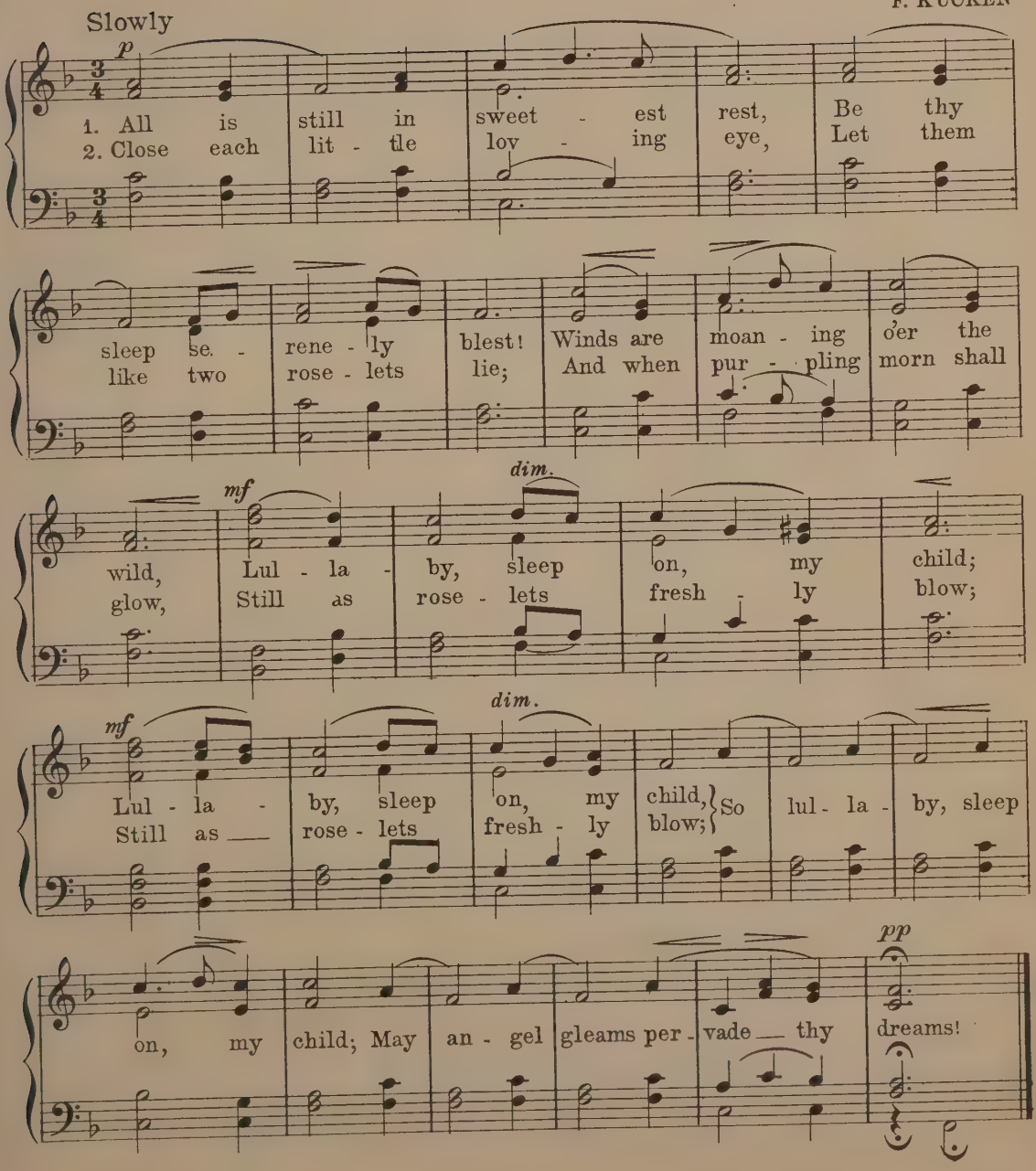
Sweet And Low

ALFRED TENNYSON — SIR JOSEPH BARNBY


Rather slow
p
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;
cresc.
dim.
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;
Rest, rest on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;
mf
pp
O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go Come from the dy - ing
Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all
p
dim.
moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me,
out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon,
dim. et rit.
pp
While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep.

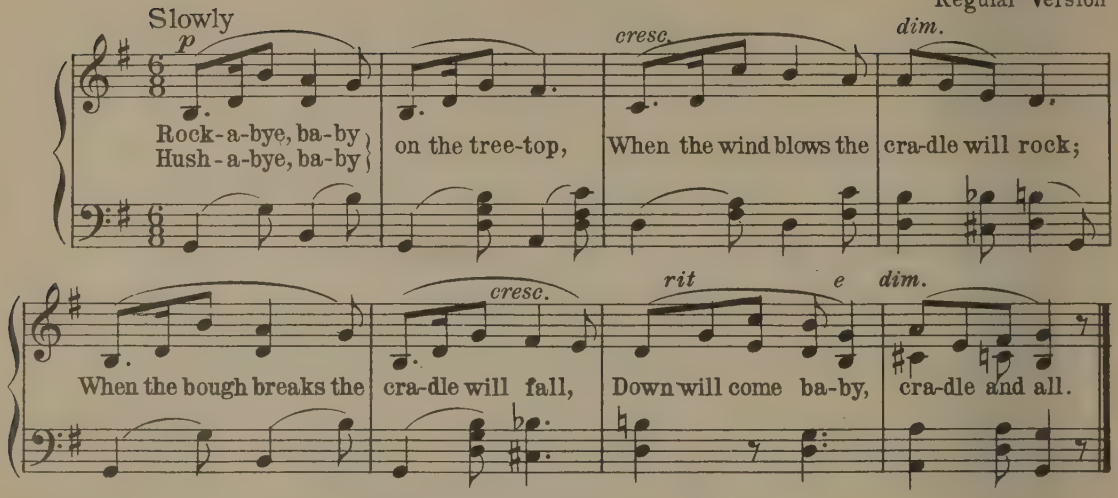
Slumber Song

F. KÜCKEN


Slowly
p
1. All is still in sweet - est rest, Be thy
2. Close each lit - tle lov - ing eye, Let them
sleep se - rene - ly blest! Winds are moan - ing o'er the
like two rose - lets lie; And when pur - pling morn shall
mf
dim.
wild, Lul - la - by, sleep on, my child;
glow, Still as rose - lets fresh - ly blow;
mf
dim.
Lul - la - by, sleep on, my child,
Still as rose - lets fresh - ly blow;
So lul - la - by, sleep
on, my child; May an - gel gleams per - vade thy
pp
dreams!

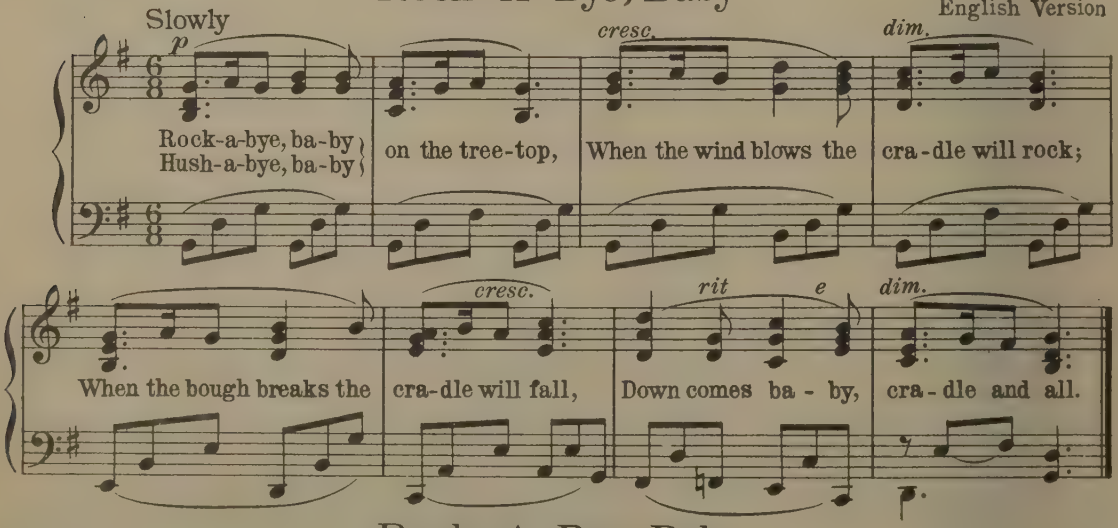
Rock-A-Bye, Baby

Regular Version



Rock-A-Bye, Baby

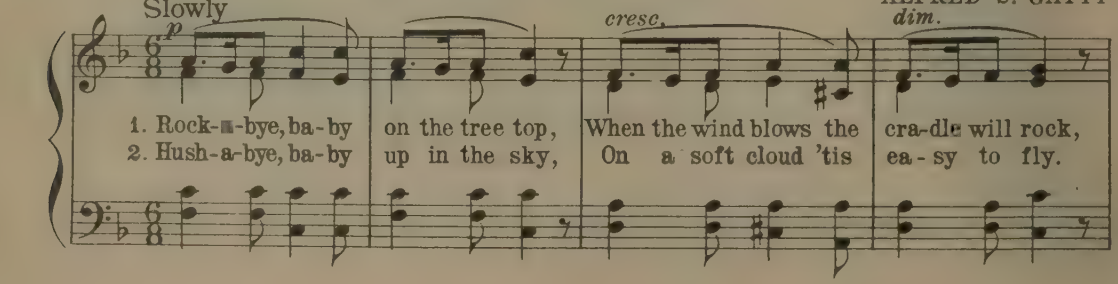
English Version

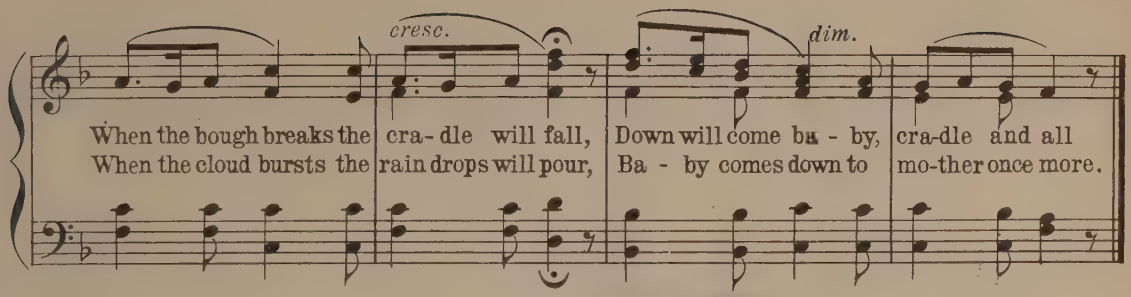


New Version

Rock-A-Bye, Baby

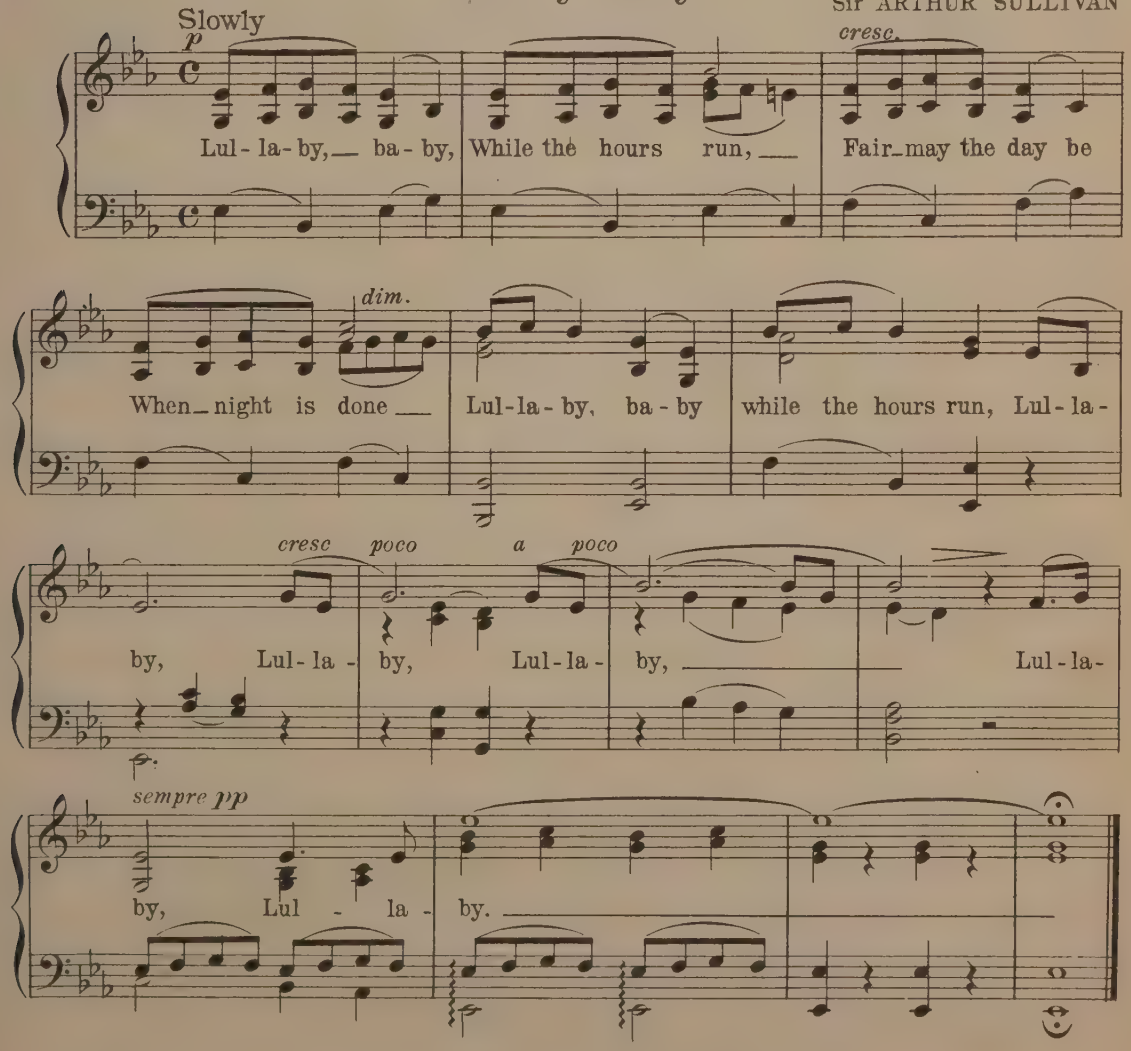
ALFRED S. GATTY




cresc.
dim.
When the bough breaks the cra-dle will fall, Down will come ba - by, cra-dle and all
When the cloud bursts the rain drops will pour, Ba - by comes down to mo-ther once more.

Lullaby, Baby

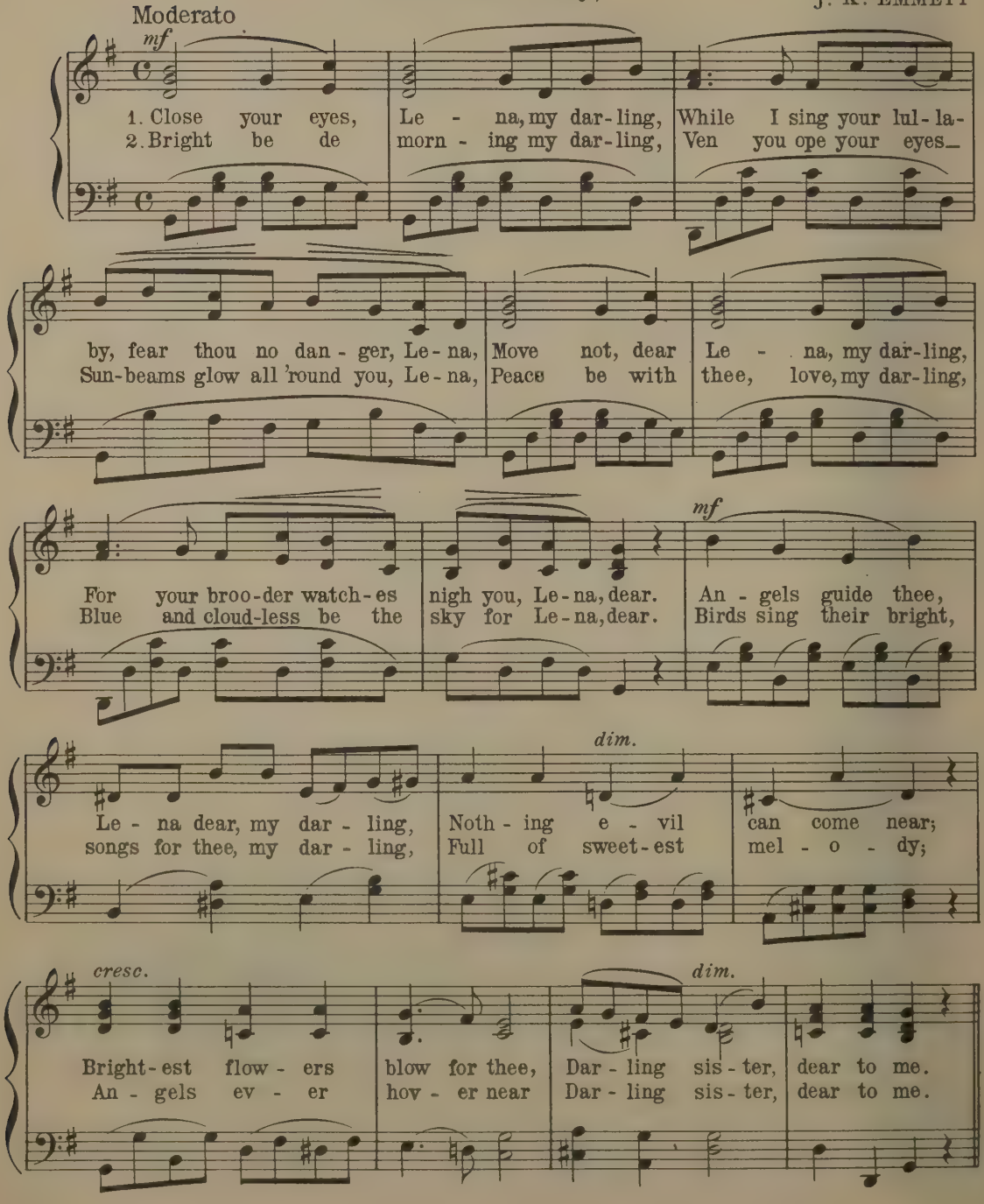
Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN

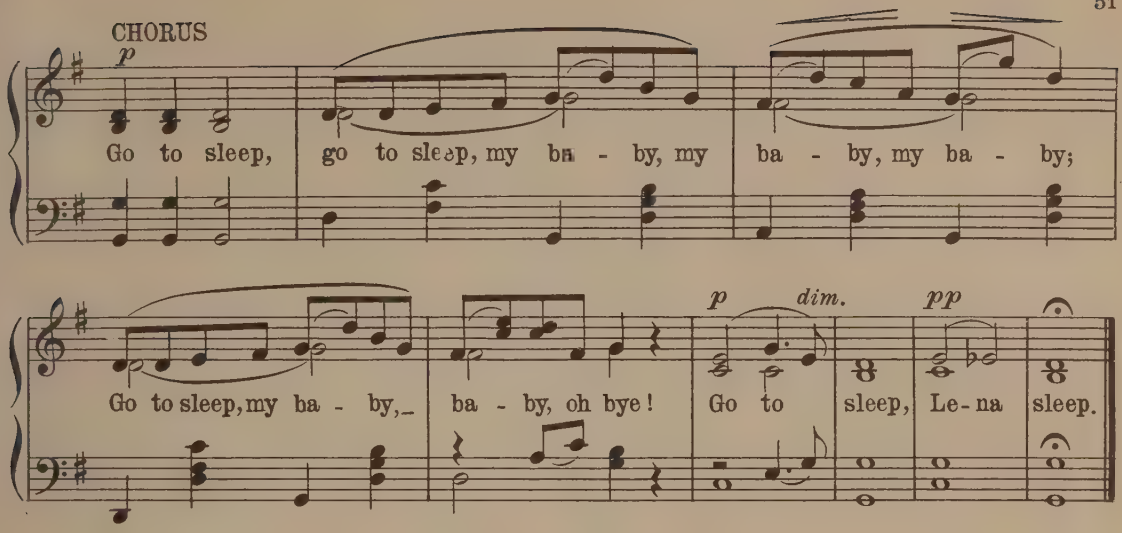

Slowly
p
cresc.
Lul - la - by, ba - by, While the hours run, Fair may the day be
dim.
When night is done Lul-la - by, ba - by while the hours run, Lul - la -
cresc poco a poco
by, Lul - la - by, Lul - la - by, Lul - la -
sempre pp
by, Lul - la - by.

Go To Sleep, Lena Darling

(Emmett's Lullaby)

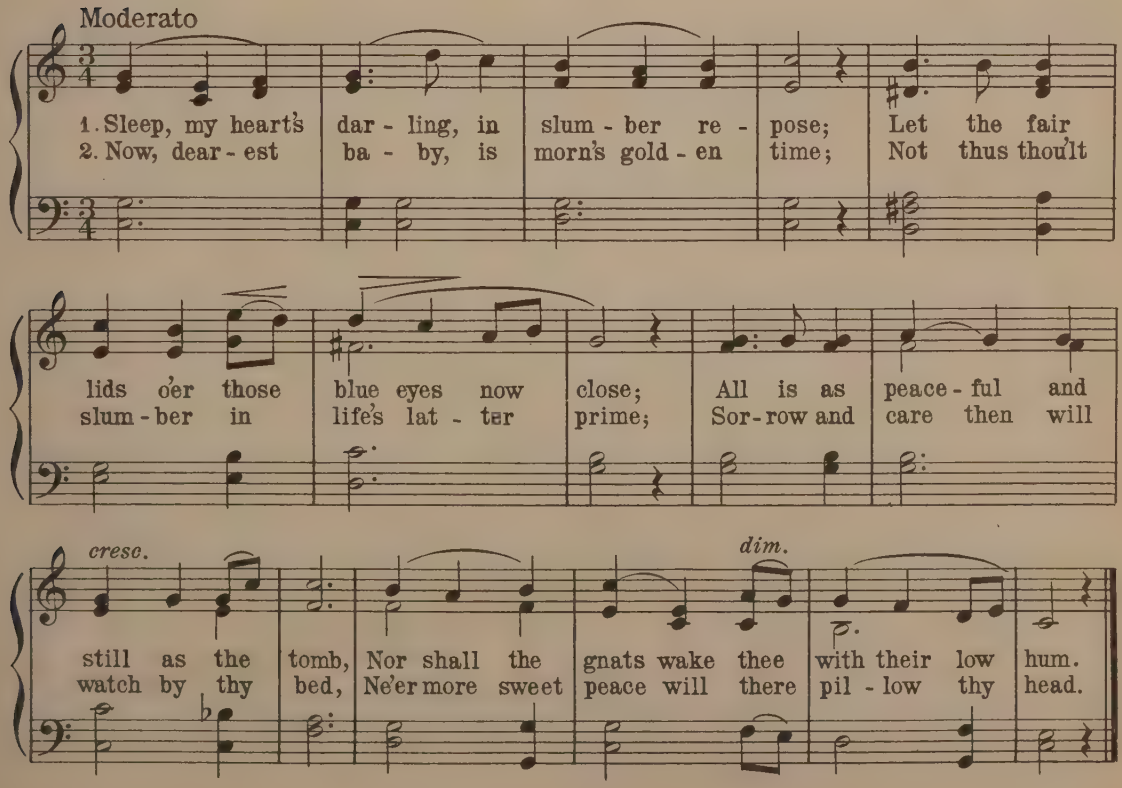
J. K. EMMETT


Moderato
mf
1. Close your eyes, Le - na, my dar-ling, While I sing your lul-la-
2. Bright be de morn - ing my dar-ling, Ven you ope your eyes_
by, fear thou no dan - ger, Le - na, Move not, dear Le - na, my dar-ling,
Sun-beams glow all 'round you, Le - na, Peace be with thee, love, my dar-ling,
mf
For your broo-der watch-es nigh you, Le-na, dear. An - gels guide thee,
Blue and cloud-less be the sky for Le-na, dear. Birds sing their bright,
dim.
Le - na dear, my dar - ling, Noth - ing e - vil can come near;
songs for thee, my dar - ling, Full of sweet-est mel - o - dy;
cresc.
dim.
Bright-est flow - ers blow for thee, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me.
An - gels ev - er hov - er near Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me.



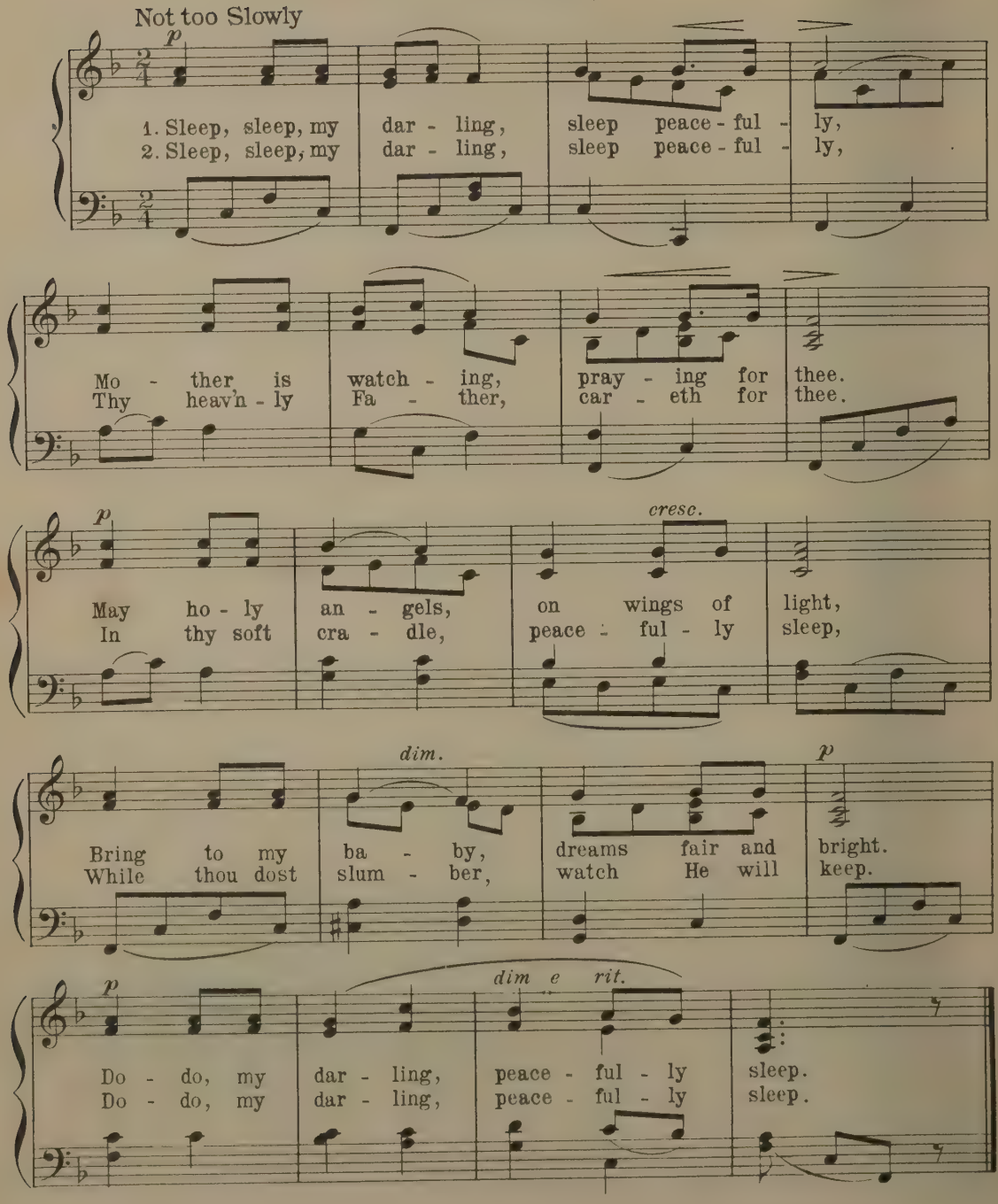
Cradle Song

C. M. VON WEBER


Moderato
1. Sleep, my heart's dar - ling, in slum - ber re - pose; Let the fair
2. Now, dear - est ba - by, is morn's gold - en time; Not thus thou'lt
lids o'er those blue eyes now close; All is as peace - ful and
slum - ber in life's lat - ter prime; Sor - row and care then will
cresc. dim.
still as the tomb, Nor shall the gnats wake thee with their low hum.
watch by thy bed, Ne'er more sweet peace will there pil - low thy head.

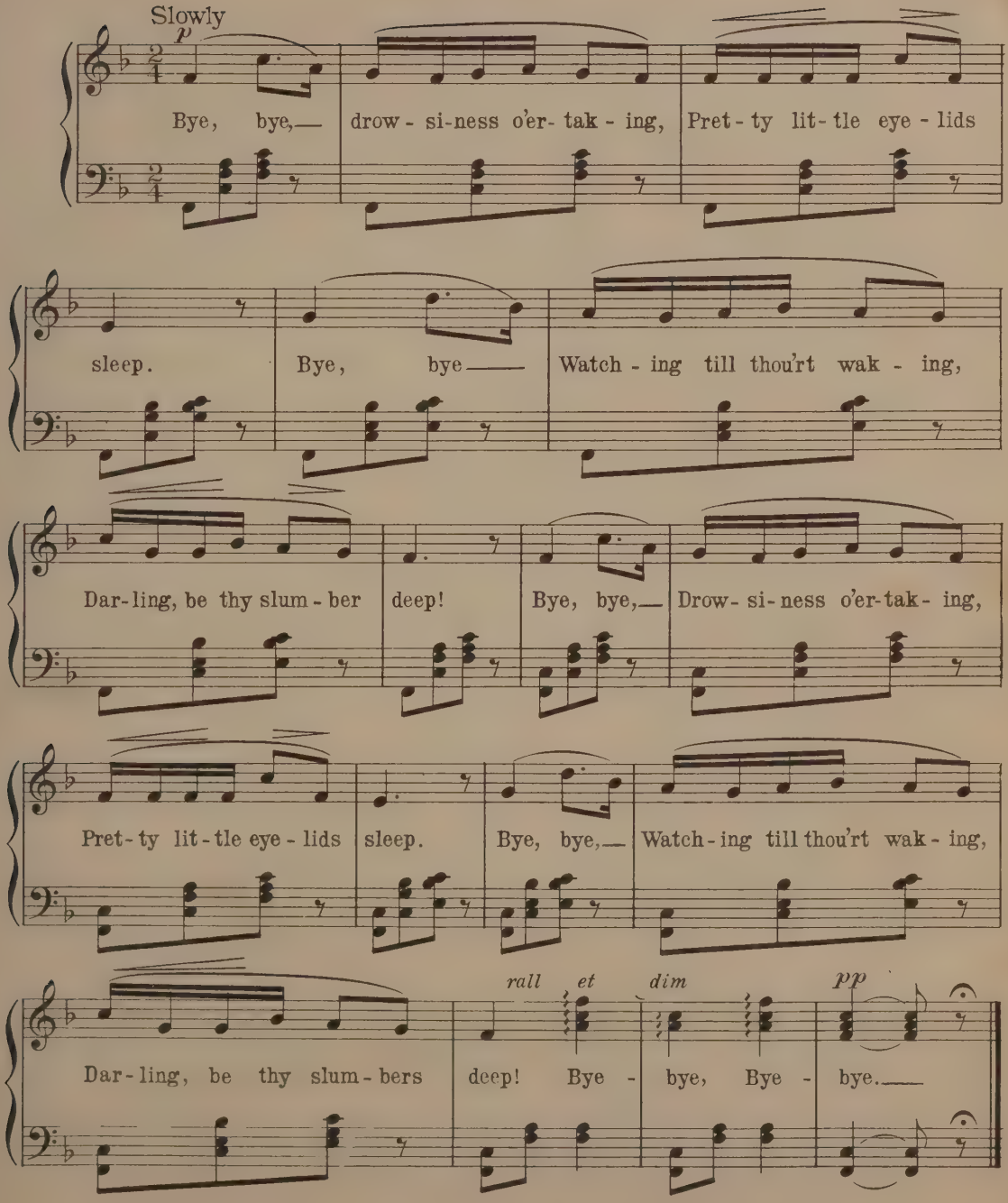
Sleep, Sleep, My Darling

(French Lullaby)


Not too Slowly
p
1. Sleep, sleep, my dar - ling, sleep peace - ful - ly,
2. Sleep, sleep, my dar - ling, sleep peace - ful - ly,
Mo - ther is watch - ing, pray - ing for thee.
Thy heav'n - ly Fa - ther, car - eth for thee.
p
cresc.
May ho - ly an - gels, on wings of light,
In thy soft cra - dle, peace - ful - ly sleep,
dim.
p
Bring to my ba - by, dreams fair and bright.
While thou dost slum - ber, watch He will keep.
p
dim e rit.
Do - do, my dar - ling, peace - ful - ly sleep.
Do - do, my dar - ling, peace - ful - ly sleep.

Lullaby
(Erminie)

E. JAKOBOWSKI

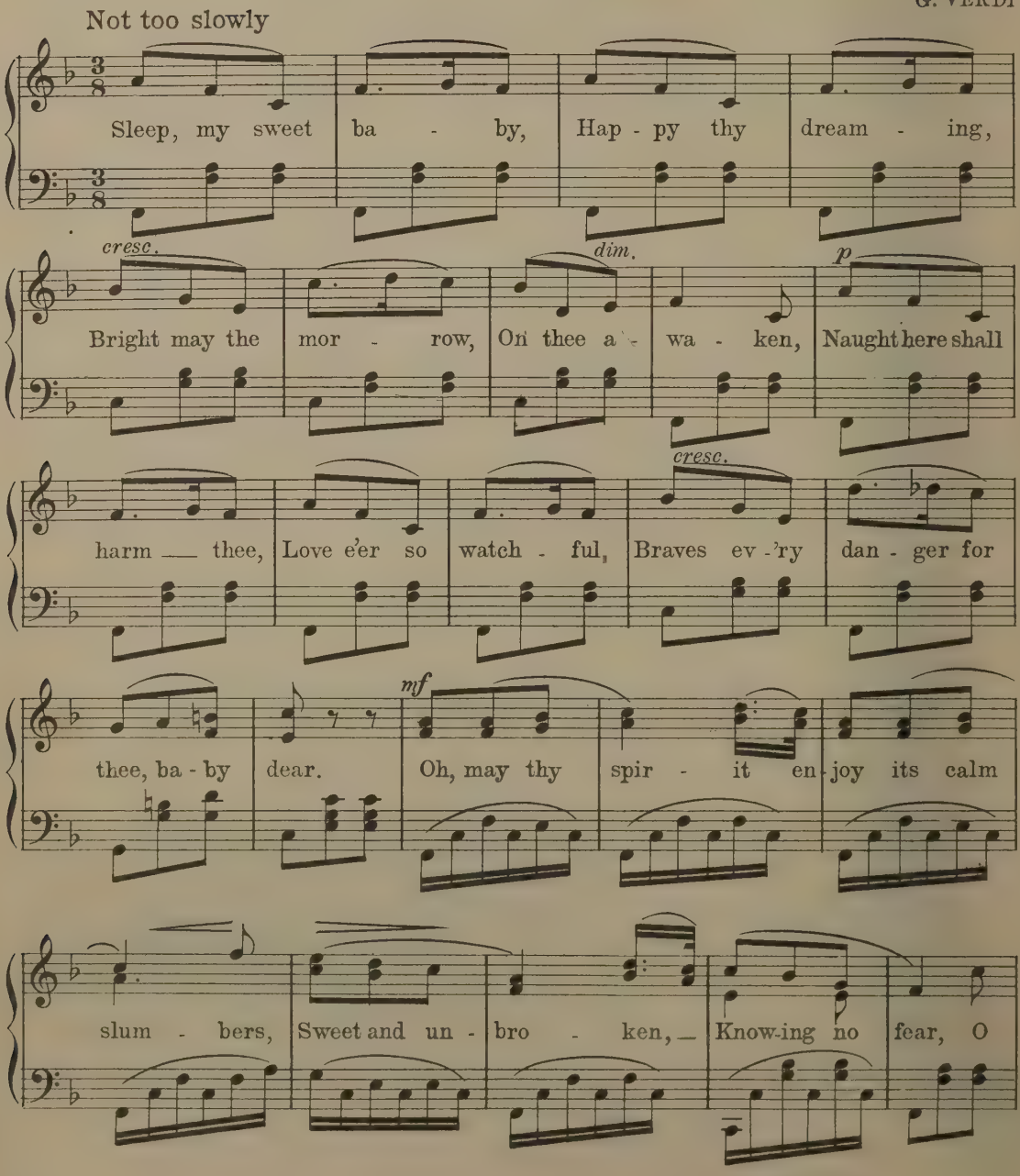

Slowly
p
Bye, bye,— drow - si-ness o'er- tak - ing, Pret - ty lit - tle eye - lids
sleep. Bye, bye—— Watch - ing till thou'rt wak - ing,
Dar-ling, be thy slum - ber deep! Bye, bye,— Drow - si - ness o'er-tak - ing,
Pret - ty lit - tle eye - lids sleep. Bye, bye,— Watch - ing till thou'rt wak - ing,
rall et dim pp
Dar - ling, be thy slum - bers deep! Bye - bye, Bye - bye.——

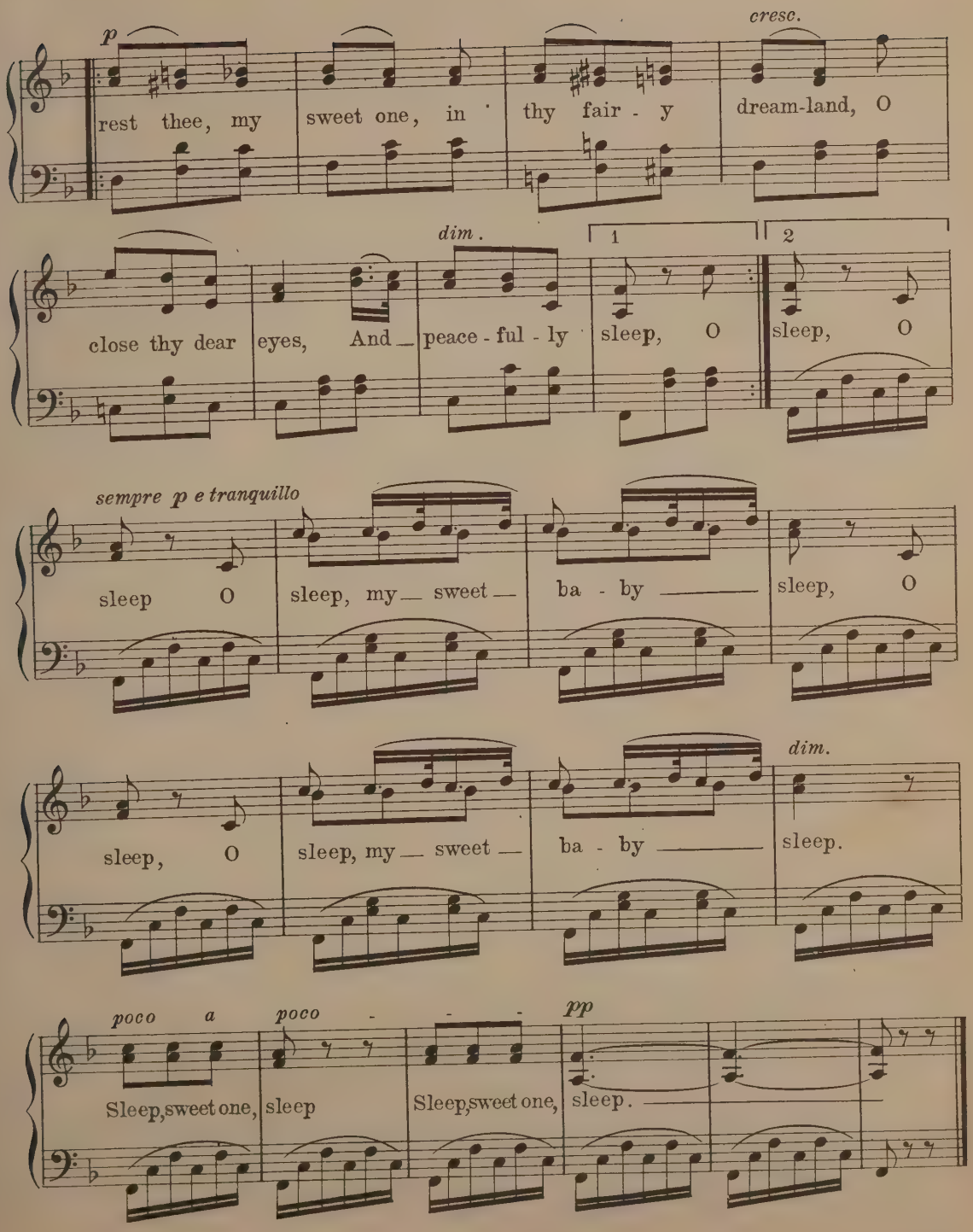
Sleep, My Sweet Baby

(Il Trovatore)

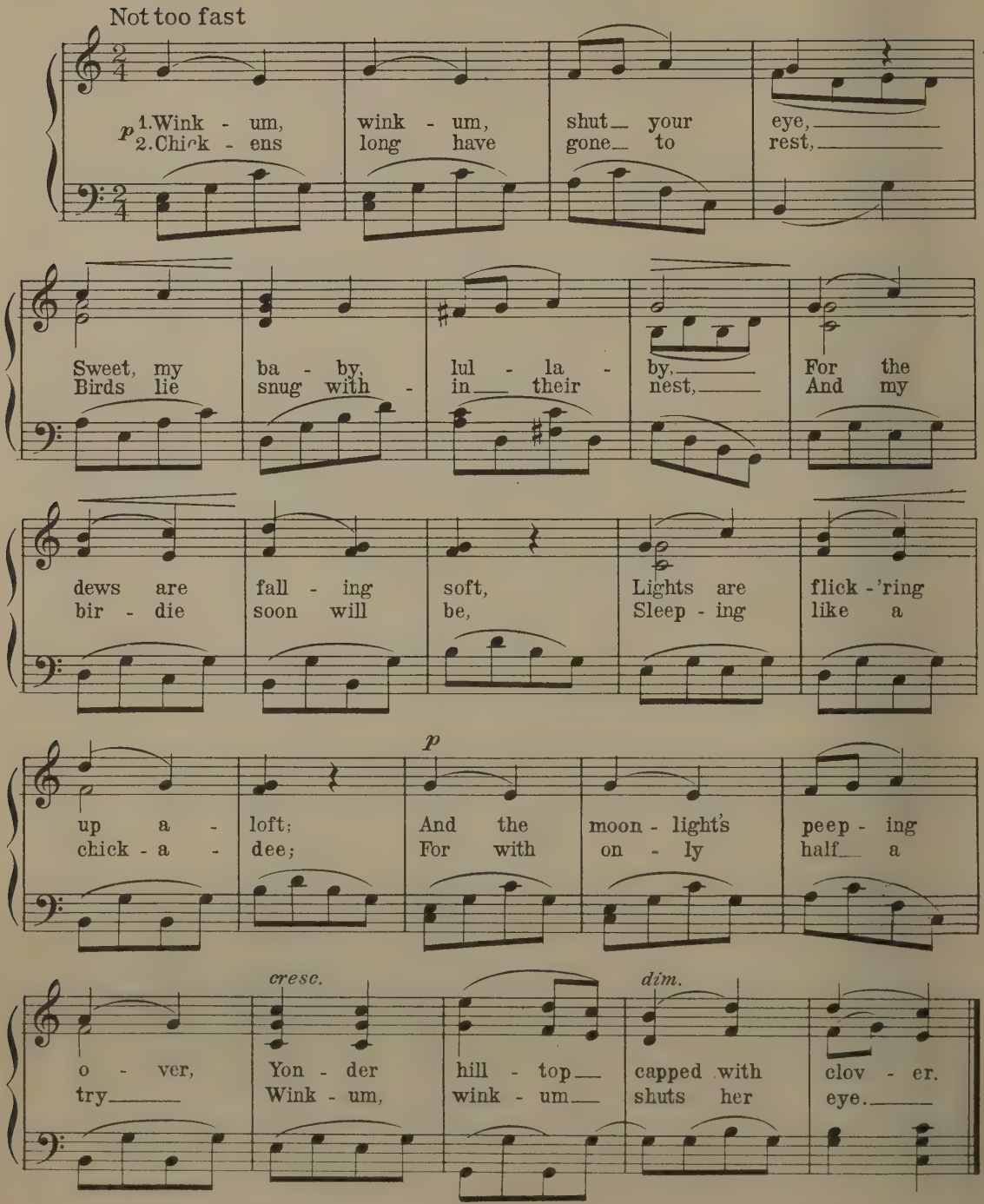
Words Adapted

G. VERDI


Not too slowly
Sleep, my sweet ba - by, Hap - py thy dream - ing,
cresc.
dim.
p
Bright may the mor - row, On thee a - wa - ken, Naught here shall
cresc.
harm — thee, Love e'er so watch - ful, Braves ev - 'ry dan - ger for
mf
thee, ba - by dear. Oh, may thy spir - it en - joy its calm
slum - bers, Sweet and un - bro - ken, — Know-ing no fear, O

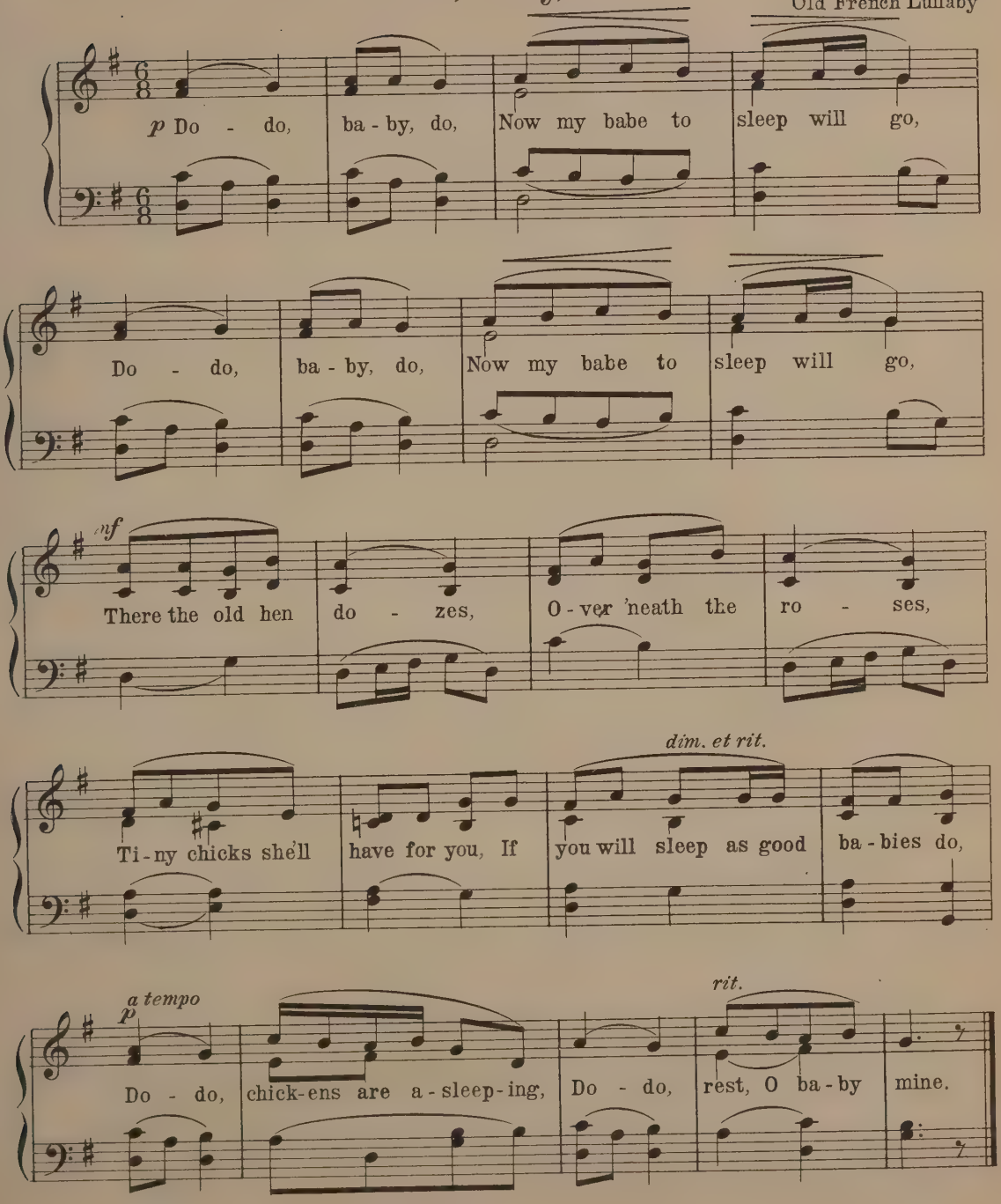

p
cresc.
rest thee, my sweet one, in thy fair - y dream-land, O
dim.
1
2
close thy dear eyes, And peace - ful - ly sleep, O sleep, O
sempre p e tranquillo
sleep O sleep, my sweet ba - by sleep, O
dim.
sleep, O sleep, my sweet ba - by sleep.
poco a poco
pp
Sleep, sweet one, sleep Sleep, sweet one, sleep.

Winkum, Winkum


Not too fast
p
1. Wink - um, wink - um, shut your eye,
2. Chick - ens long have gone to rest,
Sweet, my ba - by, lul - la - by, For the
Birds lie snug with - in their nest, And my
dews are fall - ing soft, Lights are flick - 'ring
bir - die soon will be, Sleep - ing like a
p
up a - loft; And the moon - light's peep - ing
chick - a - dee; For with on - ly half a
cresc.
dim.
o - ver, Yon - der hill - top capped with clov - er.
try Wink - um, wink - um shuts her eye.

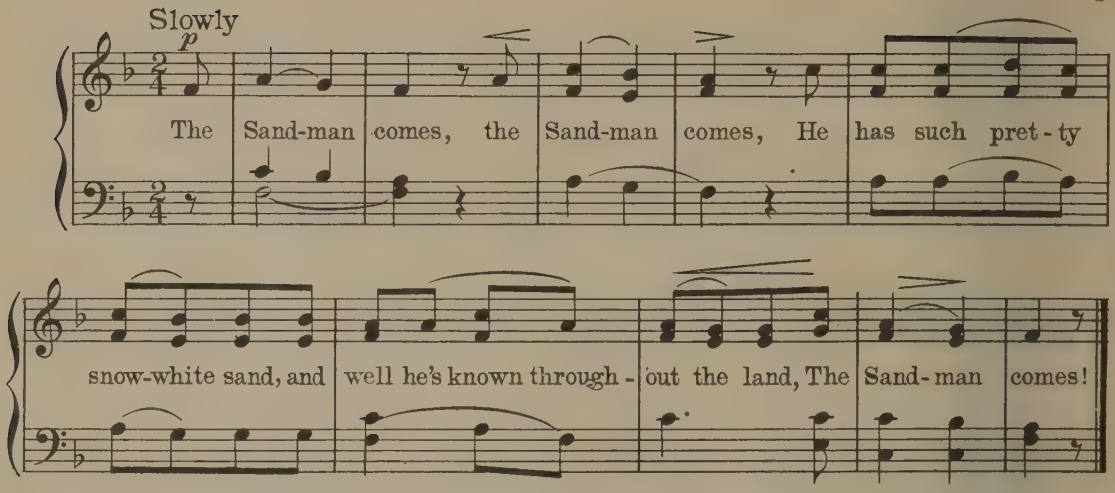
Dodo, Baby, Do

Old French Lullaby

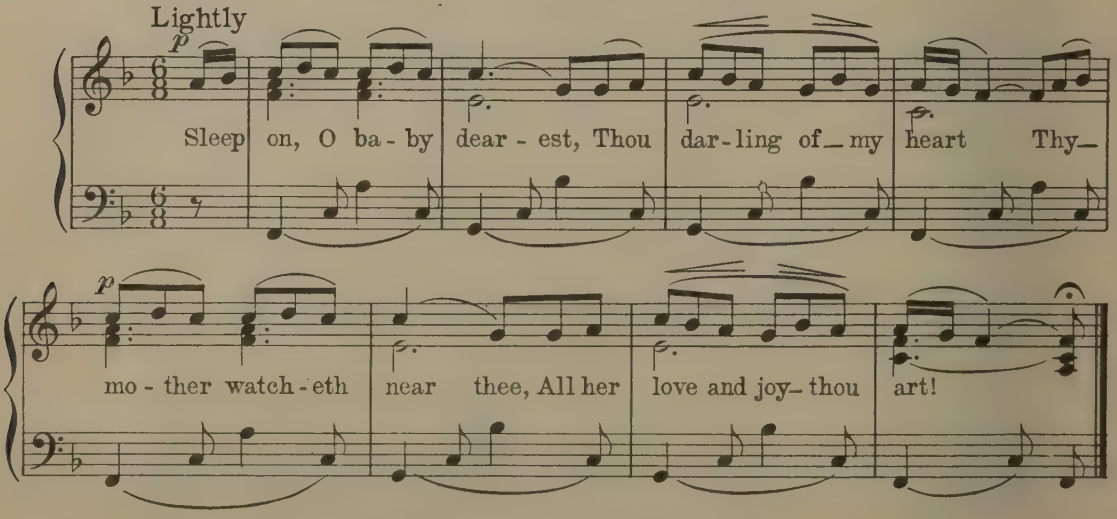

p Do - do, ba - by, do, Now my babe to sleep will go,
Do - do, ba - by, do, Now my babe to sleep will go,
nf There the old hen do - zes, O - ver 'neath the ro - ses,
dim. et rit.
Ti - ny chicks she'll have for you, If you will sleep as good ba - bies do,
a tempo
p Do - do, chick-ens are a - sleep - ing, Do - do, rest, O ba - by mine.
rit.

The Sandman Comes

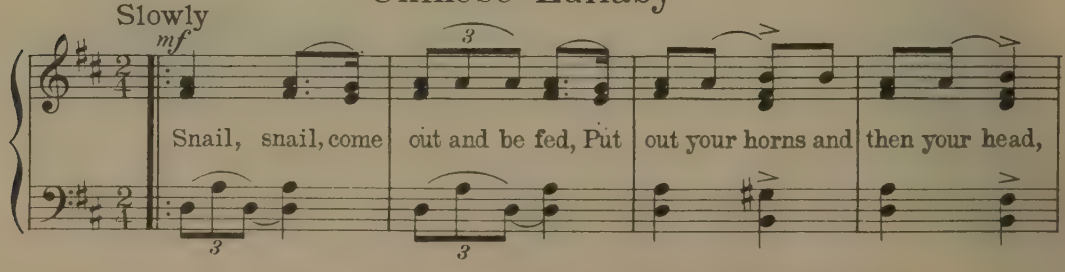
German Song

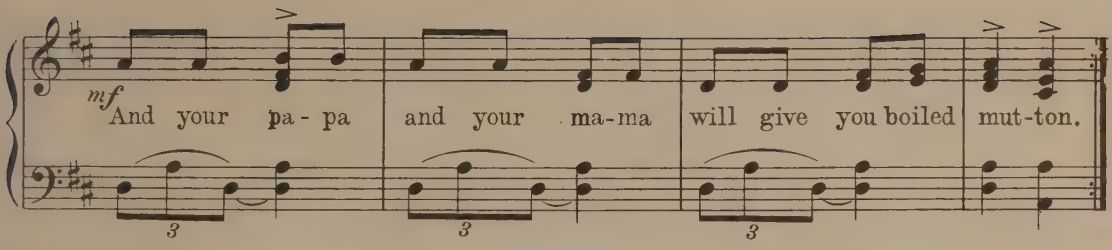

Slowly
p
The Sand-man comes, the Sand-man comes, He has such pret-ty
snow-white sand, and well he's known through-out the land, The Sand-man comes!

Neapolitan Cradle Song



Chinese Lullaby





Cradle Hymn

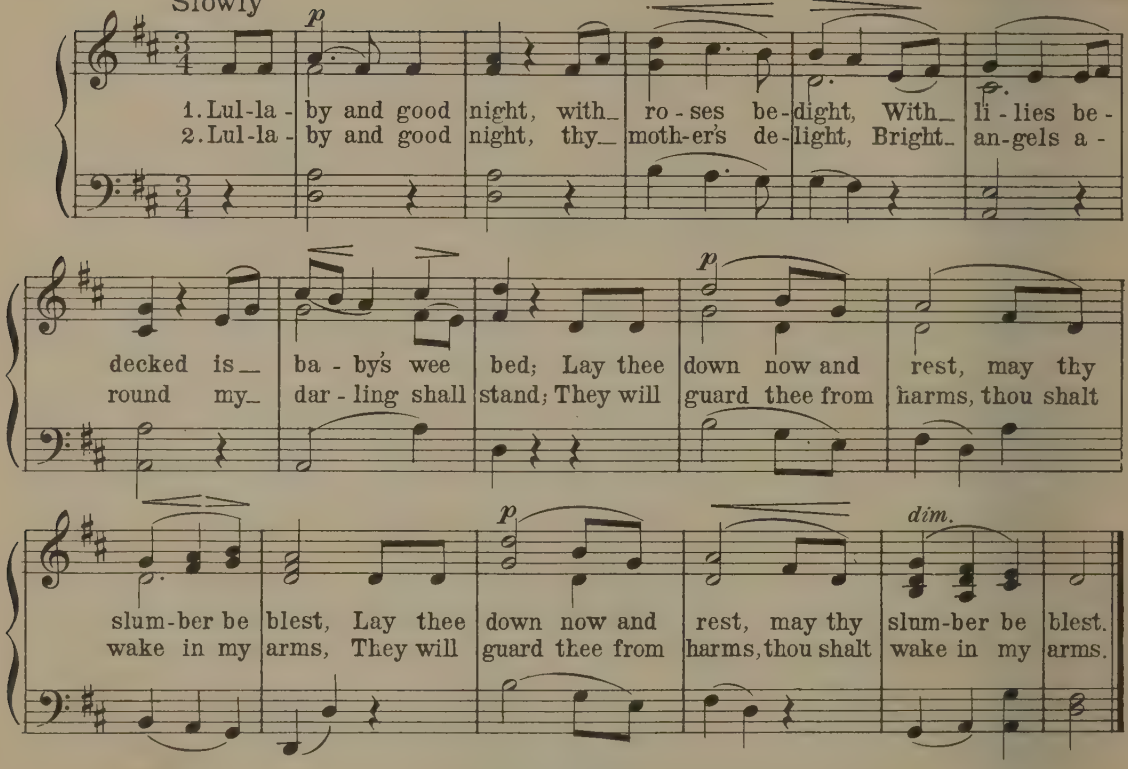
Slowly

J. J. ROUSSEAU

p
cresc
dim
1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho - ly an-gels guard thy bed,
2. Soft and ea - sy is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sa - viour lay,
3. Hush, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song may seem so hard,
Heav'n - ly bless-ings with-out num - ber, Gent - ly fall - ing on thy head.
When His birth-place was a sta - ble, And his soft - est bed was hay.
'Tis thy moth - er sits be - side thee, And her arms shall be thy guard.
How much bet - ter thou'rt at - tend - ed, Than the Son of God could be;
Oh, to tell the won-drous sto - ry, How his foes a - bused their King;
Mayst thou learn to know and fear Him, Love and serve Him all thy days;
p
When from heav - en He de - scend - ed, And be - came a child like thee.
How they killed the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me an - gry while I— sing.
Then to dwell for - ev - er near Him, Tell his love and sing His praise.

Cradle Song

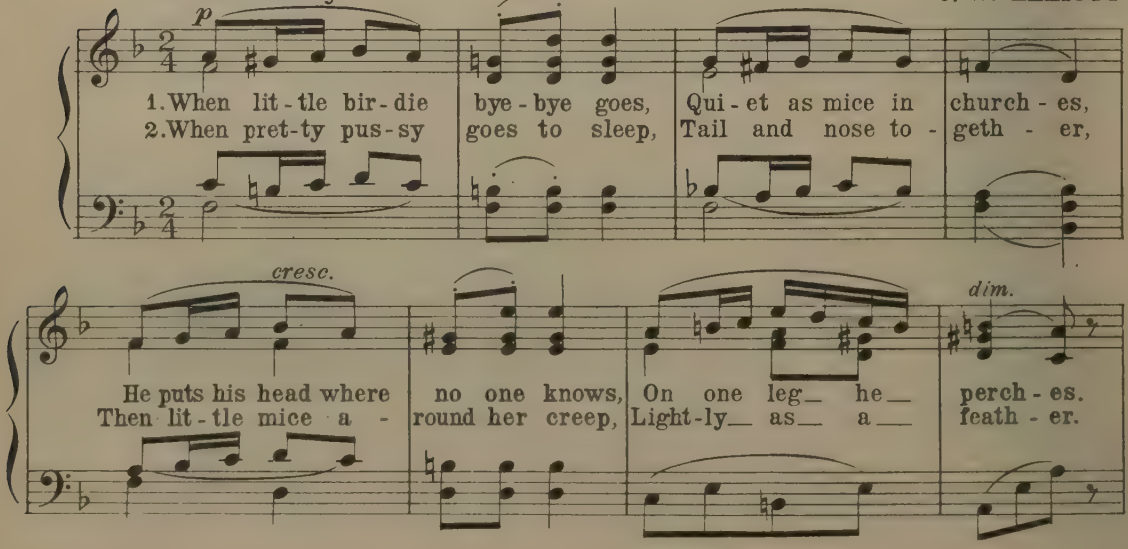
JOHANNES BRAHMS


Slowly
p
1. Lul-la - by and good night, with_ ro - ses be - dight, With_ li - lies be -
2. Lul-la - by and good night, thy_ moth-er's de - light, Bright_ an-gels a -
decked is_ ba - by's wee bed; Lay thee down now and rest, may thy
round my_ dar - ling shall stand; They will guard thee from harms, thou shalt
slum-ber be blest, Lay thee down now and rest, may thy slum-ber be blest.
wake in my arms, They will guard thee from harms, thou shalt wake in my arms.
dim.

Lullaby

Not too Slowly

J. W. ELLIOTT


p
1. When lit - tle bir - die bye - bye goes, Qui - et as mice in church - es,
2. When pret-ty pus - sy goes to sleep, Tail and nose to - geth - er,
cresc.
He puts his head where no one knows, On one leg_ he_ perch - es.
Then lit - tle mice a - round her creep, Light-ly_ as_ a_ feath - er.
dim.

When lit-tle ba-by bye-bye goes, On mam-ma's arm re-pos-ing,
When lit-tle ba-by goes to sleep, And he is ve-ry near us,

Soon he lies be-neath the clothes, Safe in the cra-dle doz-ing.
Then on tip-toe soft-ly creep, That ba-by may not hear us.

Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by. Lul-la-Lul-la, Lul-la-bye.

Our Baby

Slowly

French Lullaby

cresc. *dim.*

1. Cheeks of rose, ti-ny toes, Has our lit-tle ba-by;
2. Thee I love, sweet-est dove, Dar-ling lit-tle ba-by!

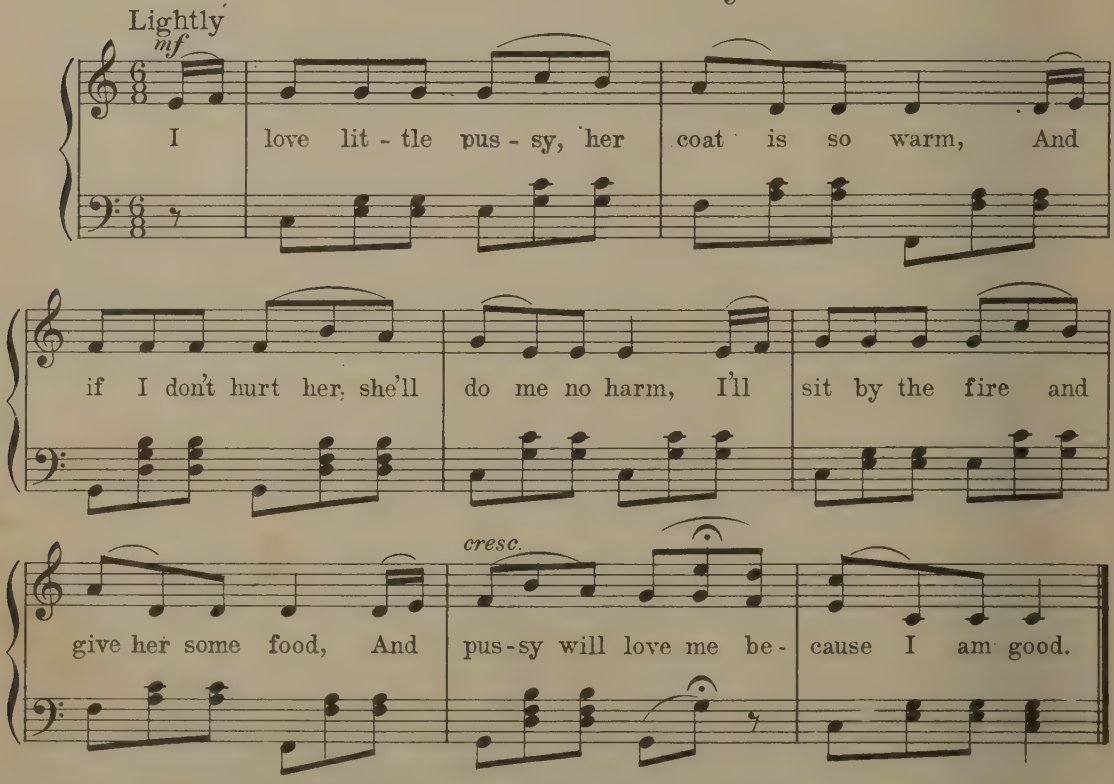
cresc. *dim.*

Eyes of blue, fin-gers too, Cun-ning all as may be.
While I live, thee I'll give Kiss-es warm as may be.

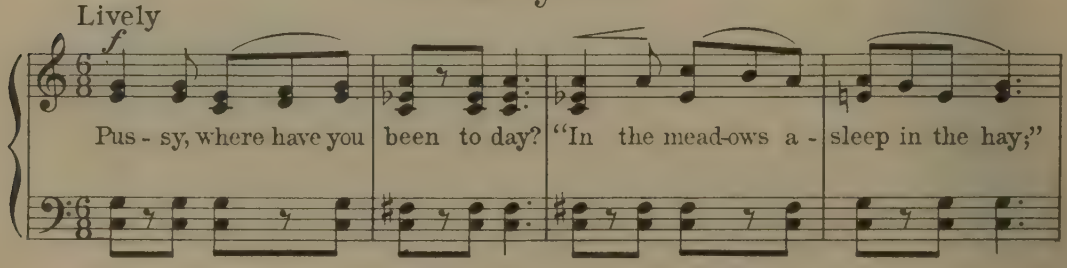
SONGS OF THE ANIMALS

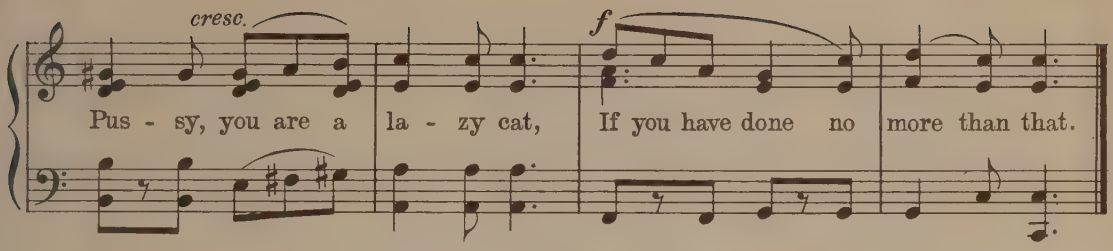
Little children should be taught to love and do acts of kindness to our domestic animals and these tiny songs will do much to inculcate the first principles of merciful treatment in them. There are little songs about the dog, the cat, the lamb, the goose, the squirrel, the hare and many others, each one of which contains its moral lesson while at the same time a source of childish pleasure. In this way the story of "Black Beauty," of which children will never tire, is applied to every one of the dumb animals with which children come in contact.

I Love Little Pussy

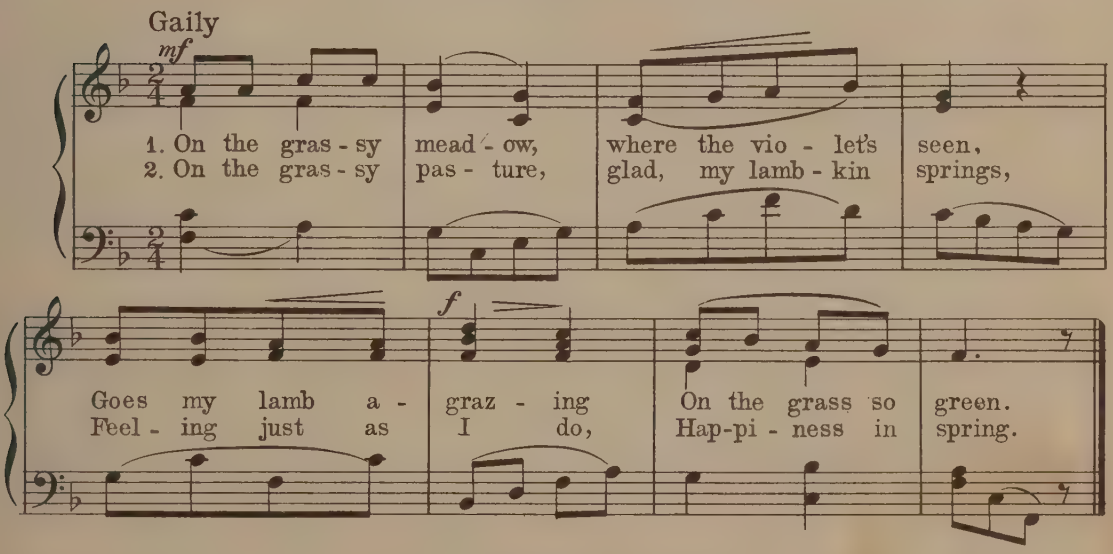

Lightly
mf
I love lit - tle pus - sy, her coat is so warm, And
if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm, I'll sit by the fire and
cresc.
give her some food, And pus-sy will love me be- cause I am good.

The Lazy Cat

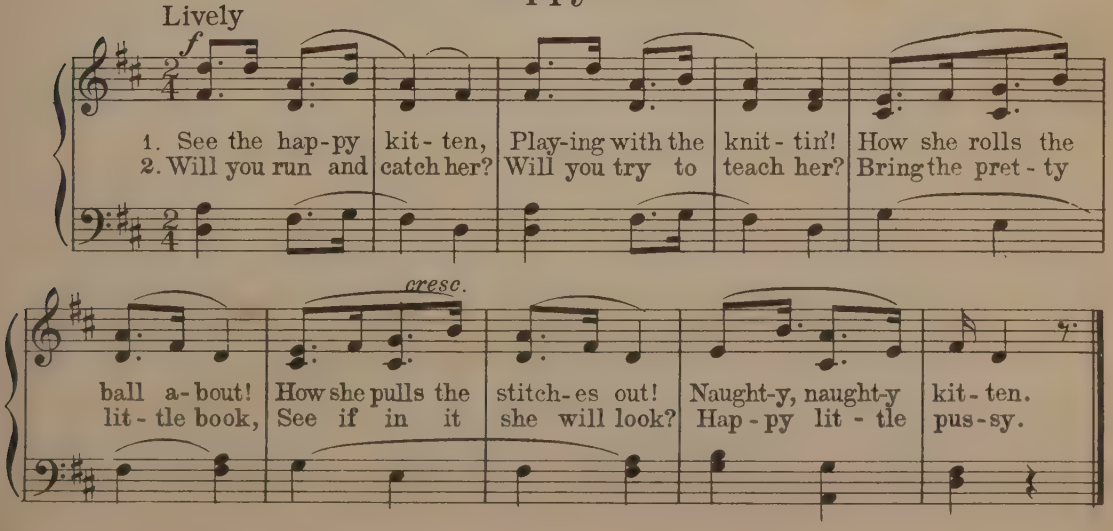




The Little Lamb


Gaily
mf
1. On the gras - sy mead - ow, where the vio - let's seen,
2. On the gras - sy pas - ture, glad, my lamb - kin springs,
f
Goes my lamb a - graz - ing On the grass so green.
Feel - ing just as I do, Hap-pi - ness in spring.

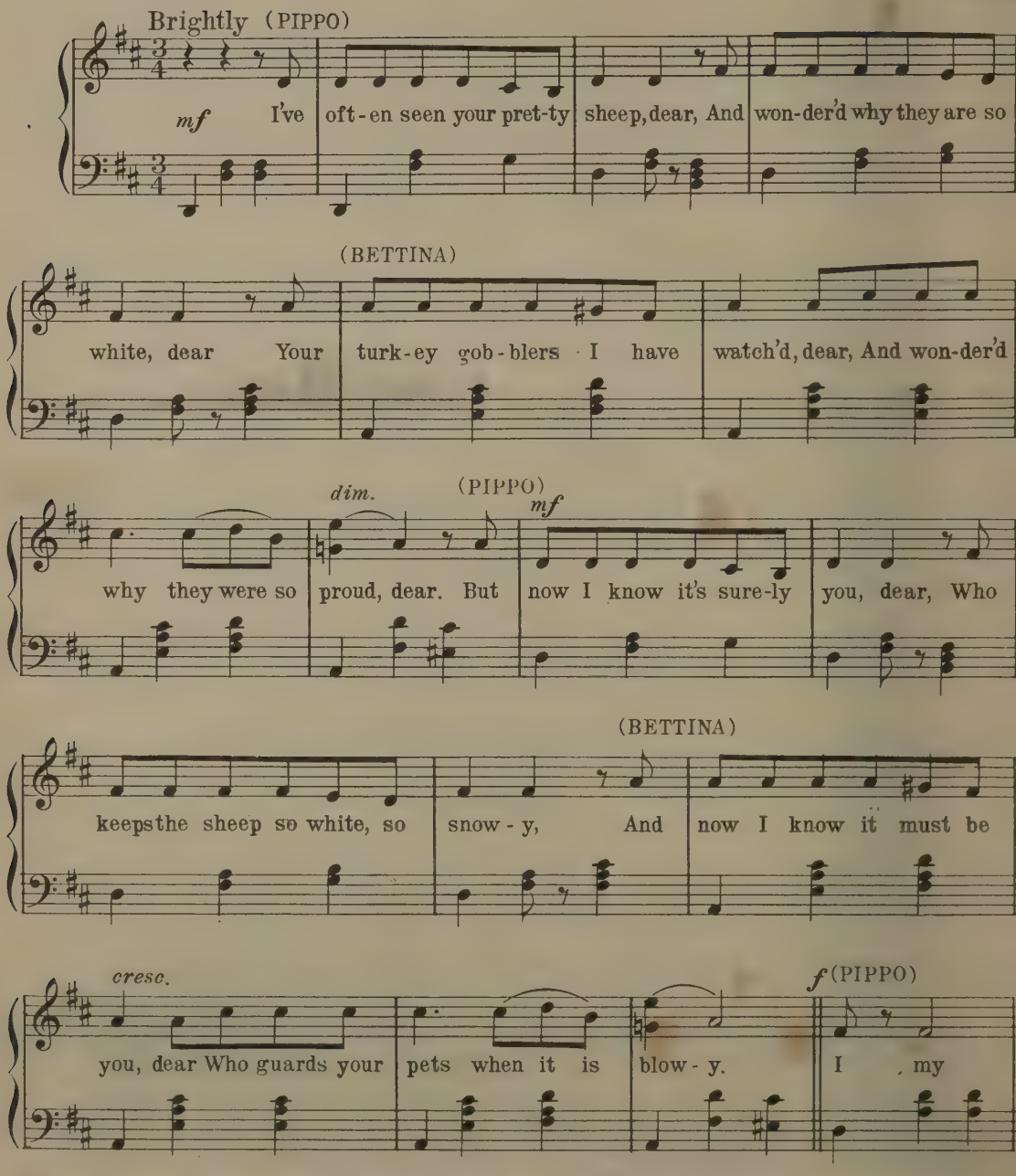
The Happy Kitten


Lively
f
1. See the hap-py kit - ten, Play-ing with the knit - tin'! How she rolls the
2. Will you run and catch her? Will you try to teach her? Bring the pret - ty
cresc.
ball a-bout! How she pulls the stitch-es out! Naught-y, naught-y kit - ten.
lit - tle book, See if in it she will look? Hap - py lit - tle pus-sy.

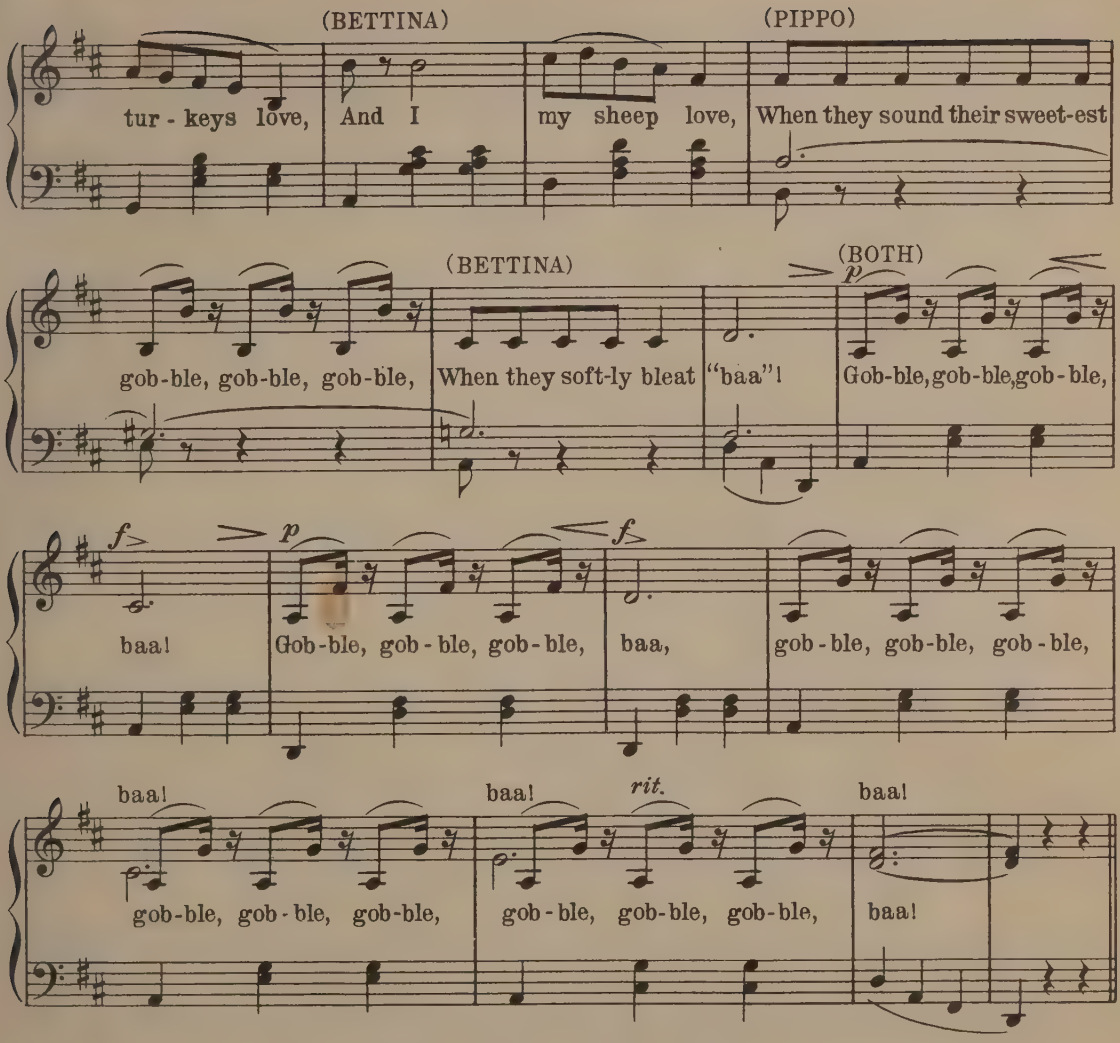
The Gobble Duet

(The Mascot)

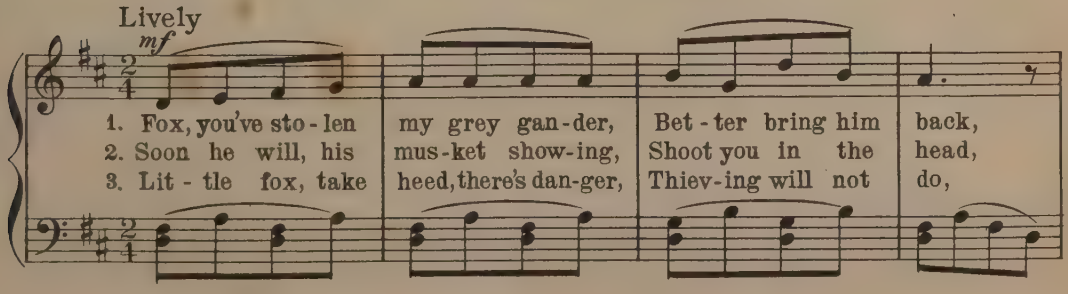
Words Adapted — E. AUDRAN

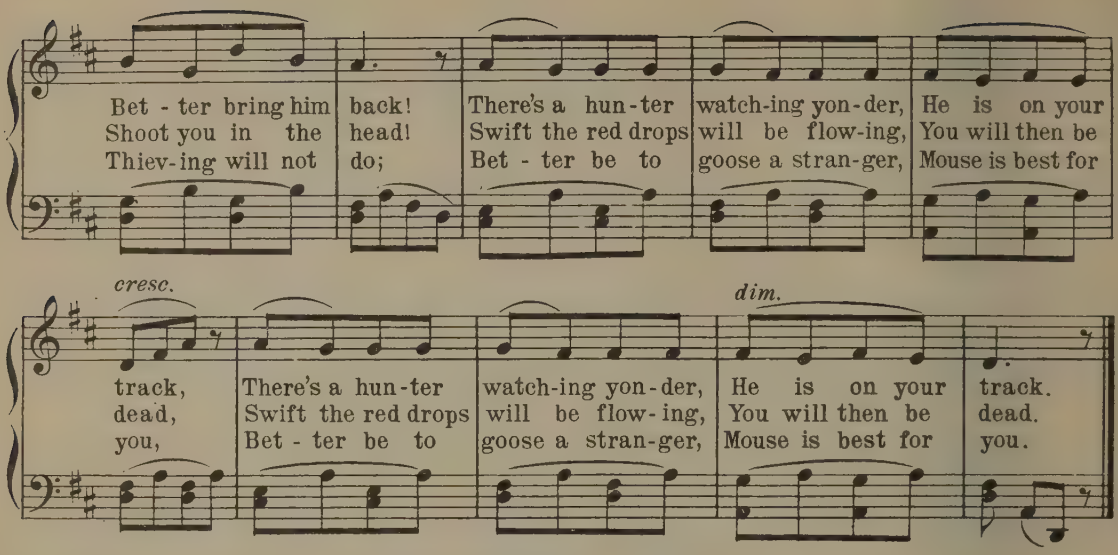

Brightly (PIPPO)
mf
I've oft-en seen your pret-ty sheep, dear, And won-der'd why they are so
(BETTINA)
white, dear Your turk-ey gob-blers I have watch'd, dear, And won-der'd
dim.
(PIPPO)
mf
why they were so proud, dear. But now I know it's sure-ly you, dear, Who
(BETTINA)
keeps the sheep so white, so snow-y, And now I know it must be
cresc.
f (PIPPO)
you, dear Who guards your pets when it is blow-y. I my

Note: – This number makes a charming duet for a little boy and girl, the boy taking the part of Pippo and the girl that of Bettina

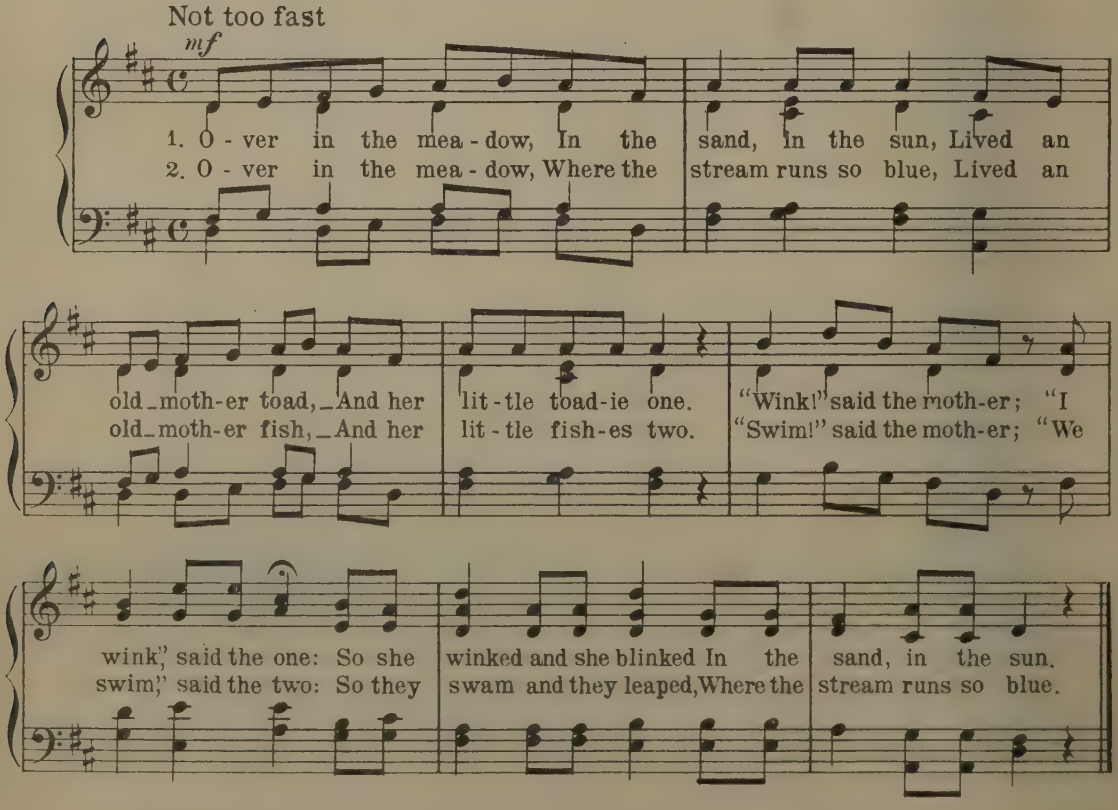

(BETTINA)
(PIPPO)
tur - keys love, And I my sheep love, When they sound their sweet-est
(BETTINA)
(BOTH)
gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble, When they soft-ly bleat "baa"! Gob-ble, gob-ble, gob-ble,
baa! Gob-ble, gob - ble, gob - ble, baa, gob - ble, gob-ble, gob - ble,
baa! baa! rit. baa!
gob-ble, gob - ble, gob-ble, gob - ble, gob - ble, gob-ble, baa!

The Fox and Goose

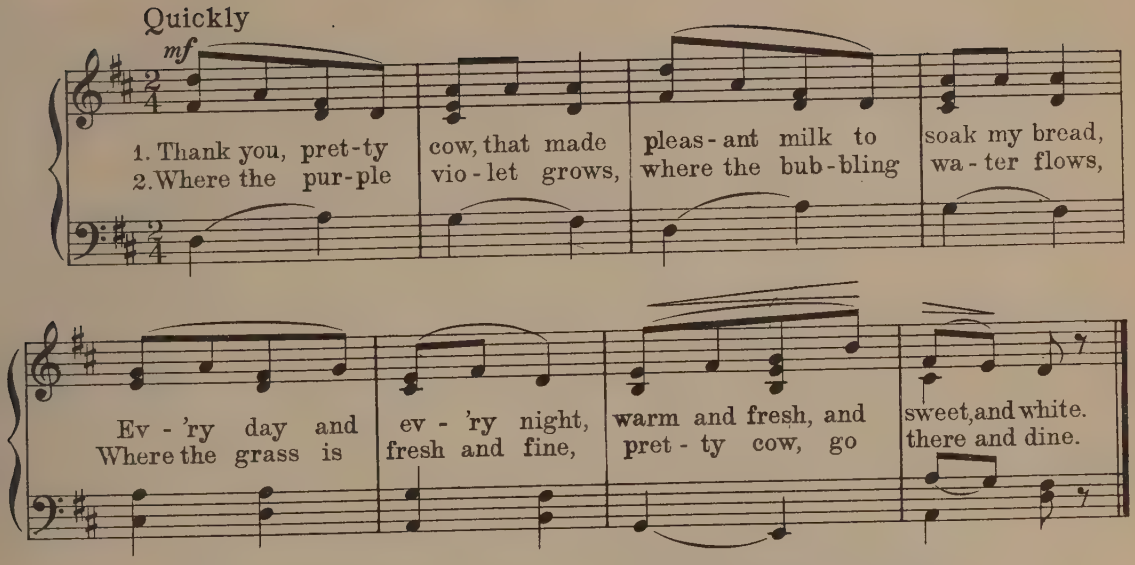

Lively
mf
1. Fox, you've sto - len my grey gan - der, Bet - ter bring him back,
2. Soon he will, his mus - ket show - ing, Shoot you in the head,
3. Lit - tle fox, take heed, there's dan - ger, Thiev - ing will not do,


Bet - ter bring him back! There's a hun-ter watch-ing yon-der, He is on your
Shoot you in the head! Swift the red drops will be flow-ing, You will then be
Thiev-ing will not do; Bet - ter be to goose a stran-ger, Mouse is best for
cresc.
dim.
track, There's a hun-ter watch-ing yon-der, He is on your track.
dead, Swift the red drops will be flow-ing, You will then be dead.
you, Bet - ter be to goose a stran-ger, Mouse is best for you.

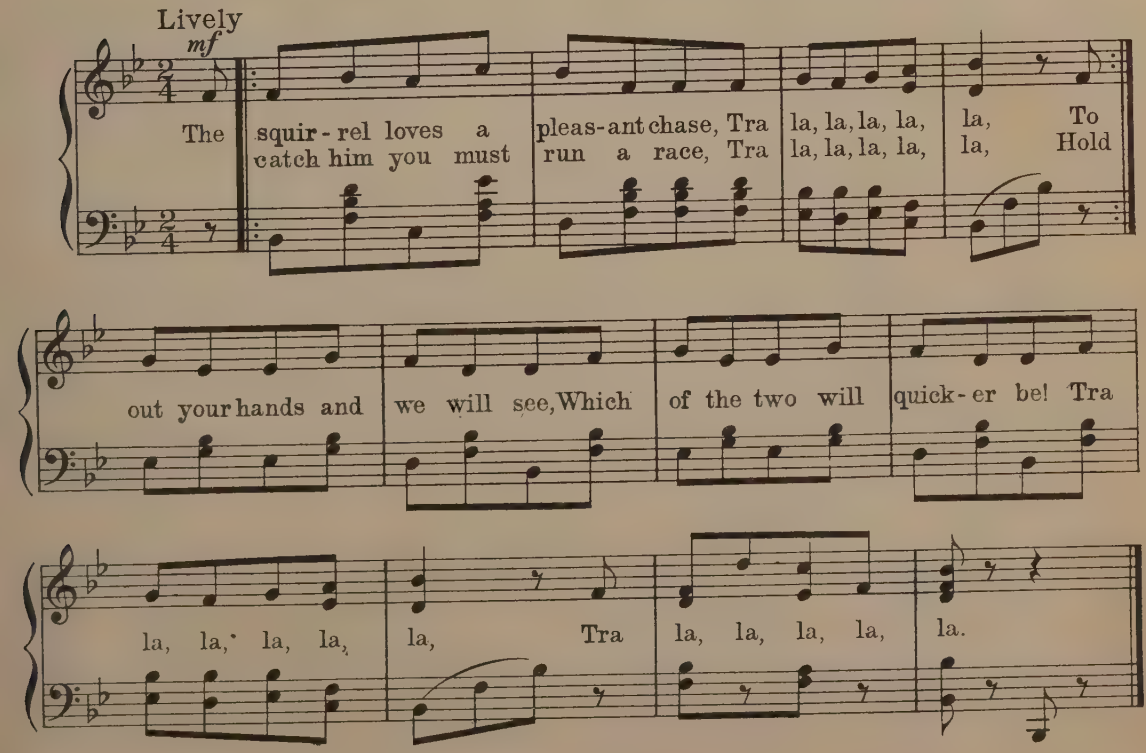
Old Mother Toad


Not too fast
mf
1. O - ver in the mea - dow, In the sand, in the sun, Lived an
2. O - ver in the mea - dow, Where the stream runs so blue, Lived an
old_moth-er toad, _And her lit - tle toad-ie one. "Wink!" said the moth-er; "I
old_moth-er fish, _And her lit - tle fish-es two. "Swim!" said the moth-er; "We
wink," said the one: So she winked and she blinked In the sand, in the sun.
swim," said the two: So they swam and they leaped, Where the stream runs so blue.

The Cow

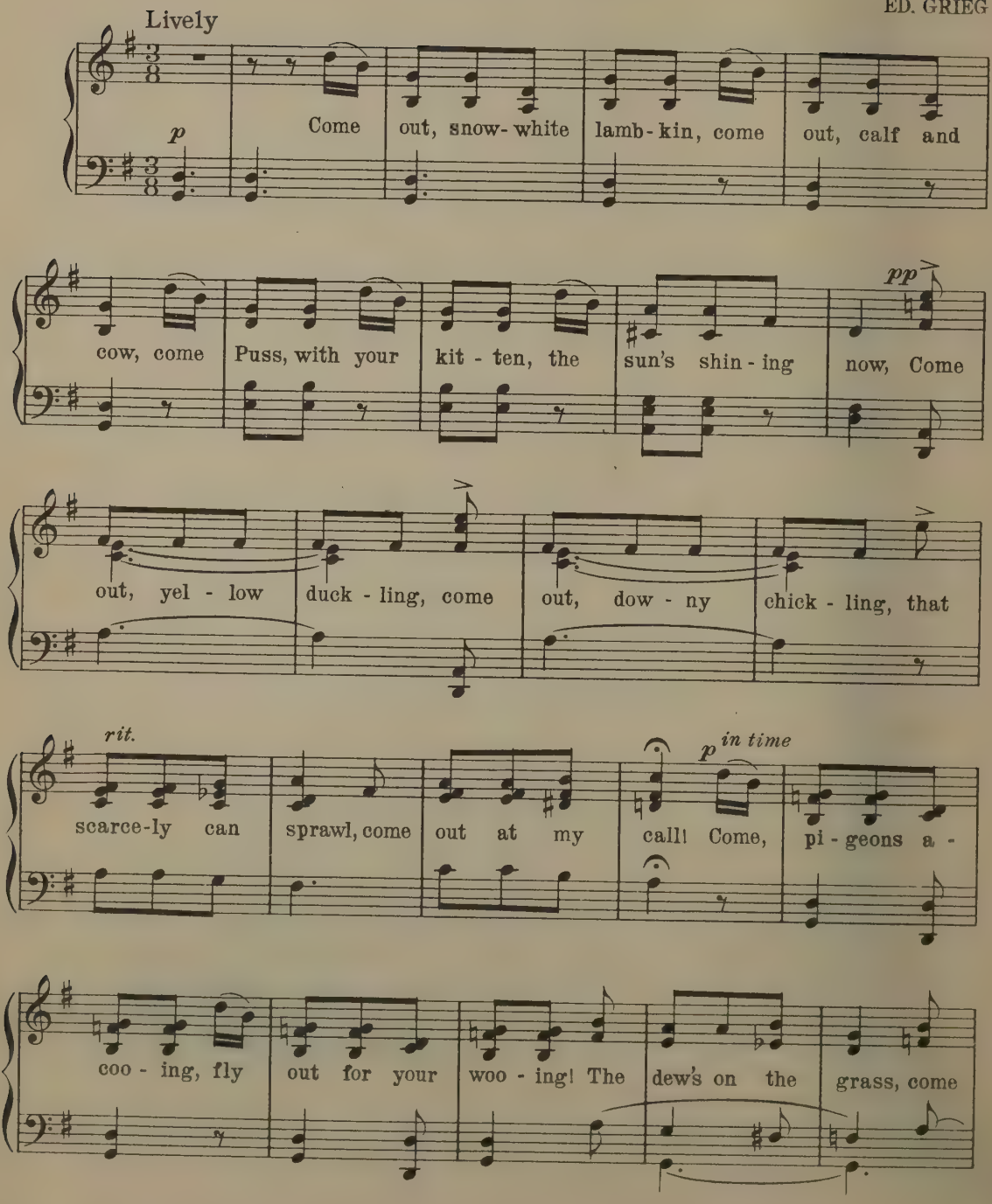

Quickly
mf
1. Thank you, pret-ty cow, that made pleas-ant milk to soak my bread,
2. Where the pur-ple vio-let grows, where the bub-bling wa-ter flows,
Ev-'ry day and ev-'ry night, warm and fresh, and sweet, and white.
Where the grass is fresh and fine, pret-ty cow, go there and dine.

The Squirrel Loves A Pleasant Chase

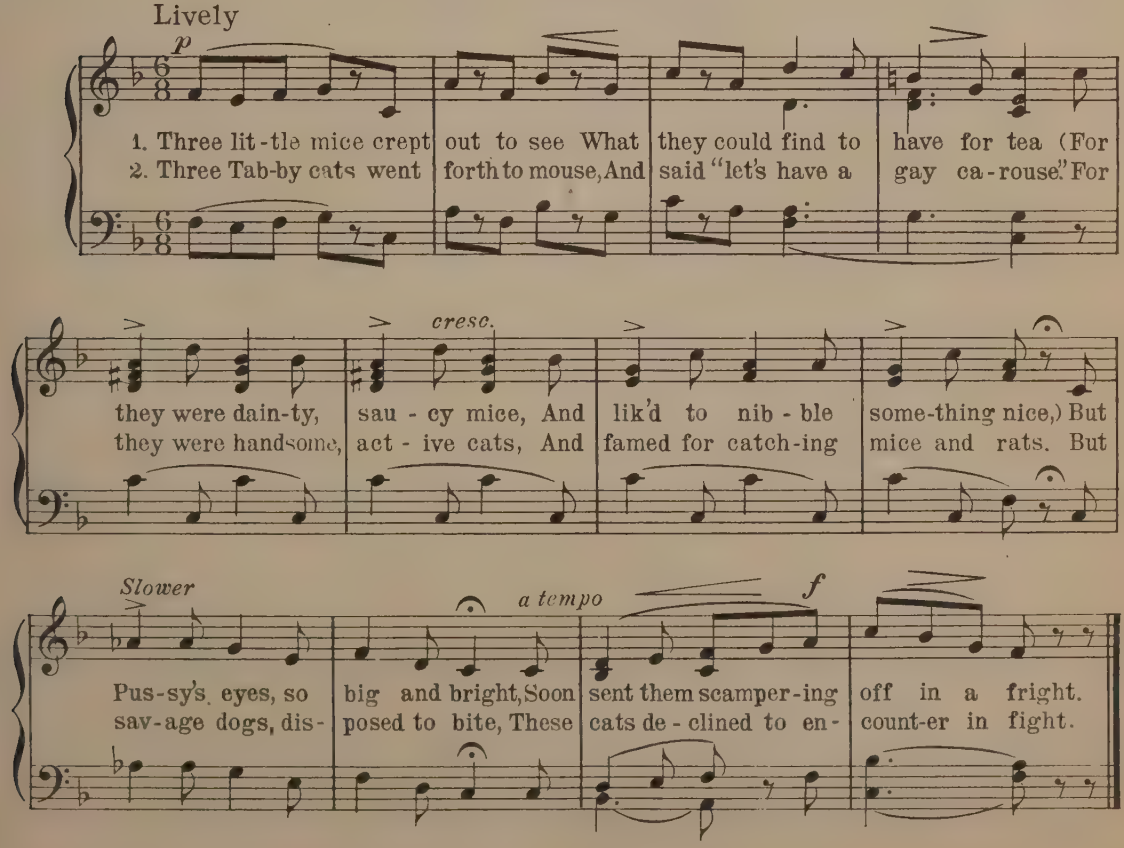

Lively
mf
The squir-rel loves a pleas-ant chase, Tra la, la, la, la, la, To
catch him you must run a race, Tra la, la, la, la, la, Hold
out your hands and we will see, Which of the two will quick-er be! Tra
la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la.

Farmyard Song

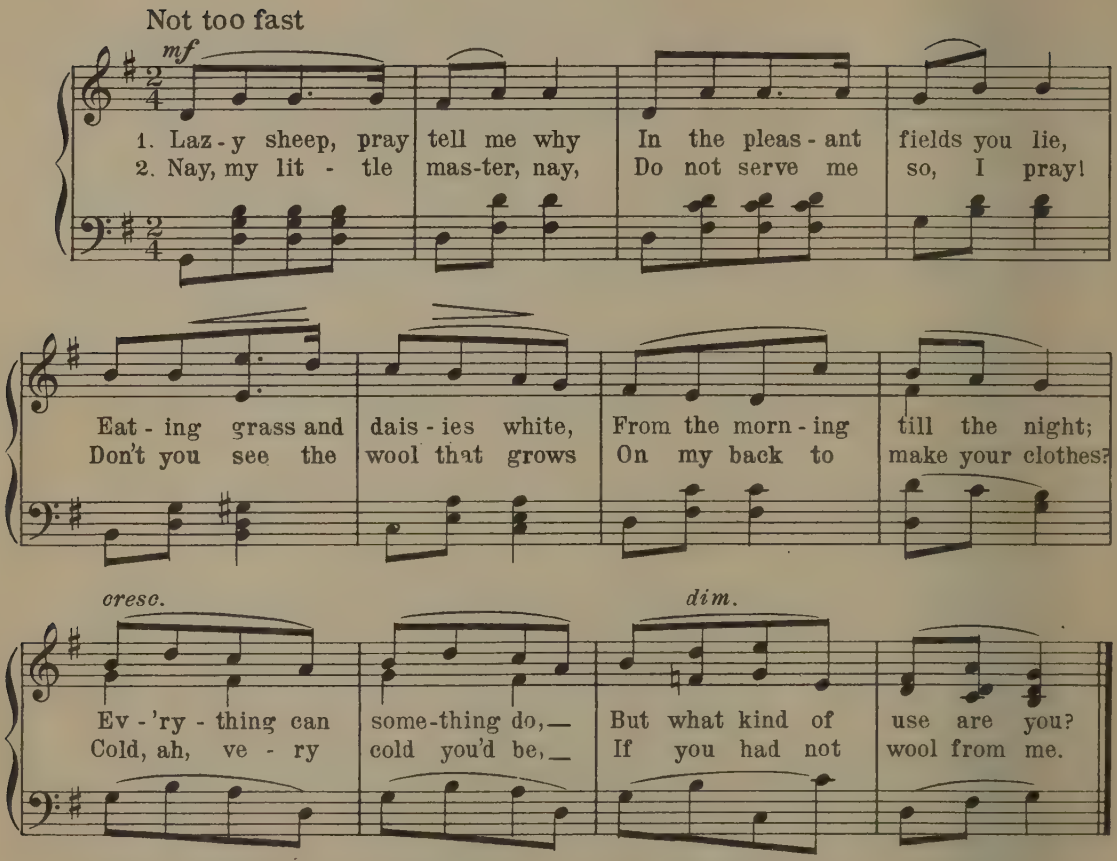
ED. GRIEG


Lively
p
Come out, snow-white lamb-kin, come out, calf and
cow, come Puss, with your kit-ten, the sun's shin-ing now, Come
pp
out, yel-low duck-ling, come out, dow-ny chick-ling, that
rit.
scarce-ly can sprawl, come out at my
p in time
call! Come, pi-geons a-
coo-ing, fly out for your woo-ing! The dew's on the grass, come

Three Little Mice


Lively
p
1. Three lit - tle mice crept out to see What they could find to have for tea (For
2. Three Tab-by cats went forth to mouse, And said "let's have a gay ca - rouse." For
cresc.
they were dain-ty, sau - cy mice, And lik'd to nib - ble some-thing nice,) But
they were handsome, act - ive cats, And famed for catch-ing mice and rats. But
Slower
a tempo
f
Pus-sy's eyes, so big and bright, Soon sent them scamper-ing off in a fright.
sav-age dogs, dis- posed to bite, These cats de - clined to en- count-er in fight.

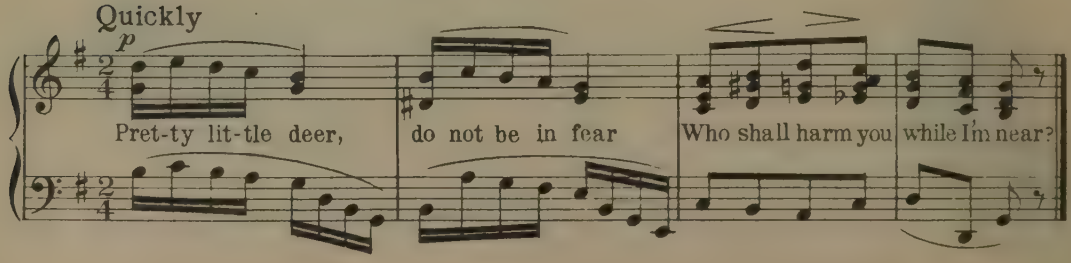
The Sheep and the Boy


Not too fast
mf
1. Laz - y sheep, pray tell me why In the pleas - ant fields you lie,
2. Nay, my lit - tle mas-ter, nay, Do not serve me so, I pray!
Eat - ing grass and dais - ies white, From the morn - ing till the night;
Don't you see the wool that grows On my back to make your clothes?
cresc.
dim.
Ev - 'ry - thing can some-thing do,— But what kind of use are you?
Cold, ah, ve - ry cold you'd be,— If you had not wool from me.

3. True, it seems a pleasant thing
Nipping daisies in the spring;
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass
Or pick my scanty dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare.

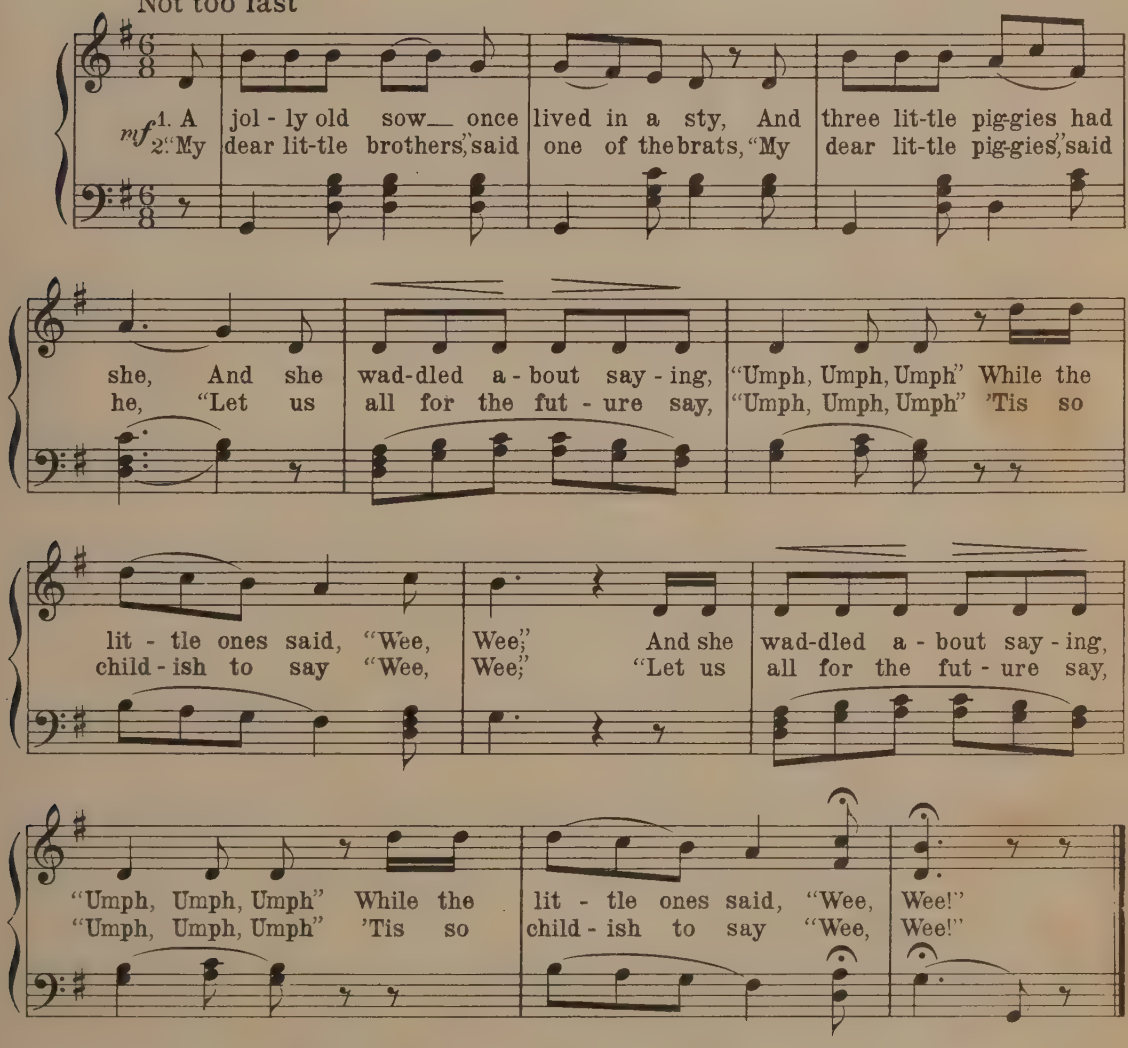
4. Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
Cuts my woolly fleece away
For your coat in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

Pretty Little Deer



Three Little Pigs

ALFRED S. GATTY


Not too fast
mf
1. A jol - ly old sow once lived in a sty, And three lit-tle pig-gies had
2. "My dear lit-tle brothers," said one of the brats, "My dear lit-tle pig-gies," said
she, And she wad-dled a - bout say - ing, "Umph, Umph, Umph" While the
he, "Let us all for the fut - ure say, "Umph, Umph, Umph" 'Tis so
lit - tle ones said, "Wee, Wee;" And she wad-dled a - bout say - ing,
child - ish to say "Wee, Wee;" "Let us all for the fut - ure say,
"Umph, Umph, Umph" While the lit - tle ones said, "Wee, Wee!"
"Umph, Umph, Umph" 'Tis so child - ish to say "Wee, Wee!"

3. Then these little pigs grew skinny and lean,
And lean they might very well be; (Umph!"
For somehow they *couldn't* say "Umph! Umph!
And they *wouldn't* say "Wee! Wee! Wee!"

4. So after a time these little pigs died,
They all died of *felo de se;*
From trying too hard to say "Umph! Umph! Umph!"
When they only could say "Wee! Wee!"

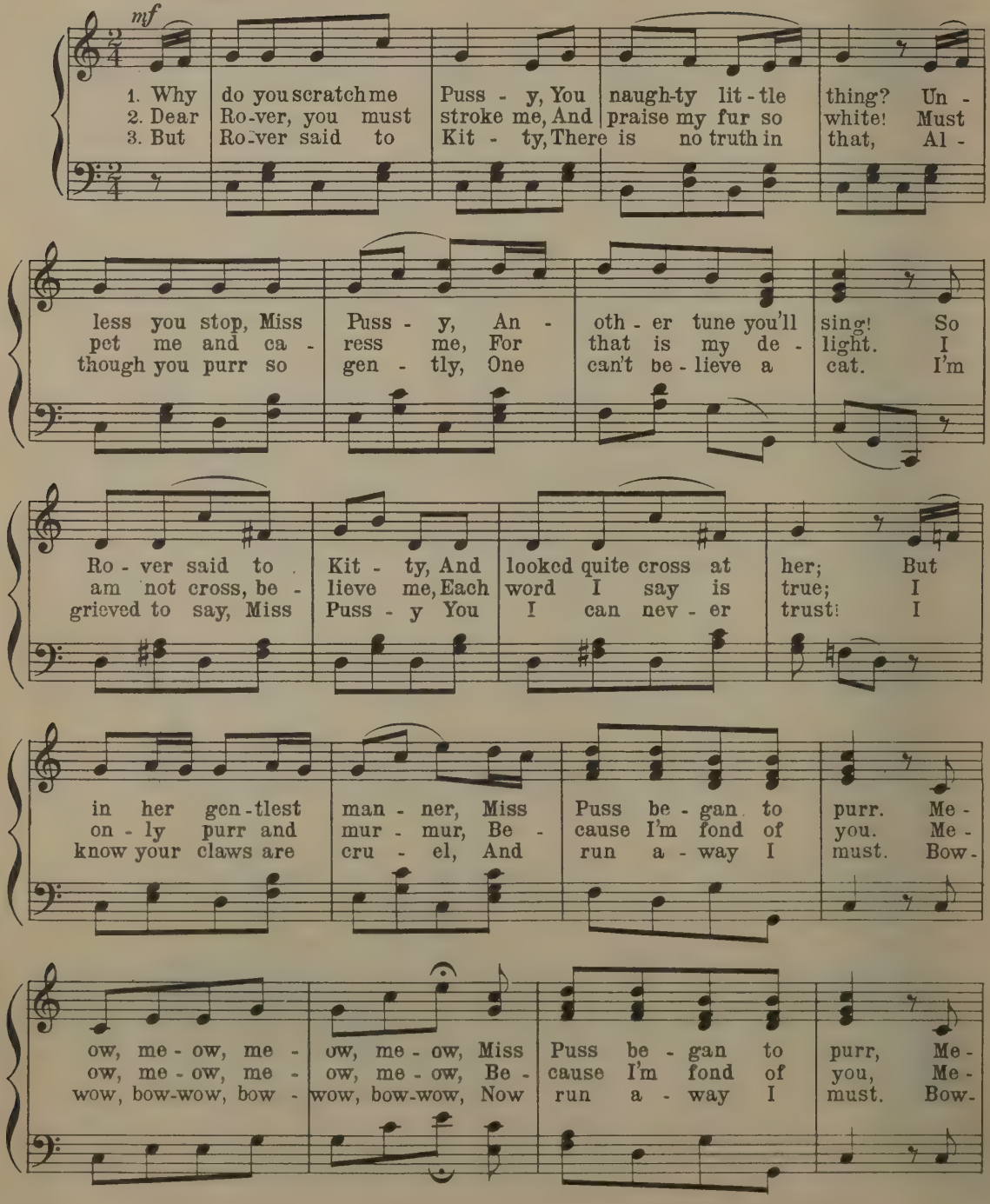
Moral

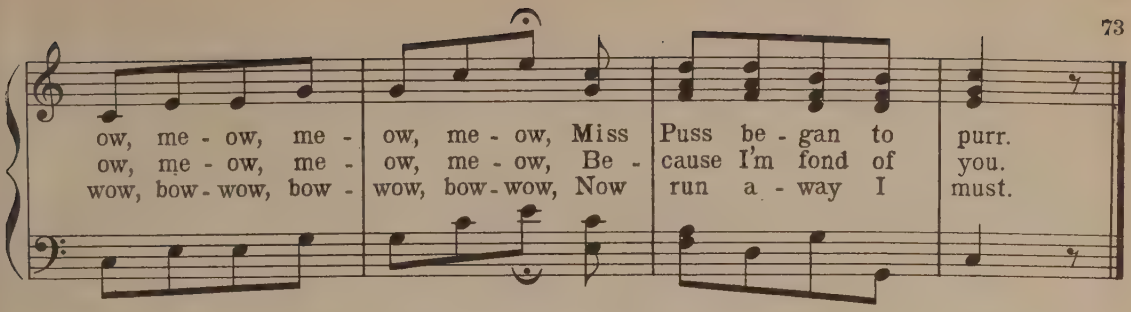
A moral there is to this little song,
A moral that's easy to see;
Don't try while yet young to say "Umph! Umph! Umph!"
For you only can say "Wee Wee!"

The Dog And Cat

Not too fast

mf


1. Why do you scratch me Puss - y, You naugh-ty lit - tle thing? Un -
2. Dear Ro-ver, you must stroke me, And praise my fur so white! Must
3. But Ro-ver said to Kit - ty, There is no truth in that, Al -
less you stop, Miss Puss - y, An - oth - er tune you'll sing! So
pet me and ca - ress me, For that is my de - light. I
though you purr so gen - tly, One can't be - lieve a cat. I'm
Ro - ver said to Kit - ty, And looked quite cross at her; But
am not cross, be - lieve me, Each word I say is true; I
grieved to say, Miss Puss - y You I can nev - er trust I
in her gen - tlest man - ner, Miss Puss be - gan to purr. Me -
on - ly purr and mur - mur, Be - cause I'm fond of you. Me -
know your claws are cru - el, And run a - way I must. Bow -
ow, me - ow, me - ow, me - ow, Miss Puss be - gan to purr, Me -
ow, me - ow, me - ow, me - ow, Be - cause I'm fond of you, Me -
wow, bow-wow, bow - wow, bow-wow, Now run a - way I must. Bow -


ow, me - ow, me - ow, me - ow, Miss Puss be - gan to purr.
ow, me - ow, me - ow, me - ow, Be - cause I'm fond of you.
wow, bow - wow, bow - wow, bow - wow, Now run a - way I must.

Three Little Kittens

Quickly
mf
1. Once three lit-tle kit - tens they lost their mit-tens, And they be - gan to
2. The three lit-tle kit - tens they found their mit-tens, And they be - gan to
3. The three lit-tle kit - tens put on their mit-tens, And soon ate up the
cry, Oh! mammy dear, We sad - ly fear, Our mit - tens we have lost, What,
cry, Oh! mammy dear, See here, see here, Our mit - tens we have found What,
pie, Oh! mammy dear, We great - ly fear, Our mit - tens we have soil'd What,
lost your mit-tens, You naugh-ty kittens, Then you shall have no pie.
found your mit-tens, You dar - ling kittens, Then you shall have some pie.
soil'd your mit-tens, You naugh-ty kittens, Then they be - gan to sigh.
Mi - ew,
Mi - ew, Mi - ew, Mi - ew, Mi - ew, Mi - ew, Miew.

Puff!

ALFRED S. GATTY

mf
1. There once liv'd a pret - ty young kit - ten call'd Puff, The
2. But though he was pret - ty he grieved his mam - ma, His
pret - ti - est kit - ten e'er seen; His tail was so long and his
man - ners to her were so gruff; And when - ev - er she'd scold him he'd
coat was so rough, And his eyes were an em - e - rald green.
laugh out "Ha! Ha!" Would that naught - y young kit - ten called Puff.

3. His mother one day said to her son and heir,
"I cannot now catch mice enough
"For us both;" but he answered, "I'm sure I don't care,"
Did that naughty young kitten called Puff.

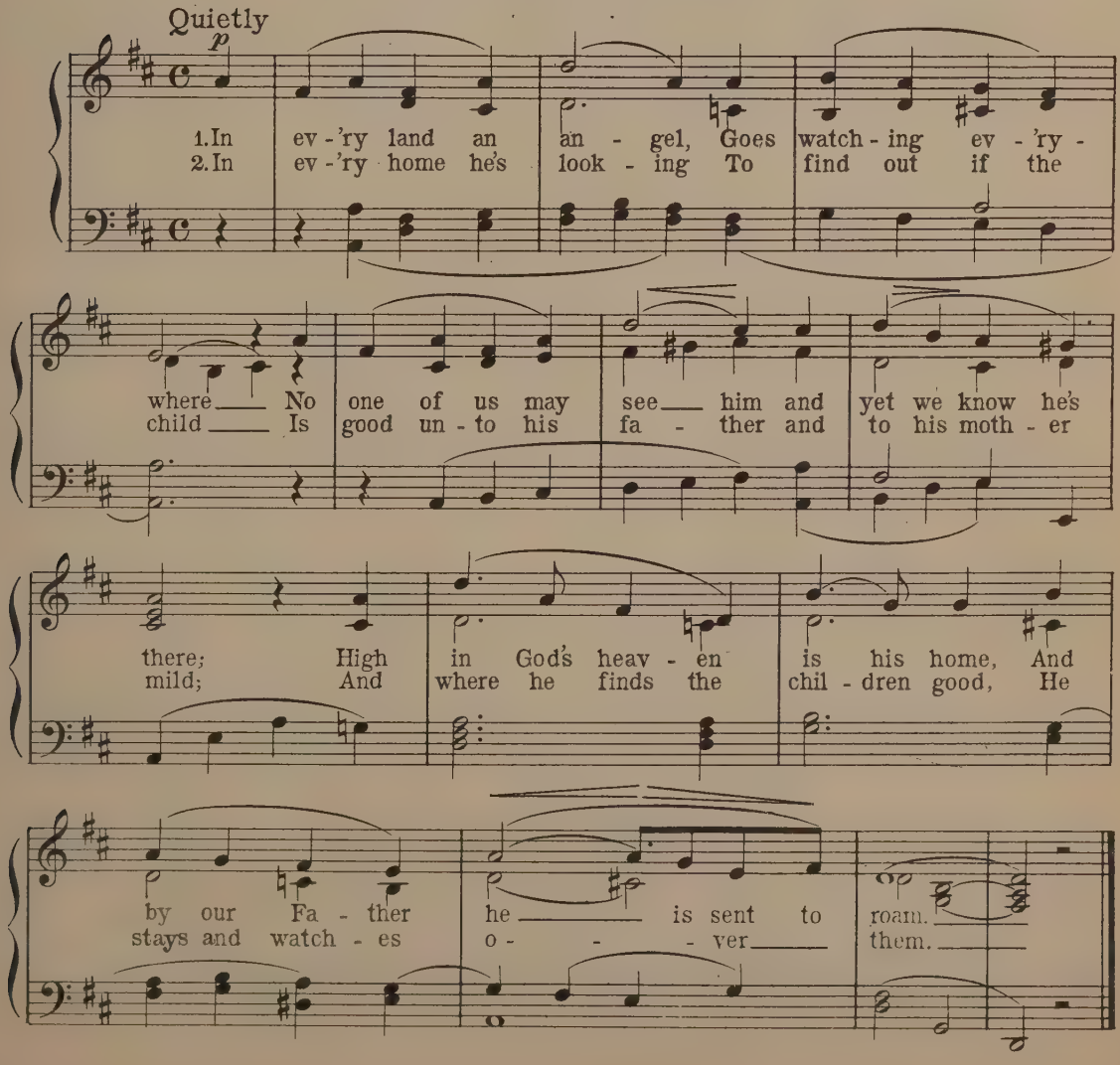
4. His mother then said, "Oh how naughty you are;"
"I really must give you a cuff;"
On this he showed temper, and scratched his mamma,
Did that naughty young kitten called Puff.

5. Now growling most fiercely, and watching them fight,
Stood a French poodle covered with fluff;
And his feelings being shocked by this terrible sight
He bit that young kitten called Puff.

6. From this you can all see 'tis much better far
To avoid getting into a "huff;"
So never show temper or scratch your mamma,
Like that naughty young kitten called Puff.

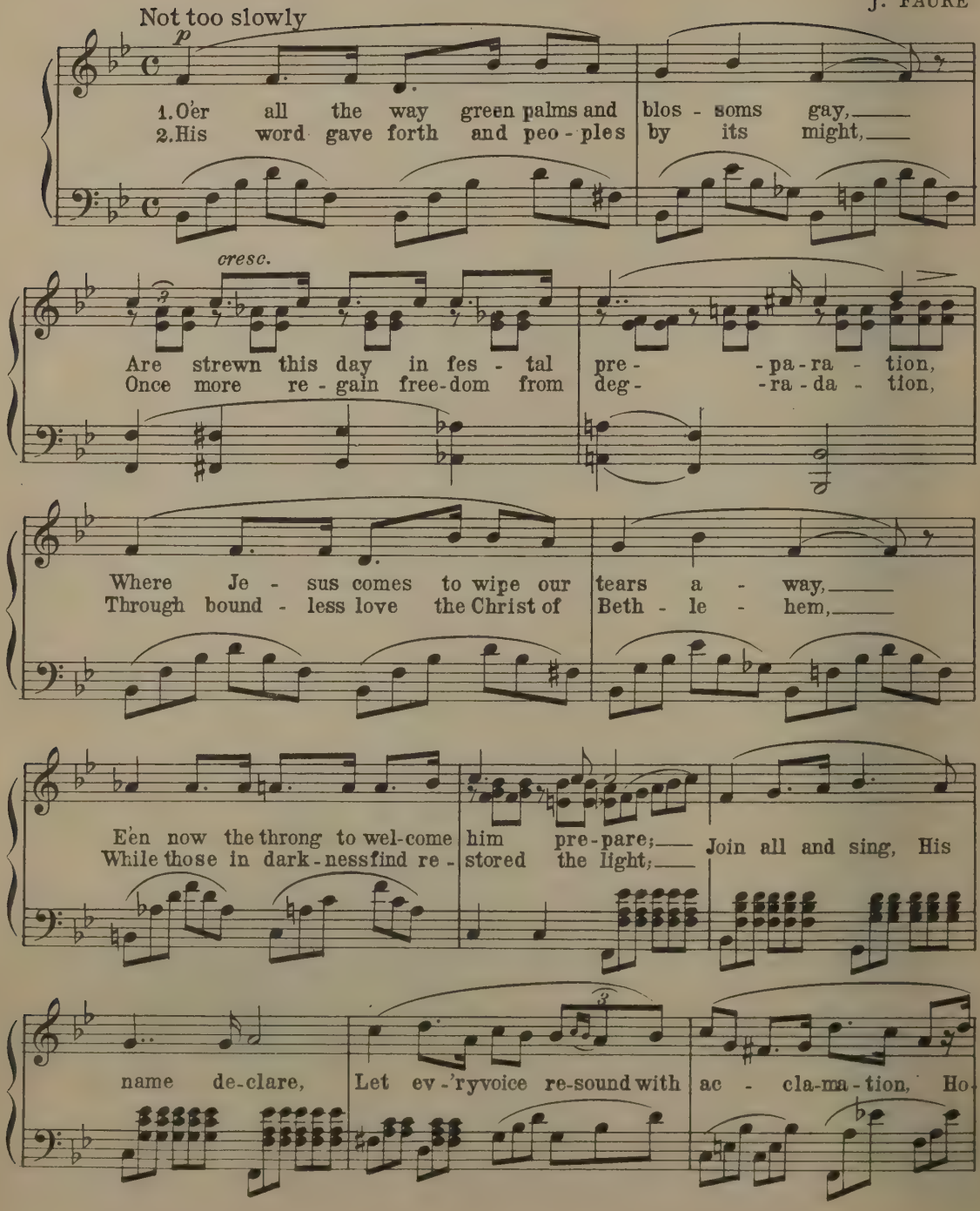
Here are a number of sacred songs and hymns suitable for children of all ages, ranging from "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" for the little tots to familiar religious melodies such as "The Palms." Each one of them teaches the lesson of reverence and purity in life which we all seek to instill into the little ones as soon as their minds have developed sufficiently to grasp first principles. In the instances of some hymns, only certain verses which the child can readily understand have been given; in other instances, where the verses are appropriate throughout, they will be found complete.

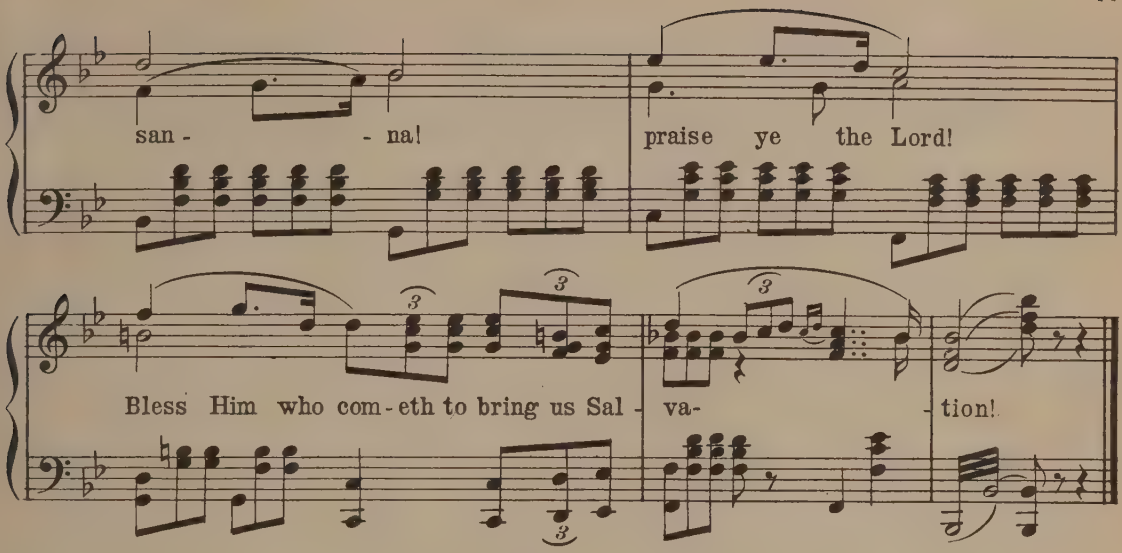
The Children's Angel


Quietly
p
1. In ev-'ry land an an - gel, Goes watch - ing ev - 'ry -
2. In ev-'ry home he's look - ing To find out if the
where No one of us may see him and yet we know he's
child Is good un - to his fa - ther and to his moth - er
there; High in God's heav - en is his home, And
mild; And where he finds the chil - dren good, He
by our Fa - ther he is sent to roam.
stays and watch - es o - - - ver them.

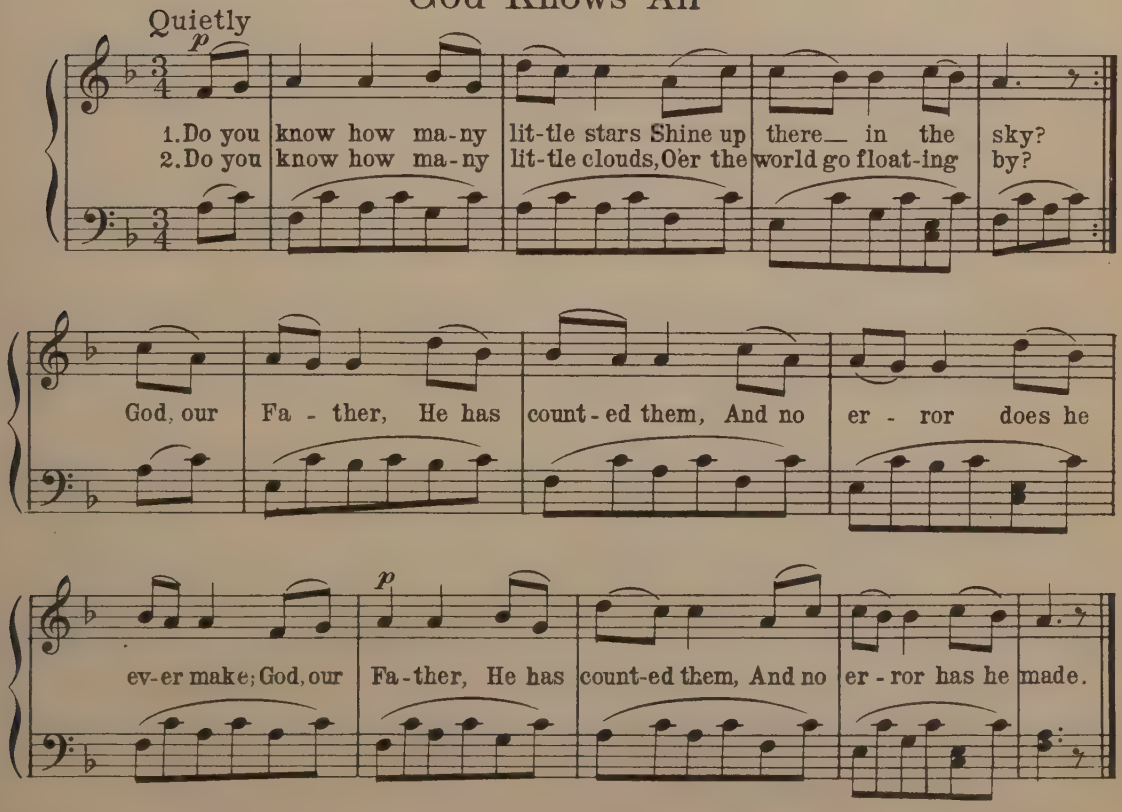
The Palms

J. FAURE


Not too slowly
p
1. O'er all the way green palms and blos - soms gay,
2. His word gave forth and peo - ples by its might,
cresc.
Are strewn this day in fes - tal pre - - pa - ra - tion,
Once more re - gain free - dom from deg - - ra - da - tion,
Where Je - sus comes to wipe our tears a - way,
Through bound - less love the Christ of Beth - le - hem,
E'en now the throng to wel - come him pre - pare; Join all and sing, His
While those in dark - ness find re - stored the light;
name de - clare, Let ev - 'ry voice re - sound with ac - cla - ma - tion, Ho -



God Knows All


Quietly
p
1. Do you know how ma-ny lit-tle stars Shine up there— in the sky?
2. Do you know how ma-ny lit-tle clouds, O'er the world go float-ing by?
God, our Fa - ther, He has count-ed them, And no er - ror does he
ev-er make; God, our Fa-ther, He has count-ed them, And no er - ror has he made.

Prayer

(Der Freischütz)

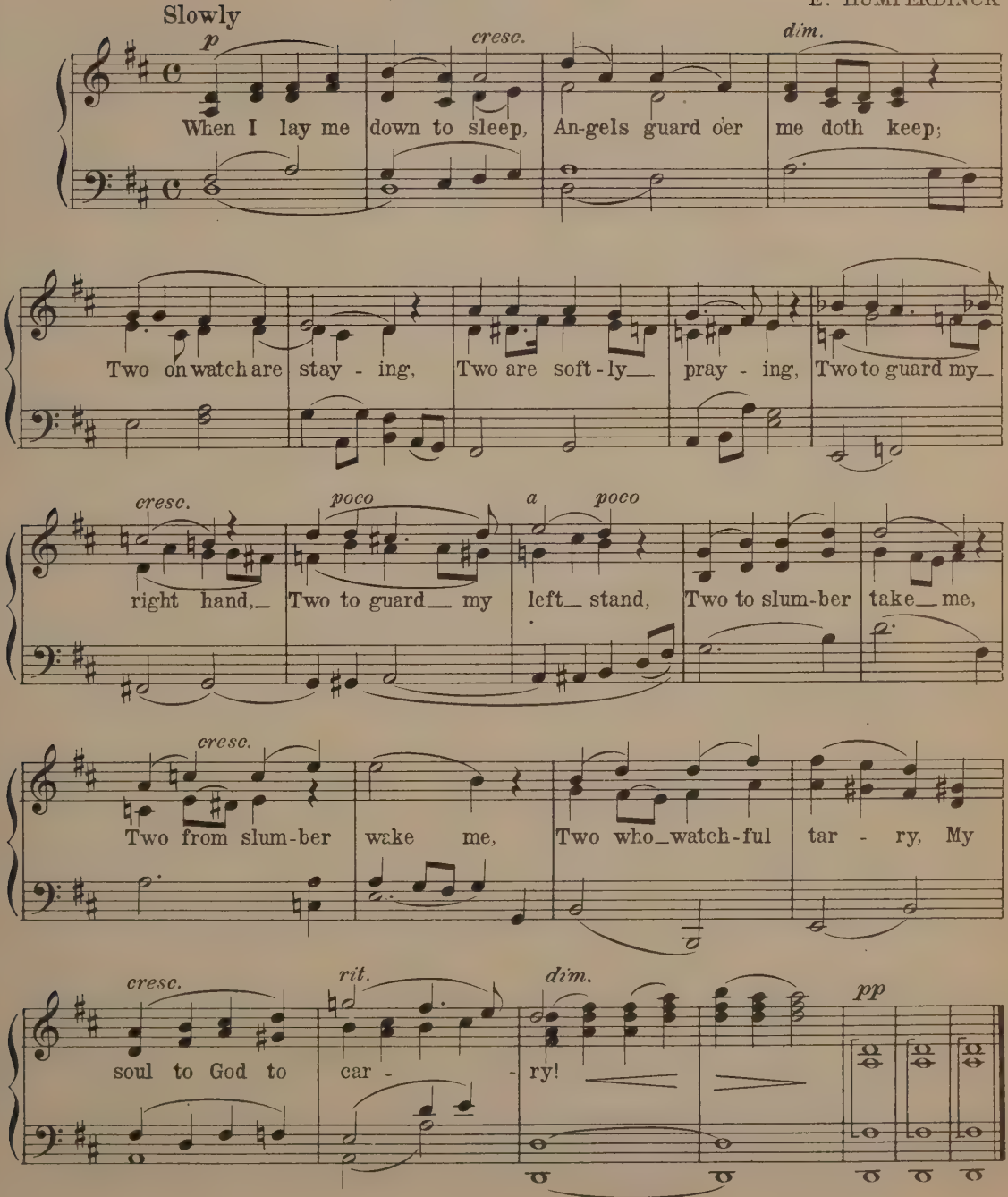
C. M. VON WEBER

Slowly
p
1. Soft - ly sighs the voice of
2. Low - ly bend - ing towards thee
cresc.
dim.
eve - ning, Steal - ing thro' 'yon shad - y wil - low
wend - ing, Lord, who hast no cause nor end -
grove; While the stars, like guard - ian
ing; Still be - friend us, still de -
cresc.
dim.
an - gels, Set their ho - ly, night - ly watch a -
fend - ing, Thine e - ter - nal aid
1.
bove.
2.
give.

Evening Prayer

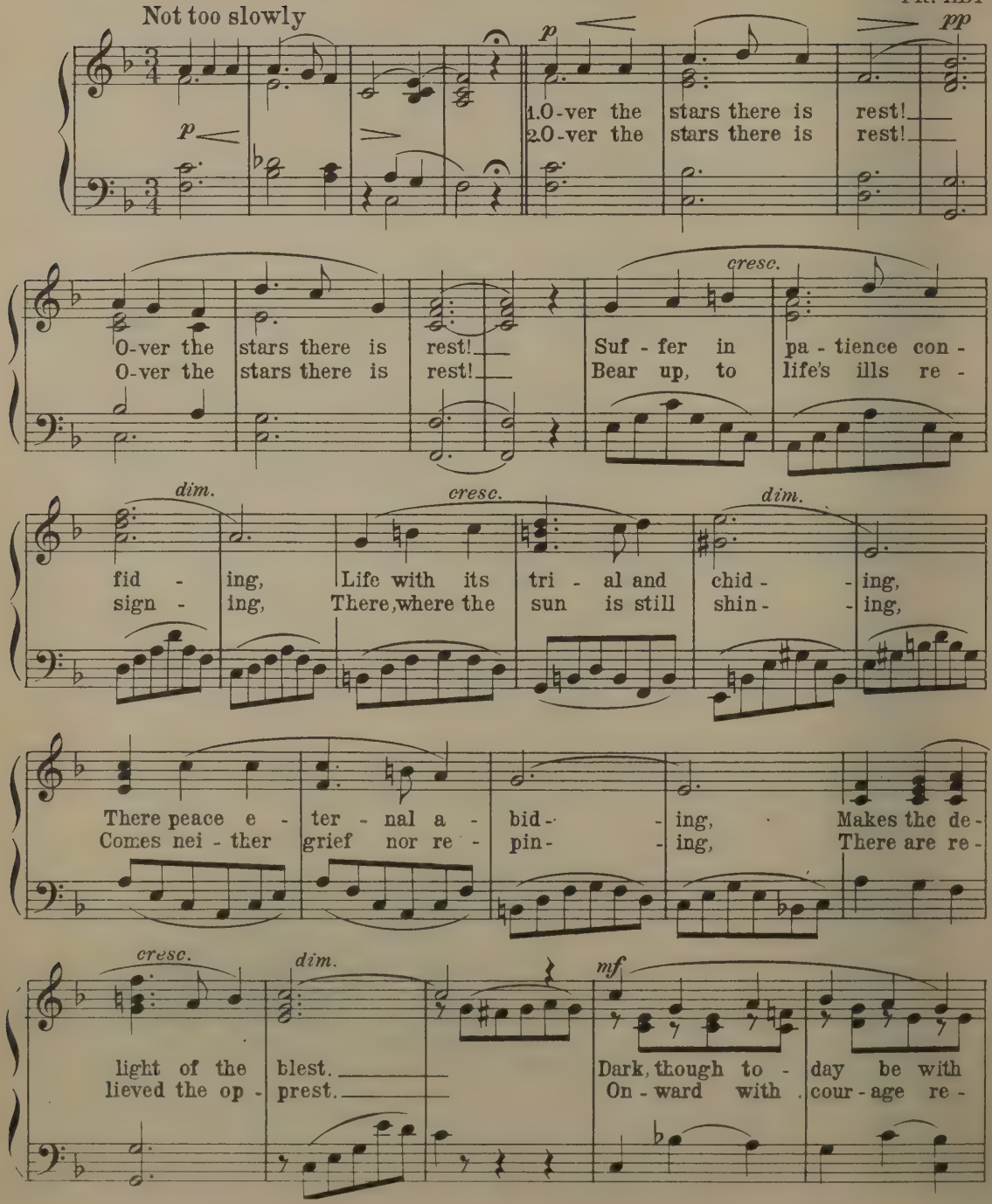
(Hansel and Gretel)

E. HUMPERDINCK


Slowly
p
cresc.
dim.
When I lay me down to sleep, An-gels guard o'er me doth keep;
Two on watch are stay - ing, Two are soft - ly pray - ing, Two to guard my
cresc.
poco
a poco
right hand, Two to guard my left stand, Two to slum-ber take me,
cresc.
Two from slum-ber wake me, Two who watch-ful tar - ry, My
cresc.
rit.
dim.
pp
soul to God to car - ry!

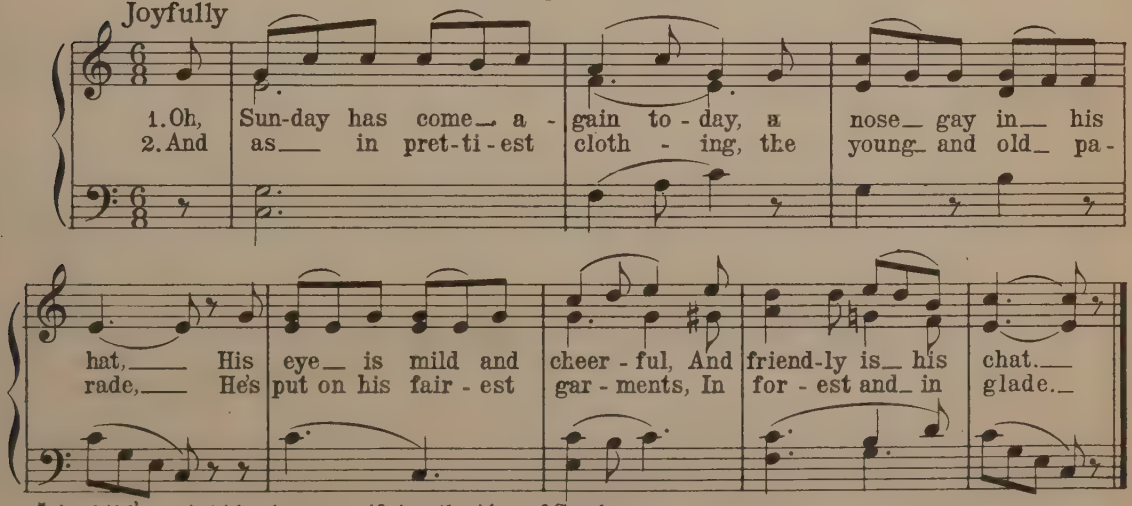
Over the Stars There is Rest

FR. ABT


Not too slowly
p
pp
1.O-ver the stars there is rest!
2.O-ver the stars there is rest!
cresc.
O-ver the stars there is rest!
O-ver the stars there is rest!
Suf - fer in pa - tience con -
Bear up, to life's ills re -
dim.
cresc.
dim.
fid - ing, Life with its tri - al and chid - ing,
sign - ing, There, where the sun is still shin - ing,
There peace e - ter - nal a - bid - ing, Makes the de -
Comes nei - ther grief nor re - pin - ing, There are re -
cresc.
dim.
mf
light of the blest.
lieved the op - prest.
Dark, though to - day be with
On - ward with cour - age re -

mf
sor - row, Hope gilds more bright - ly the mor - - row,
viv - ing, Ev - er still pa - tient - ly striv - - ing,
f
p
rit.
p
O - ver the stars there is rest!
O - ver the stars there is rest!
O - ver the
O - ver the
stars there is rest!
stars there is rest!

*Sunday Song


Joyfully
1. Oh, Sun-day has come a - gain to - day, a nose gay in his
2. And as in pret-ti-est cloth - ing, the young and old pa -
hat, His eye is mild and cheer - ful, And friend-ly is his chat.
rade, He's put on his fair - est gar - ments, In for - est and in glade.

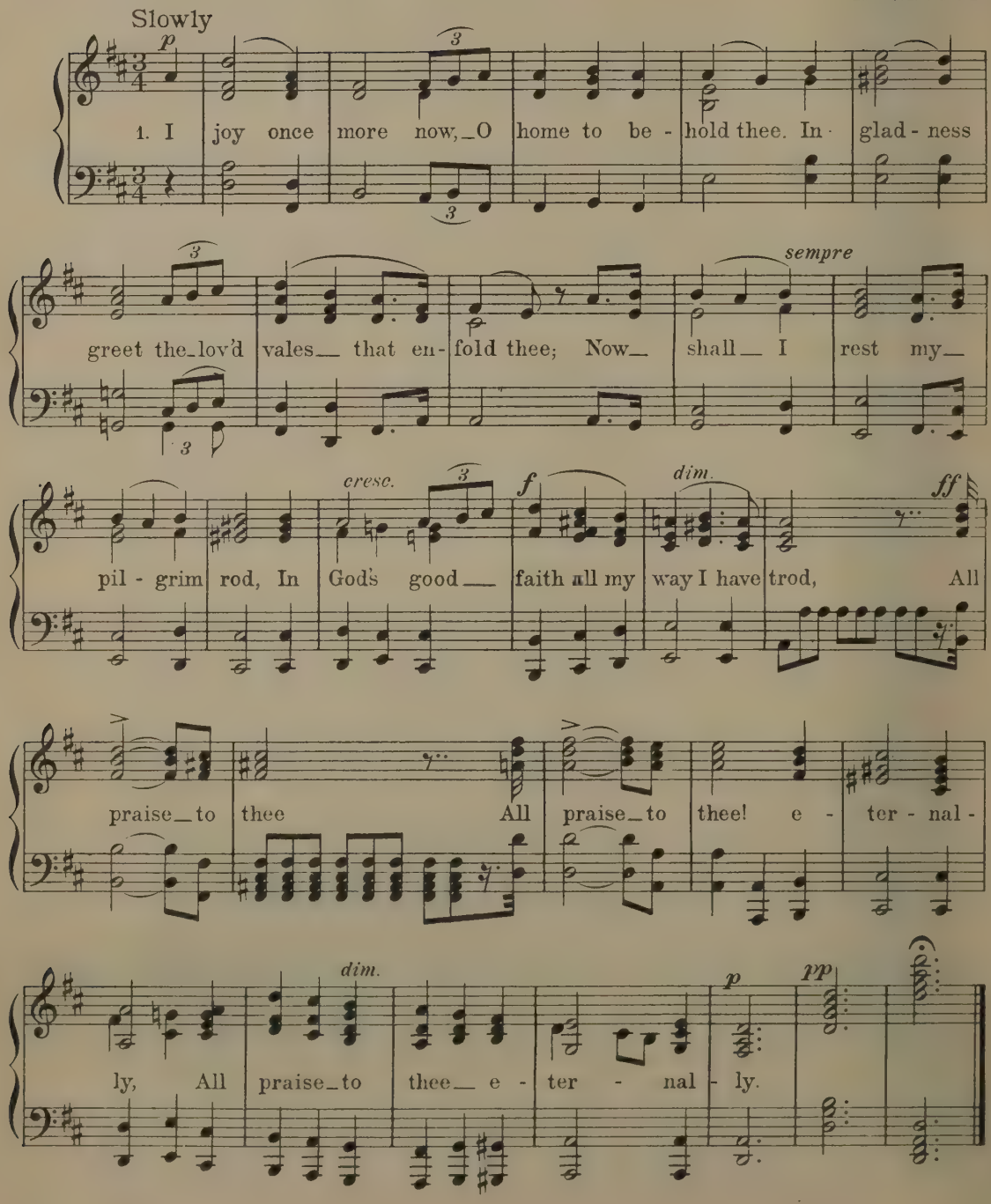
* A child's quaint idea in personifying the idea of Sunday.

Pilgrim's Song

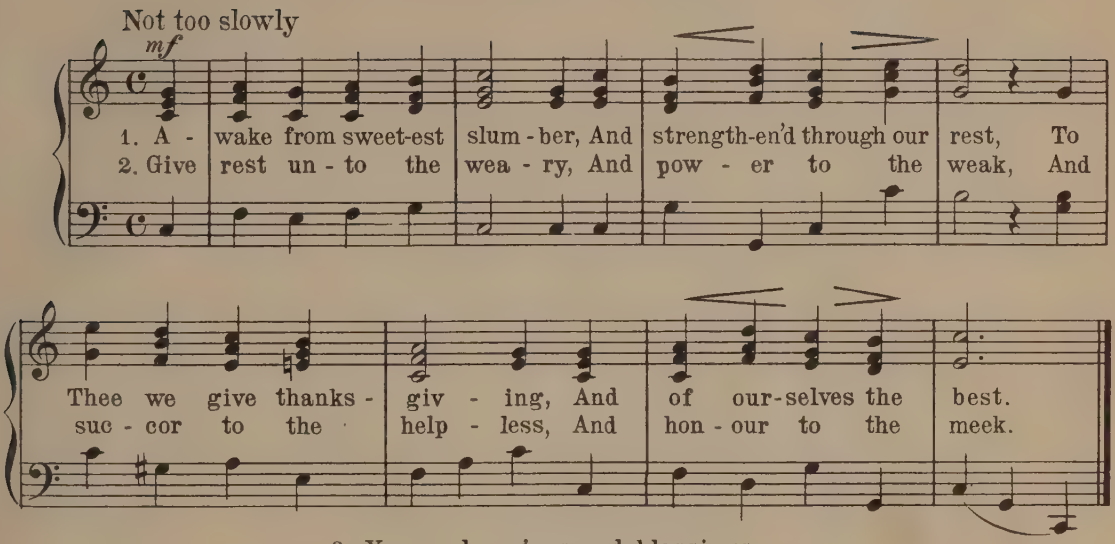
(Tannhäuser)

Words Adapted

R. WAGNER

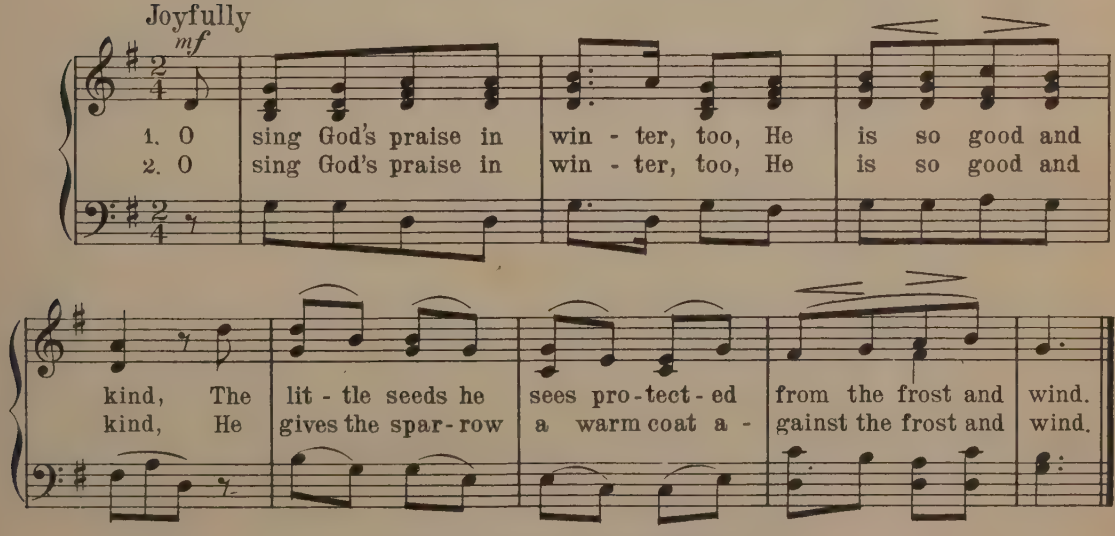

Slowly
p
1. I joy once more now, O home to be - hold thee. In glad - ness
greet the lov'd vales that en - fold thee; Now shall I rest my
sempre
cresc.
f
dim.
ff
pil - grim rod, In God's good faith all my way I have trod, All
praise to thee All praise to thee! e - ter - nal -
dim.
p
pp
ly, All praise to thee e - ter - nal - ly.

Morning Song


Not too slowly
mf
1. A - wake from sweet-est slum - ber, And strength-en'd through our rest, To
2. Give rest un - to the wea - ry, And pow - er to the weak, And
Thee we give thanks - giv - ing, And of our-selves the best.
suc - cor to the help - less, And hon - our to the meek.

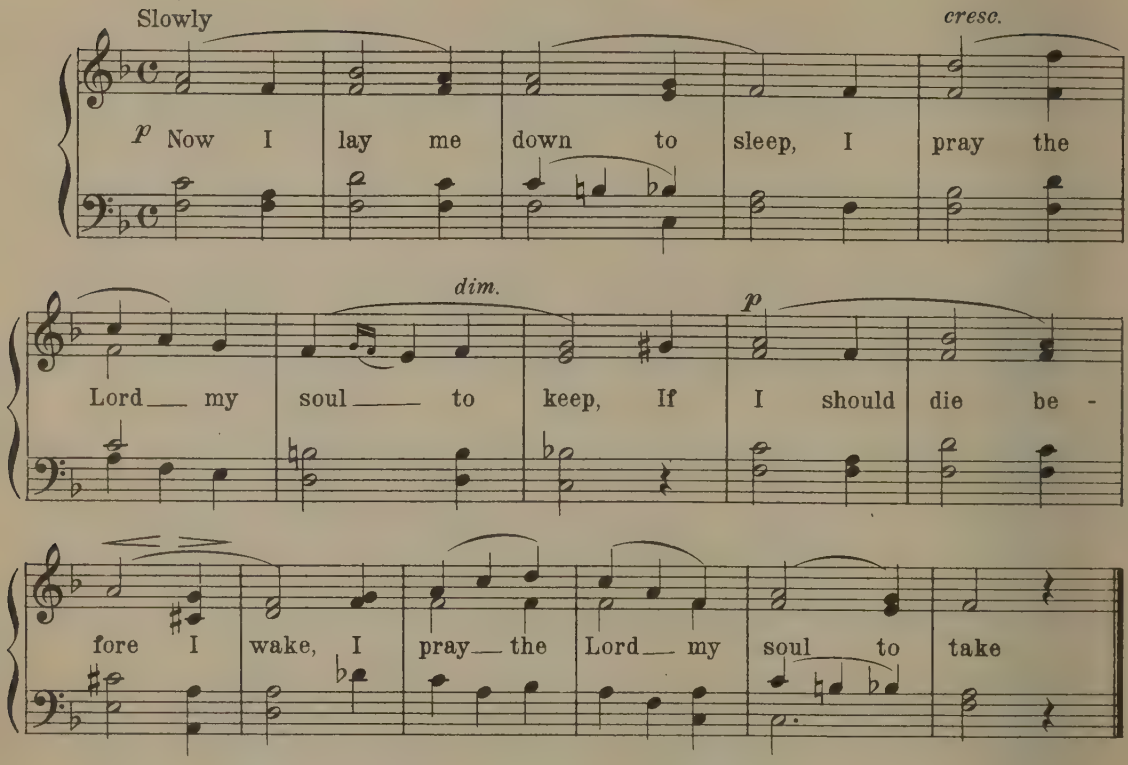
3. You send us joys and blessings
In ev'rything we see,
O give us your kind counsel,
Through all Eternity.

O Sing God's Praise in Winter Too


Joyfully
mf
1. O sing God's praise in win - ter, too, He is so good and
2. O sing God's praise in win - ter, too, He is so good and
kind, The lit - tle seeds he sees pro-tect - ed from the frost and wind.
kind, He gives the spar - row a warm coat a - gainst the frost and wind.

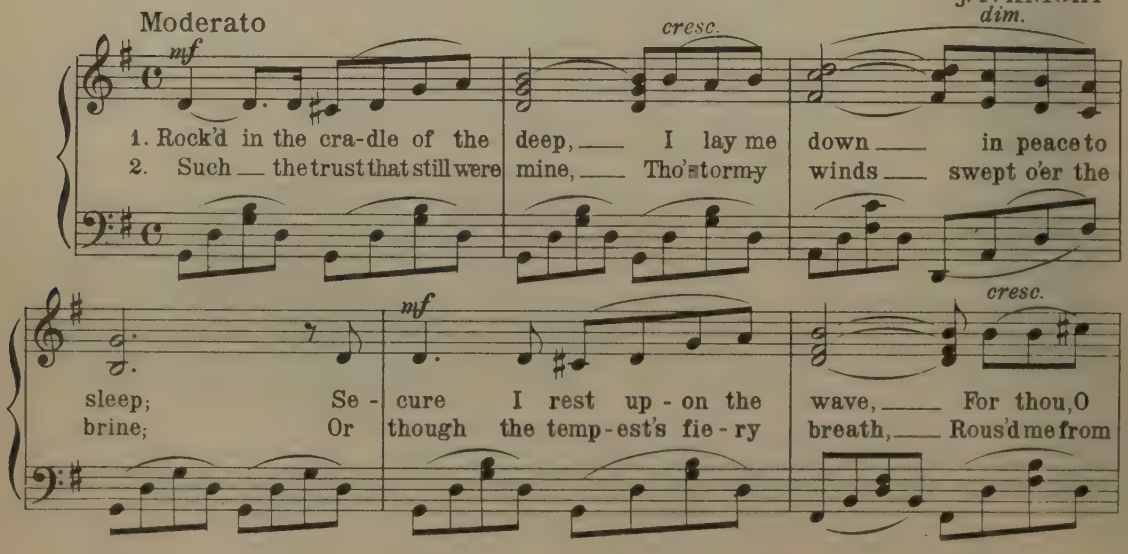
3. O sing God's praise in winter too,
He is so good and true
He careth for the flow'rs and plants,
So they will bloom anew.

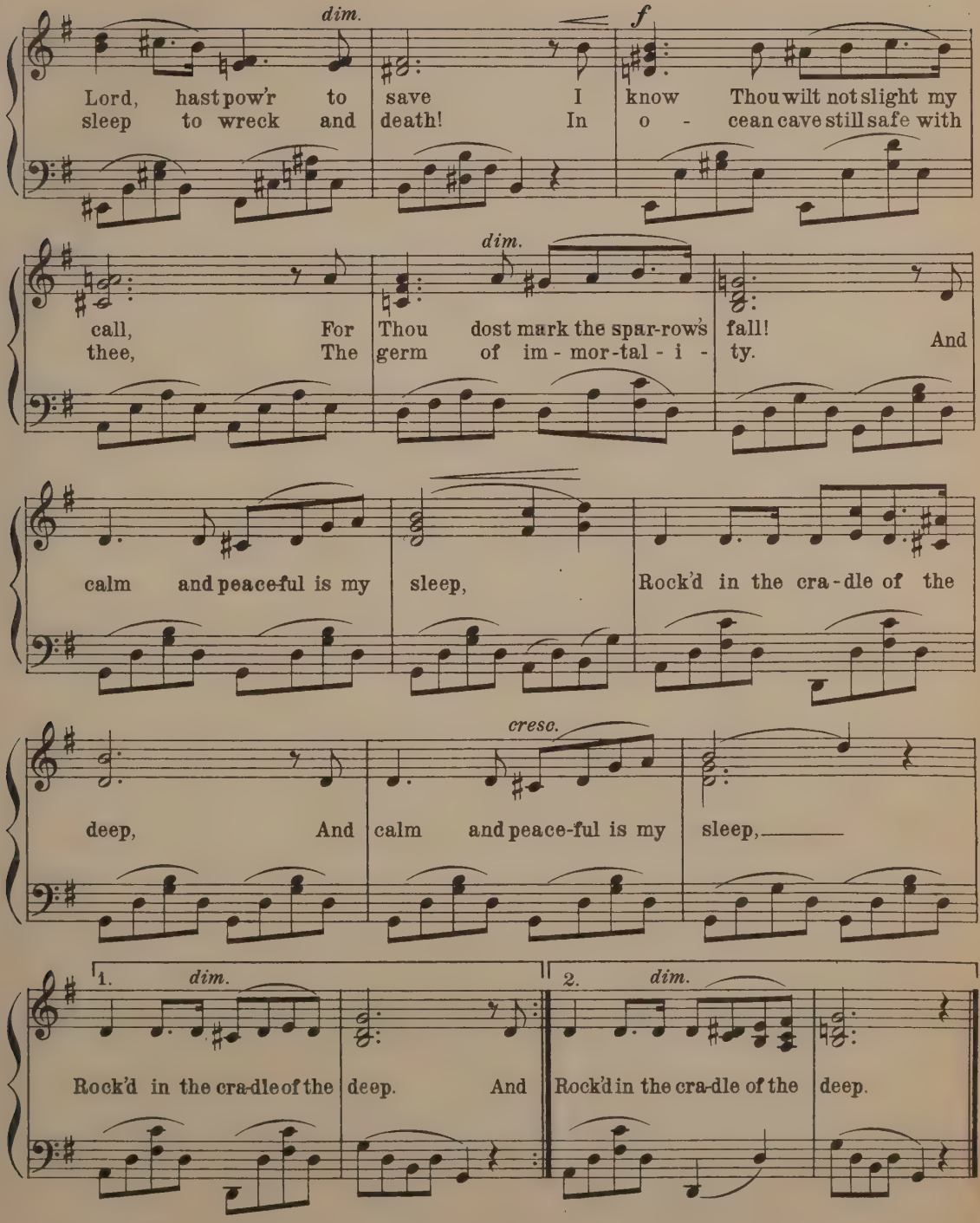
Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep


Slowly
cresc.
p Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the
dim.
p
Lord my soul to keep, If I should die be -
fore I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take

Rock'd In The Cradle Of The Deep

J. P. KNIGHT

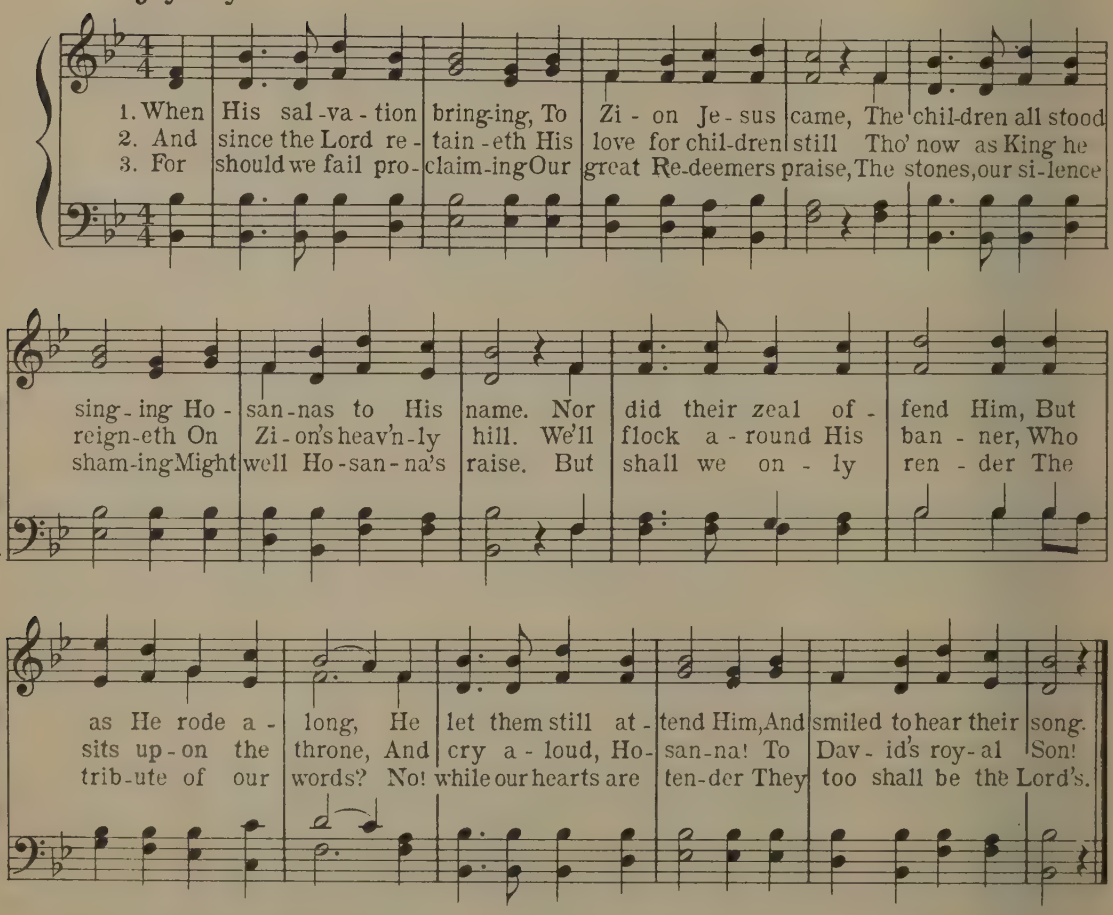

Moderato
mf
cresc.
dim.
1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to
2. Such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the
mf
cresc.
sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, For thou, O
brine; Or though the temp-est's fie - ry breath, Rous'd me from


dim.
f
Lord, hast pow'r to save I know Thou wilt not slight my
sleep to wreck and death! In o - cean cave still safe with
dim.
call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall!
thee, The germ of im - mor-tal - i - ty. And
calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra - dle of the
cresc.
deep, And calm and peace-ful is my sleep,
1. dim.
Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. And
2. dim.
Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

Children's Hosanna

Joyfully

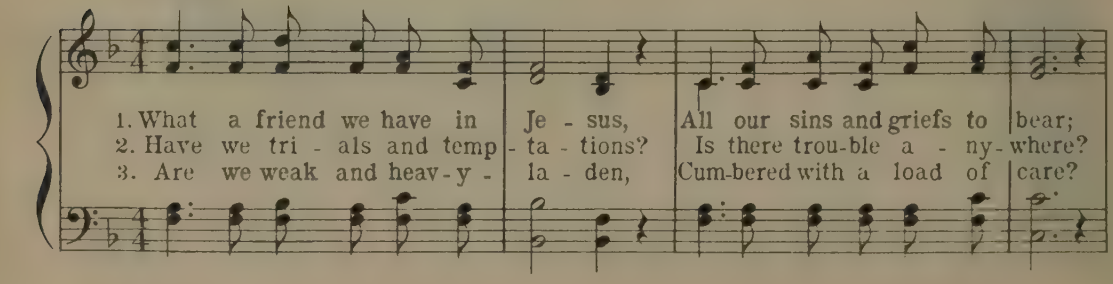
GEO. J. WEBB

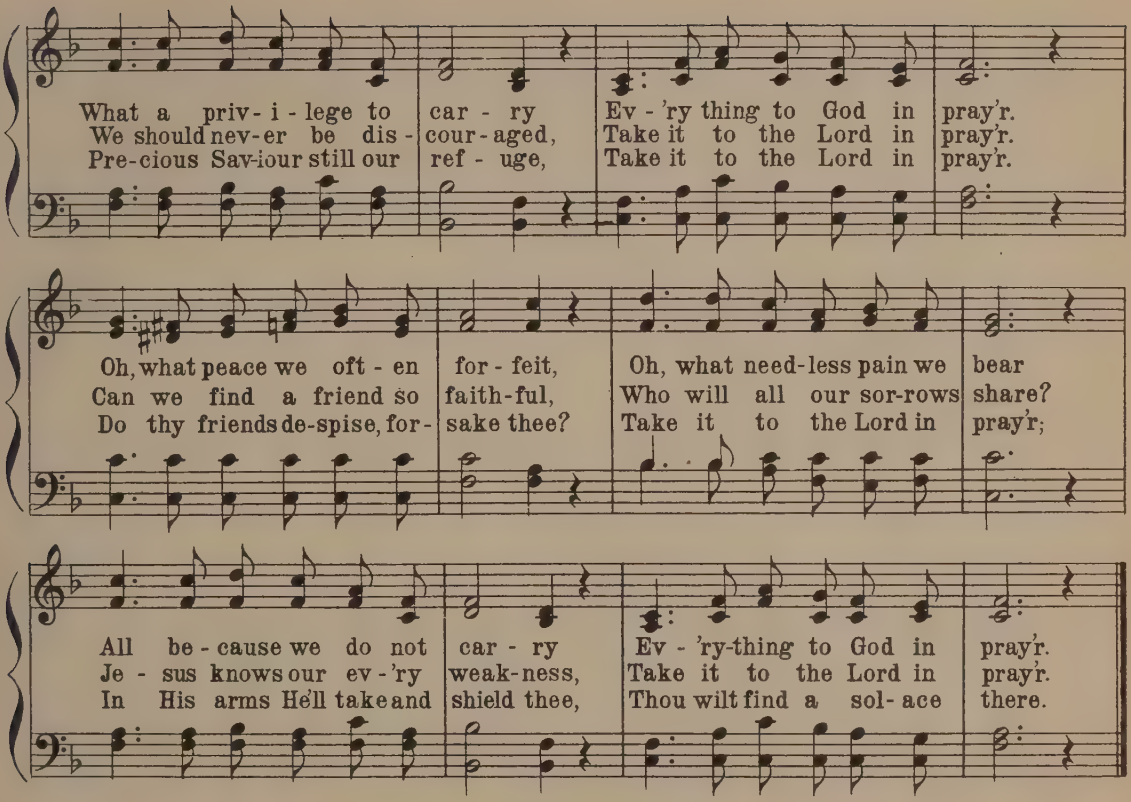

1. When His sal-va-tion bring-ing, To Zi-on Je-sus came, The chil-dren all stood
2. And since the Lord re-tain-eth His love for chil-dren still Tho' now as King he
3. For should we fail pro-claim-ing Our great Re-deemers praise, The stones, our si-lence
sing-ing Ho-san-nas to His name. Nor did their zeal of-fend Him, But
reign-eth On Zi-on's heav'n-ly hill. We'll flock a-round His ban-ner, Who
sham-ing Might well Ho-san-na's raise. But shall we on-ly ren-der The
as He rode a-long, He let them still at-tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
sits up-on the throne, And cry a-loud, Ho-san-na! To Dav-id's roy-al Son!
trib-ute of our words? No! while our hearts are ten-der They too shall be the Lord's.

What A Friend We Have In Jesus

Sweetly

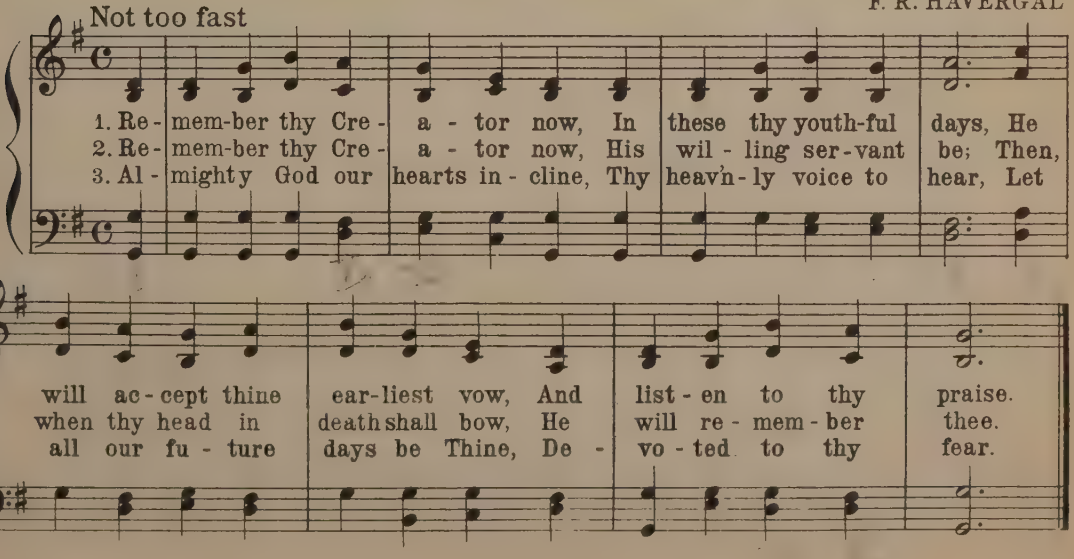
C. CROZAT CONVERSE


1. What a friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri-als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trou-ble a-ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y-la-den, Cum-bered with a load of care?


What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r.
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre-cious Sav-iour still our ref-uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Oh, what peace we oft-en for-feit, Oh, what need-less pain we bear
Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;
All be-cause we do not car-ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
Je-sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.

Remember Thy Creator

F. R. HAVERGAL


Not too fast
1. Re-mem-ber thy Cre-a-tor now, In these thy youth-ful days, He
2. Re-mem-ber thy Cre-a-tor now, His wil-ling ser-vant be; Then,
3. Al-might-y God our hearts in-cline, Thy heav'n-ly voice to hear, Let
will ac-cept thine ear-liest vow, And list-en to thy praise.
when thy head in death shall bow, He will re-mem-ber thee.
all our fu-ture days be Thine, De-vo-ted to thy fear.

Work, For The Night Is Coming

March time

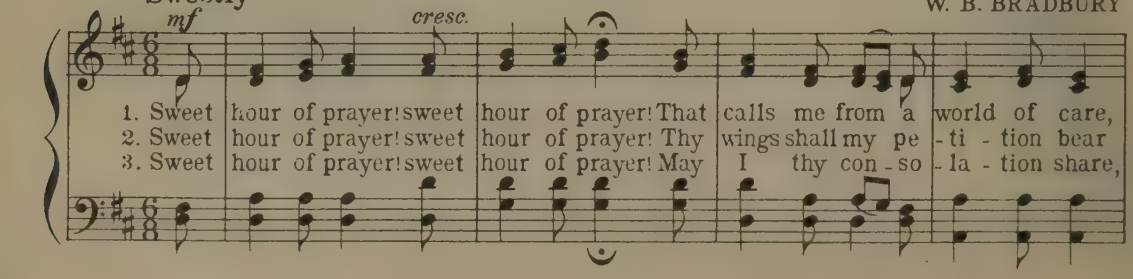
LOWELL MASON

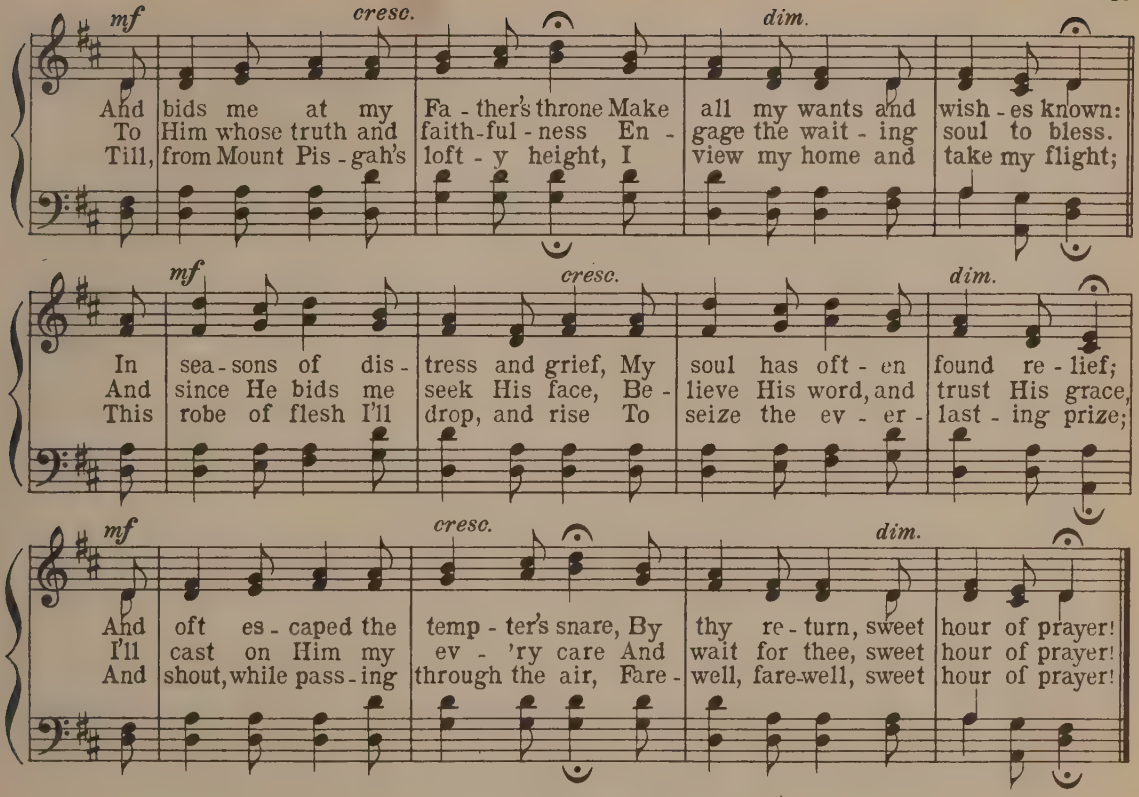
mf
cresc.
dim.
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morn - ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
cresc.
dim.
Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon:
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies:
mf
cresc.
Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store:
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more:
f
dim.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work, while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

Sweet Hour Of Prayer

Sweetly

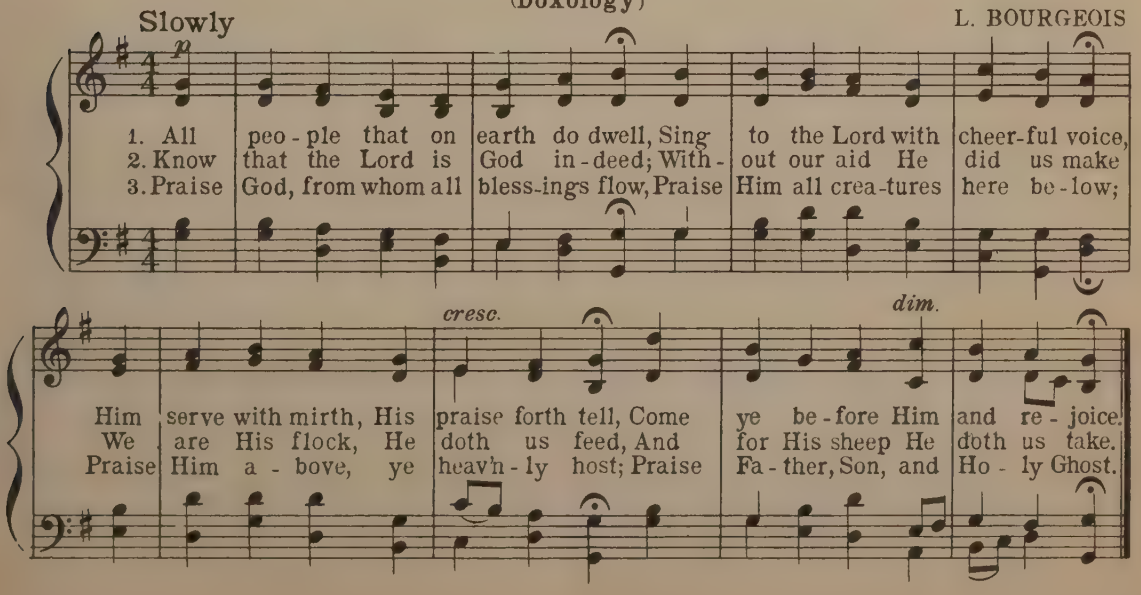
W. B. BRADBURY


mf
cresc.
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,


mf
cresc.
dim.
And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known:
To Him whose truth and faith-ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless.
Till, from Mount Pis - gah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;
And oft es - caped the temp - ter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
And shout, while pass - ing through the air, Fare - well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!

Old Hundred

(Doxology)


Slowly
p
L. BOURGEOIS
1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice,
2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make
3. Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him all crea-tures here be - low;
cresc.
dim.
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice:
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Jesus, Lover Of My Soul

Not too slowly

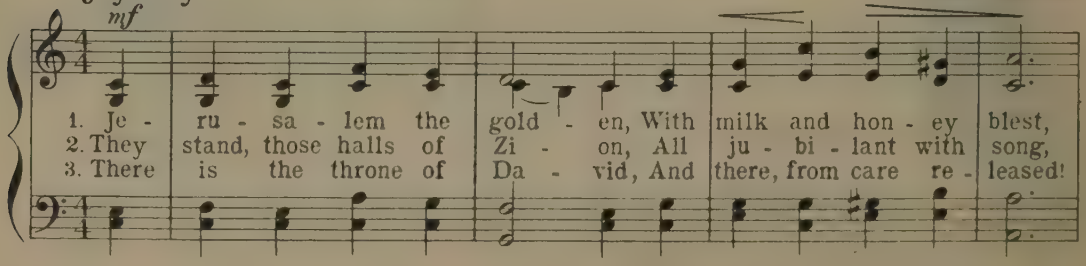
S. B. MARSH

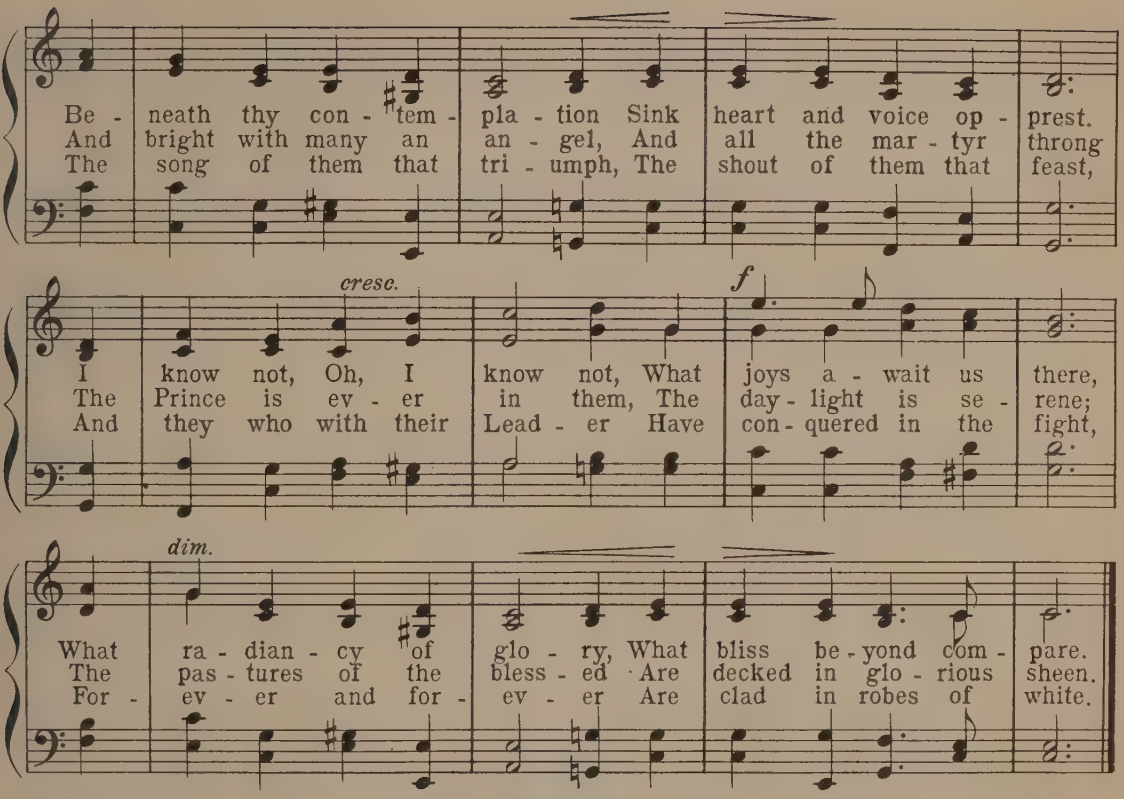
mf
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me!
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in!
Hide me, O my Sav - iour! hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;
mf
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh! re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
Spring Thou up with - in my heart! Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty!

Jerusalem The Golden

Joyfully

ALEX. EWING


mf
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased!


Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng
The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast,
cresc.
f
I know not, Oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
And they who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,
dim.
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

Now The Day Is Over

Reverently

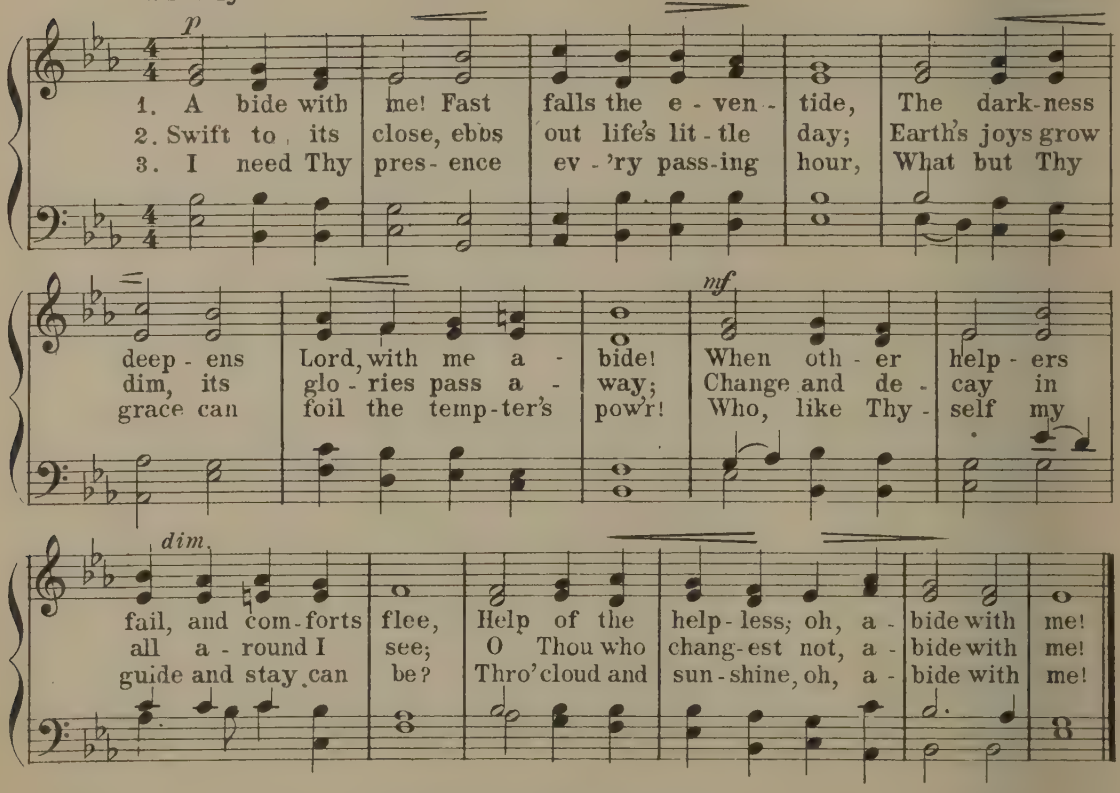
J. BARNBY

p
1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh
2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep
3. Je - sus, give the wea - ry, Calm and sweet re - pose,
f
Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Birds and beasts and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.

Abide With Me

Slowly

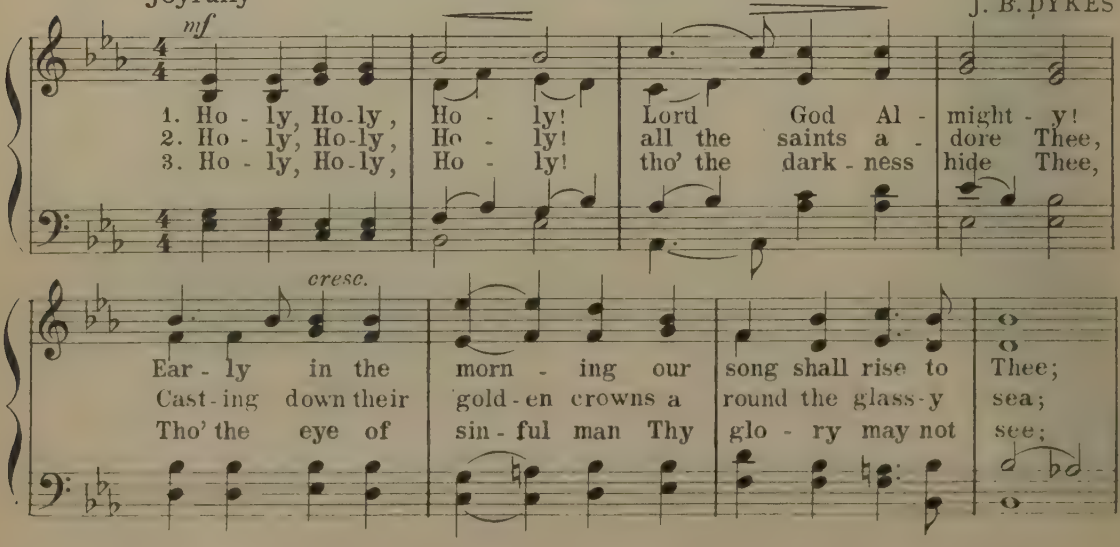
W. H. MONK


p
1. A bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close, ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy
deep - ens Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the temp-ter's pow'r! Who, like Thy - self my
mf
dim.
fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help - less; oh, a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!

Holy, Holy, Holy!

Joyfully

J. B. DYKES

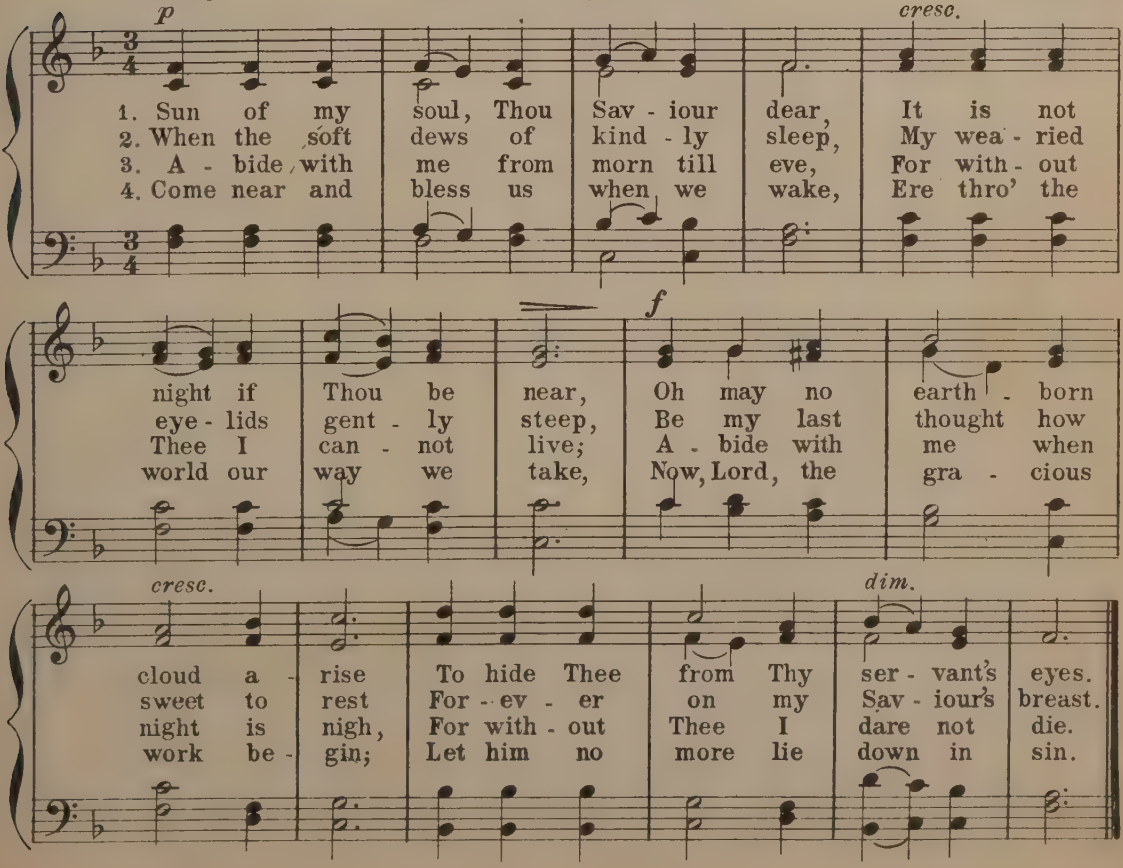

mf
1. Ho - ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,
cresc.
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast-ing down their gold - en crowns a round the glass - y sea;
Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;

mf
cresc.
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee,
f
dim.
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert and art and ev - er more shall be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.

Sun Of My Soul

Slowly

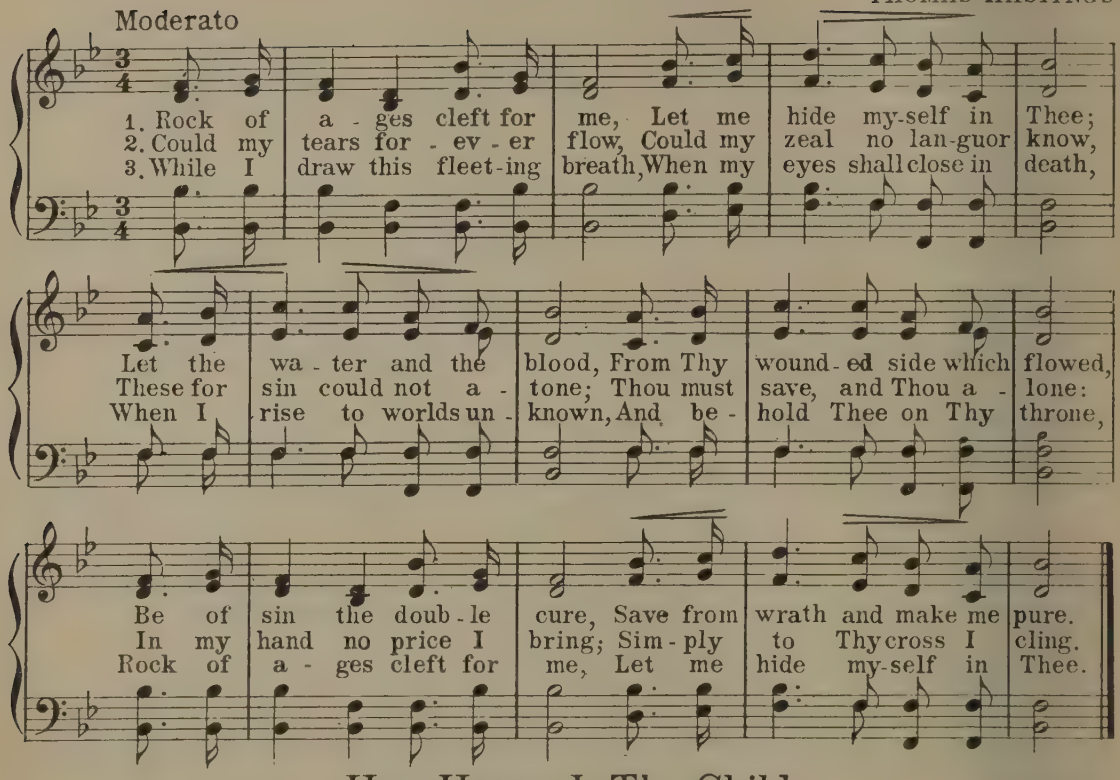
W. H. MONK


p
cresc.
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep, My wea - ried
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the
f
night if Thou be near, Oh may no earth - born
eye - lids gent - ly steep, Be my last thought how
Thee I can - not live; A - bide with me when
world our way we take, Now, Lord, the gra - cious
cresc.
dim.
cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.
night is nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.
work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

Rock Of Ages

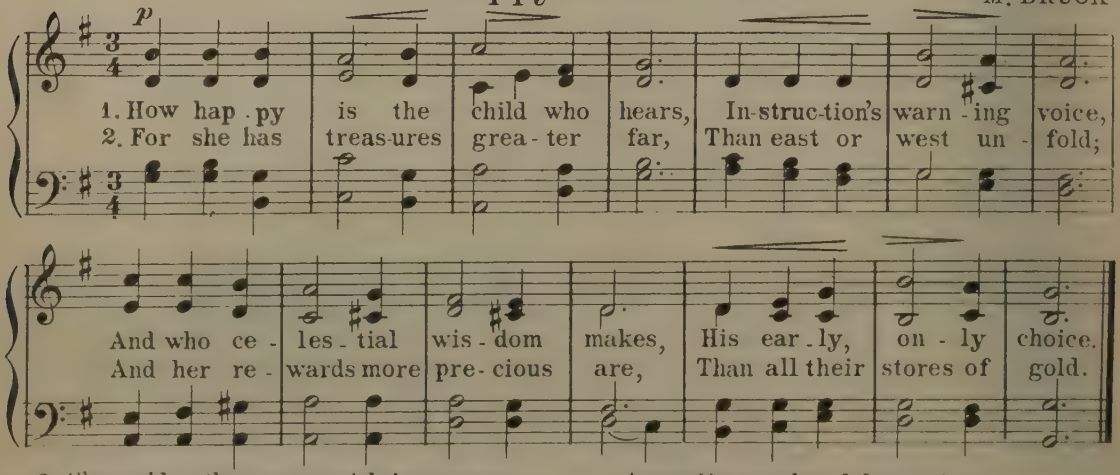
THOMAS HASTINGS

Moderato


1. Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

How Happy Is The Child

M. BRUCK


p
1. How hap - py is the child who hears, In-struc-tion's warn - ing voice,
2. For she has treas-ures grea - ter far, Than east or west un - fold;
And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes, His ear - ly, on - ly choice.
And her re - wards more pre - cious are, Than all their stores of gold.

3. She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows,
Upon the hoary head.

4. According as her labors rise
So her rewards increase,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace.

Nearer, My God, To Thee

Slowly

mf

LOWELL MASON

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me
3. Then with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs

f

That — rais - eth me, — Still all my song shall be,
My — rest a stone, — Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Beth - el I'll raise — So by my woes to be,

dim.

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

Child's Hymn

Not too Slowly

mf

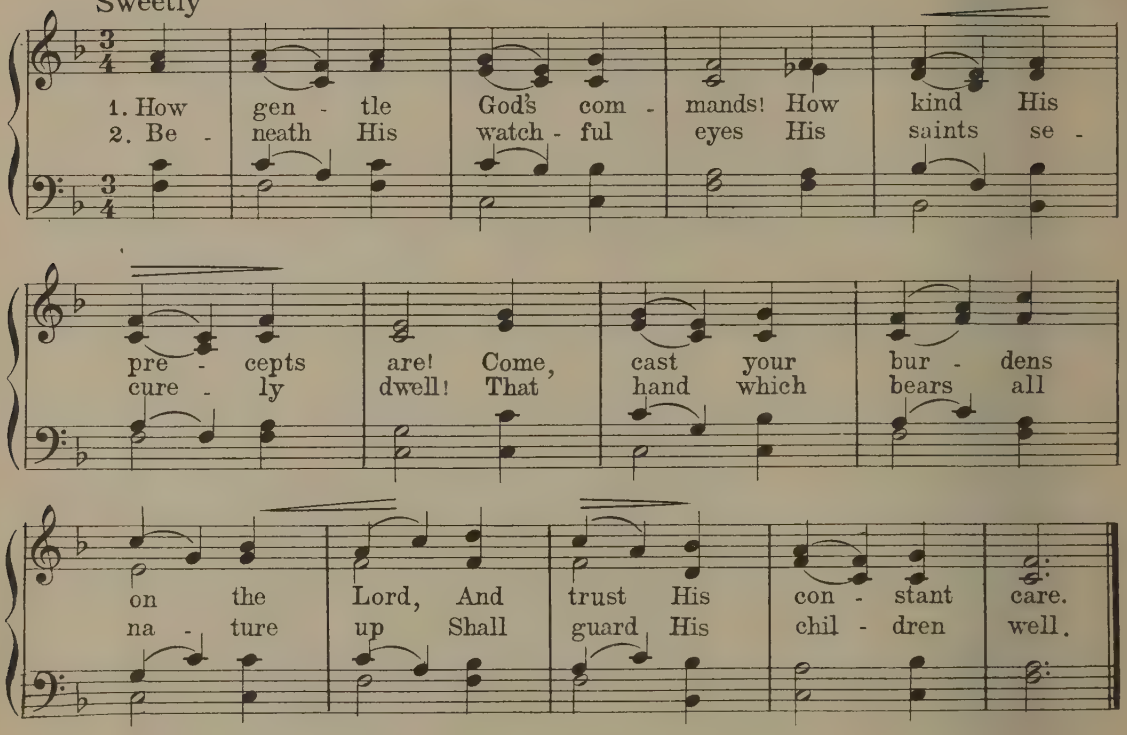
1. Let chil - dren that would fear the Lord, Hear what their teach-ers say; With
2. Have you not heard what dread-ful plagues, Are threat-en'd by the Lord; To
3. But those that wor - ship God, and give Their pa - rents hon - or due; Here

rev - 'rence hear their pa-rent's words, And with de-light o - bey.
him that breaks his fa-ther's laws, Or mocks his moth-er's word?
on the earth they long may live, And live here-af - ter too.

How Gentle God's Commands

Sweetly

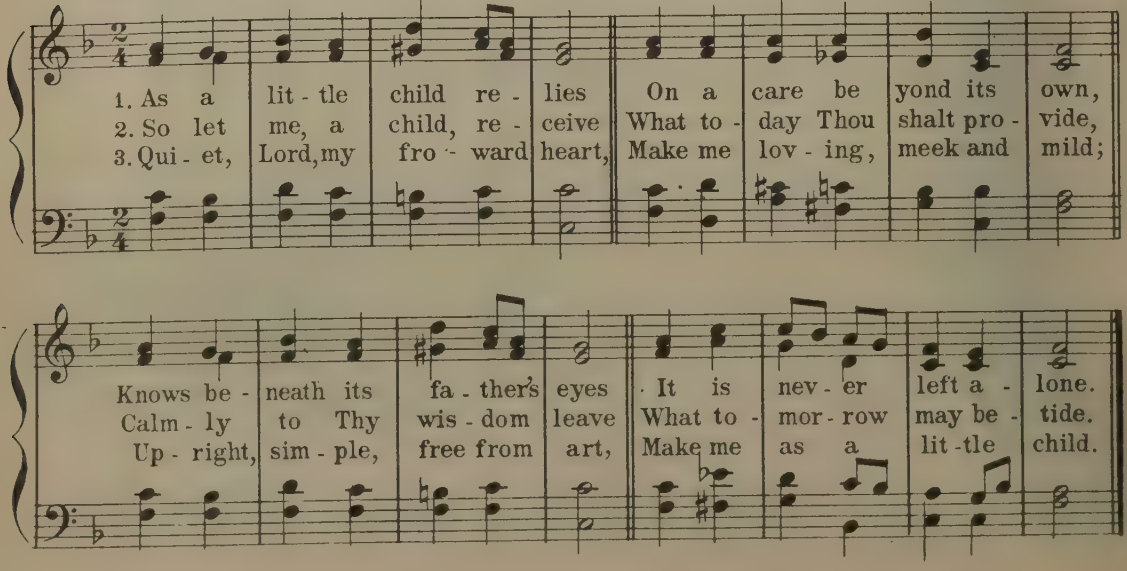
H.G. NAGELI


1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eyes His saints se -
pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens
cure - ly dwell! That hand which bears all
on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
na - ture up Shall guard His chil - dren well.

As A Little Child

Not too slow

C. M. VON WEBER


1. As a lit - tle child re - lies On a care be yond its own,
2. So let me, a child, re - ceive What to - day Thou shalt pro - vide,
3. Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart, Make me lov - ing, meek and mild;
Knows be - neath its fa - ther's eyes It is nev - er left a - lone.
Calm - ly to Thy wis - dom leave What to - mor - row may be - tide.
Up - right, sim - ple, free from art, Make me as a lit - tle child.

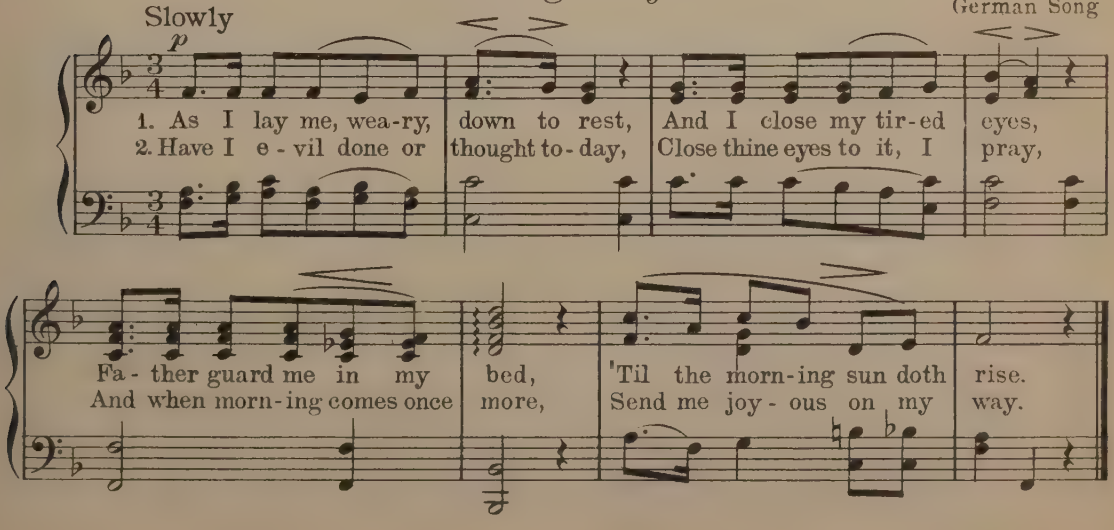
Evening Hymn

JOHN HATTON

Slowly
1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night, For all the
2. For-give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ills that
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as
bless - ings of the light: Keep me, O keep me,
I this day have done: That with the world, my -
lit - tle as my bed; Teach me to die, that
King of Kings, Un - der Thine own Al - might-y wings,
self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
so I may Tri-umph-ing rise at the last day.

Evening Prayer

German Song


Slowly
p
1. As I lay me, wea-ry, down to rest, And I close my tir-ed eyes,
2. Have I e - vil done or thought to-day, Close thine eyes to it, I pray,
Fa - ther guard me in my bed, 'Til the morn-ing sun doth rise.
And when morn-ing comes once more, Send me joy - ous on my way.

Onward, Christian Soldiers

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN

March time
f
1. On-ward, Christ ian soldiers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Je - sus,
2. Like a might - y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
ff
Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we.
mf
cresc.
CHORUS
ff
dim.
mf
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See his ban-ners go. Onward Christian sol - diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. Onward Christian sol - diers,
cresc.
ff
dim.
March ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go-ing on be - fore.
war, With the cross of

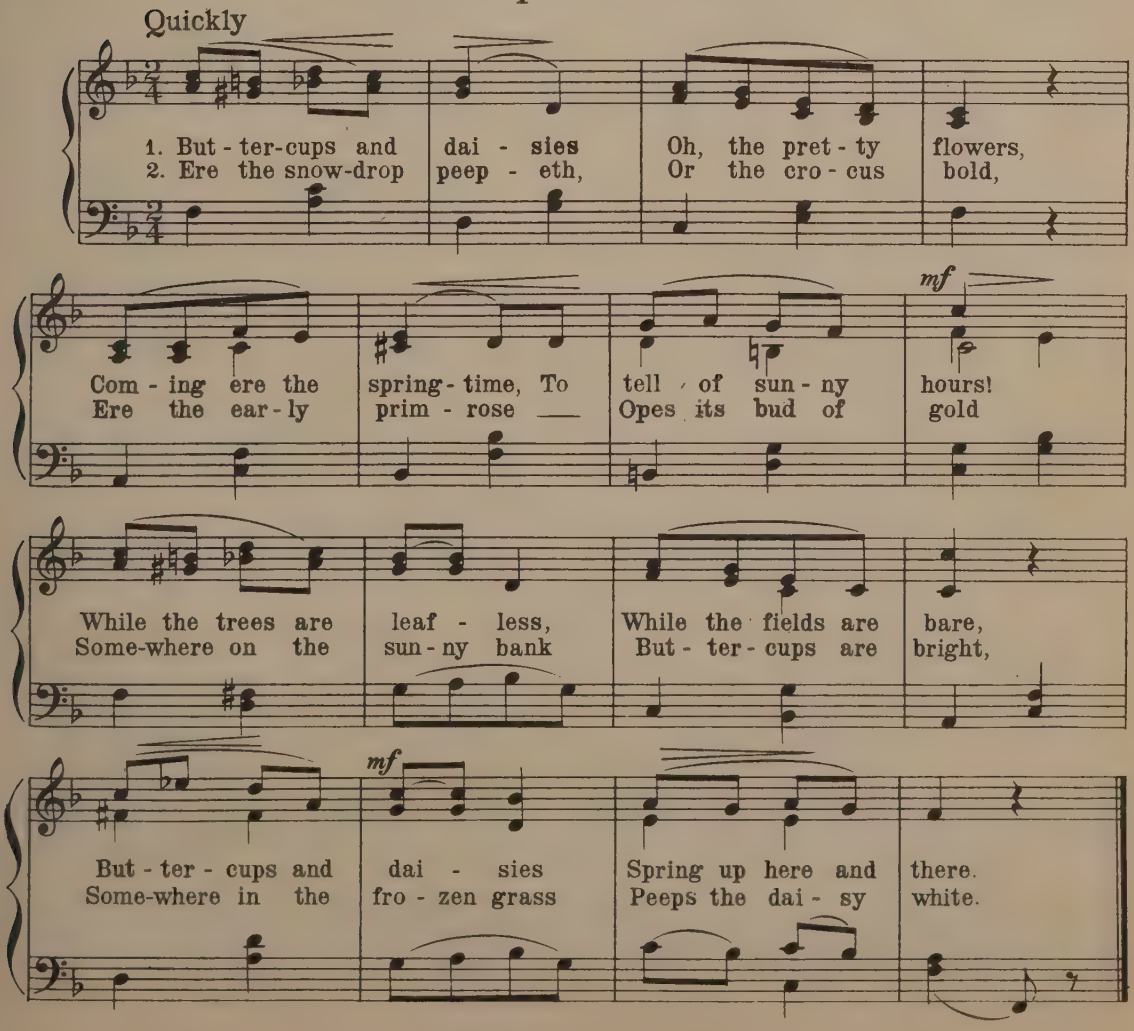
3. Crowns and thrones may perish
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise
And that cannot fail.

4. Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ, the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

SONGS OF THE FLOWERS

The children who at an early age are taught to love beautiful flowers, and to sing the many dainty little songs which have been written in their honor will develope an appreciation and reverence for Nature's bounteous offerings which can never be eradicated from their hearts. The celebrations in most schools of Arbor Day and the May Festival are the substantial evidence of our desire to educate children in higher things than regular school studies, and the little flower songs in this volume are designed to be of material aid in elevating and ennobling the childish ideal.

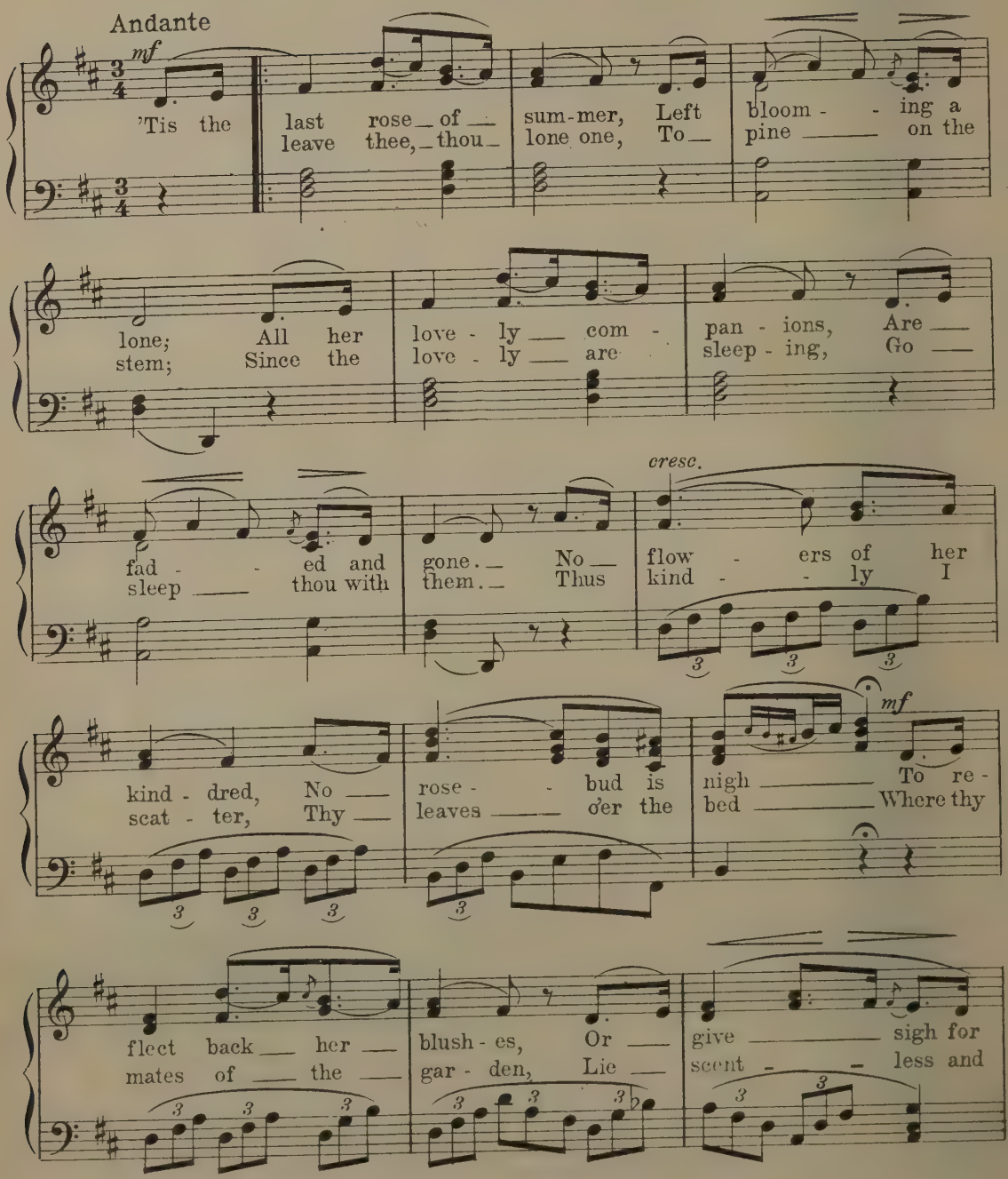
Buttercups And Daisies

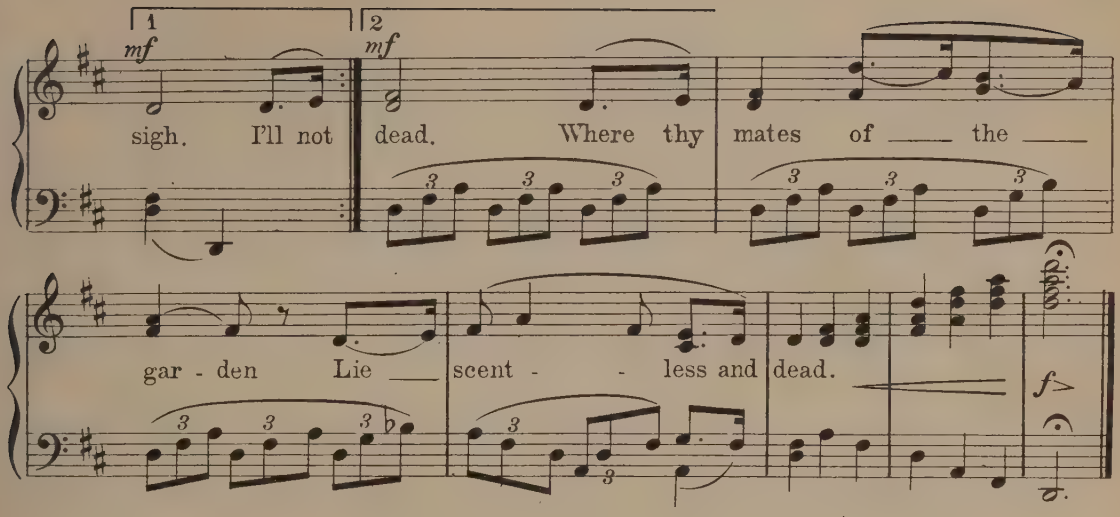

Quickly
1. But - ter-cups and dai - sies Oh, the pret - ty flowers,
2. Ere the snow-drop peep - eth, Or the cro - cus bold,
mf
Com - ing ere the spring - time, To tell of sun - ny hours!
Ere the ear - ly prim - rose Opes its bud of gold
While the trees are leaf - less, While the fields are bare,
Some-where on the sun - ny bank But - ter - cups are bright,
mf
But - ter - cups and dai - sies Spring up here and there.
Some-where in the fro - zen grass Peeps the dai - sy white.

The Last Rose of Summer

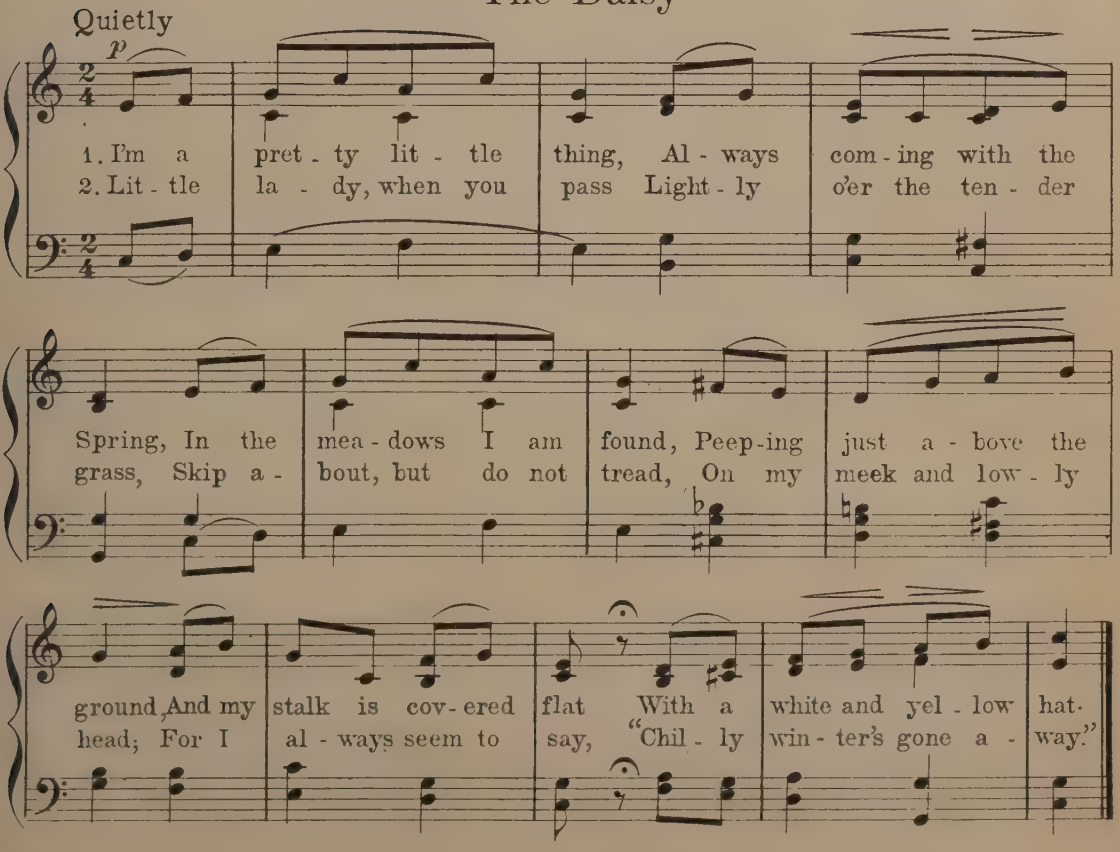
(Martha)

F. FLOTOW

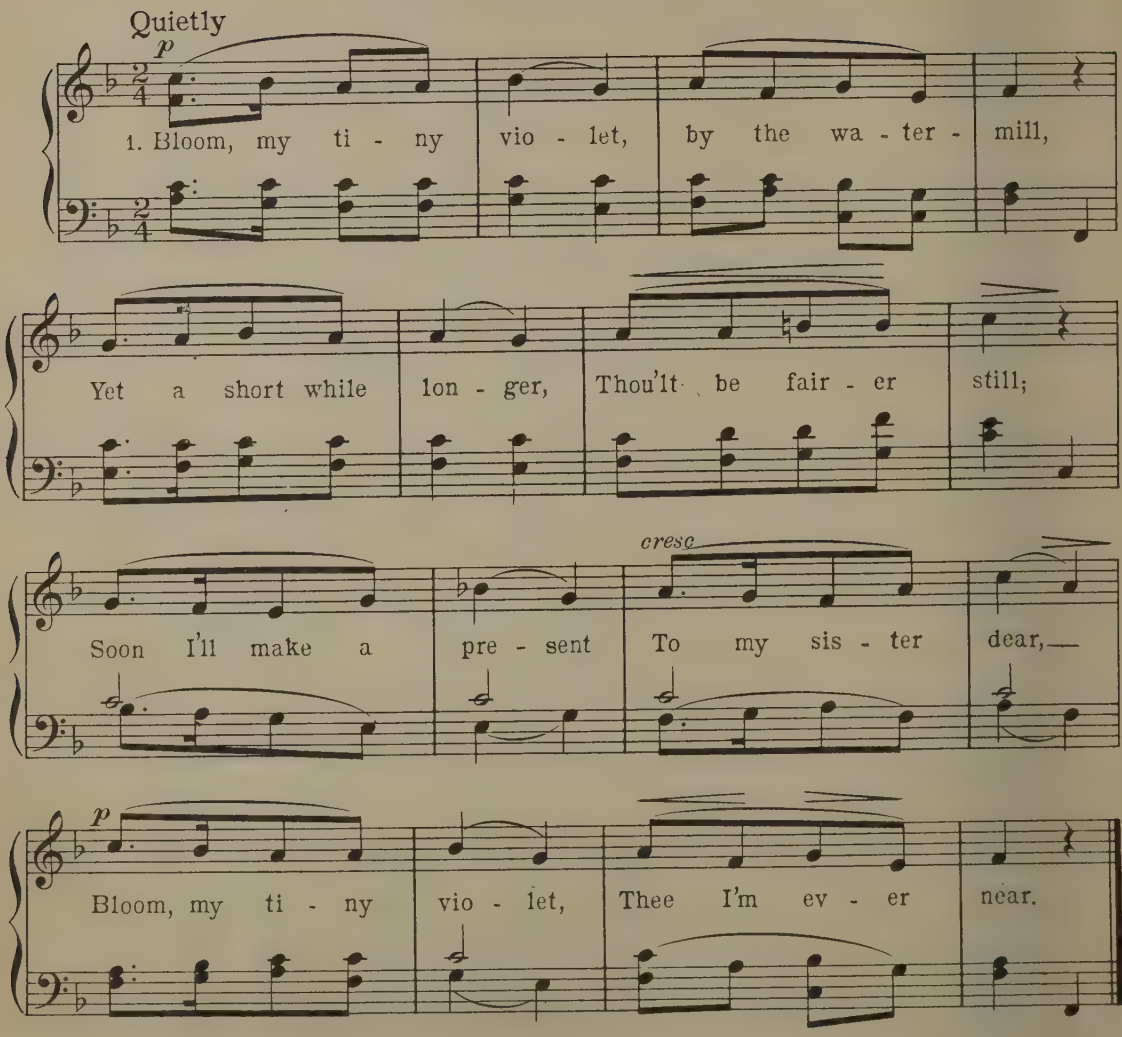

Andante
mf
'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a
leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the
lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions, Are
stem; Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go
cresc.
fad - ed and gone. No flow - ers of her
sleep thou with them. Thus kind - ly I
kind - dred, No rose - bud is nigh To re -
scat - ter, Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy
mf
flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for
mates of the gar - den, Lie scent - less and


1
2
mf
mf
sigh. I'll not
dead. Where thy mates of ___ the ___
gar - den Lie ___
scent - - less and dead.
f

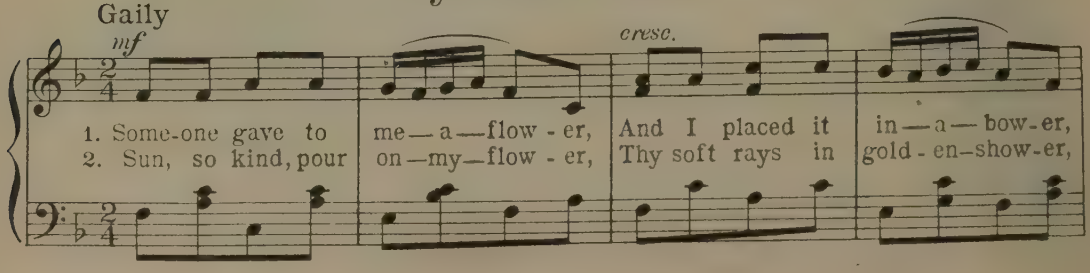
The Daisy

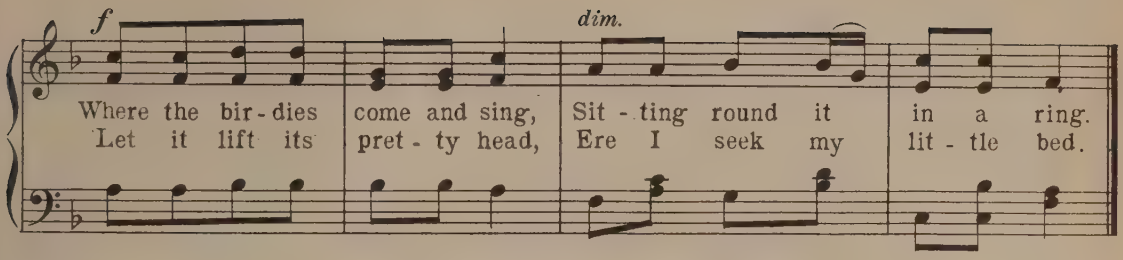

Quietly
p
1. I'm a pret - ty lit - tle thing, Al - ways com - ing with the
2. Lit - tle la - dy, when you pass Light - ly o'er the ten - der
Spring, In the mea - dows I am found, Peep - ing just a - bove the
grass, Skip a - bout, but do not tread, On my meek and low - ly
ground, And my stalk is cov - ered flat With a white and yel - low hat.
head; For I al - ways seem to say, "Chil - ly win - ter's gone a - way."

Bloom, My Tiny Violet

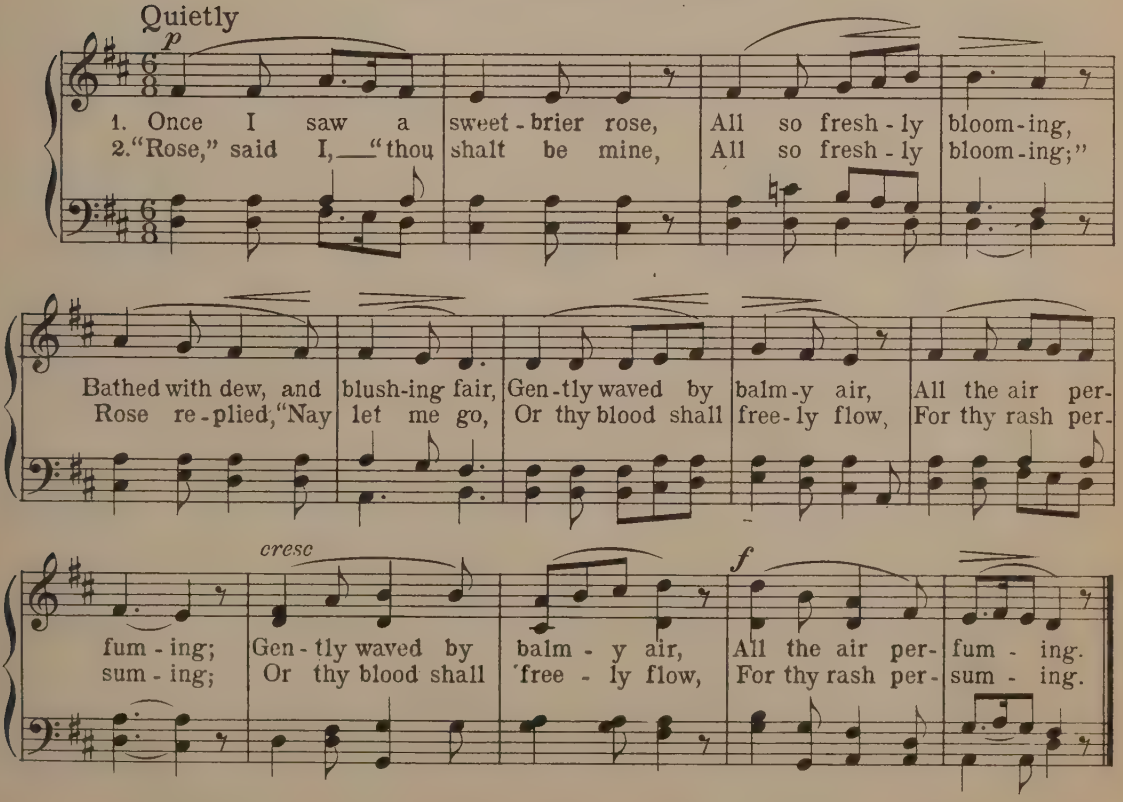

Quietly
p
1. Bloom, my ti - ny vio - let, by the wa - ter - mill,
Yet a short while lon - ger, Thou'lt be fair - er still;
cresc.
Soon I'll make a pre - sent To my sis - ter dear,—
p
Bloom, my ti - ny vio - let, Thee I'm ev - er near.

To My Little Flower


Gaily
mf
cresc.
1. Some-one gave to me—a—flow - er, And I placed it in—a—bow-er,
2. Sun, so kind, pour on—my—flow - er, Thy soft rays in gold - en-show-er,



Once I Saw A Rose


Quietly
p
1. Once I saw a sweet - brier rose, All so fresh - ly bloom - ing,
2. "Rose," said I, — "thou shalt be mine, All so fresh - ly bloom - ing;"
Bathed with dew, and blush - ing fair, Gen - tly waved by balm - y air, All the air per -
Rose re - plied, "Nay let me go, Or thy blood shall free - ly flow, For thy rash per -
cresc
f
fum - ing; Gen - tly waved by balm - y air, All the air per - fum - ing.
sum - ing; Or thy blood shall free - ly flow, For thy rash per - sum - ing.

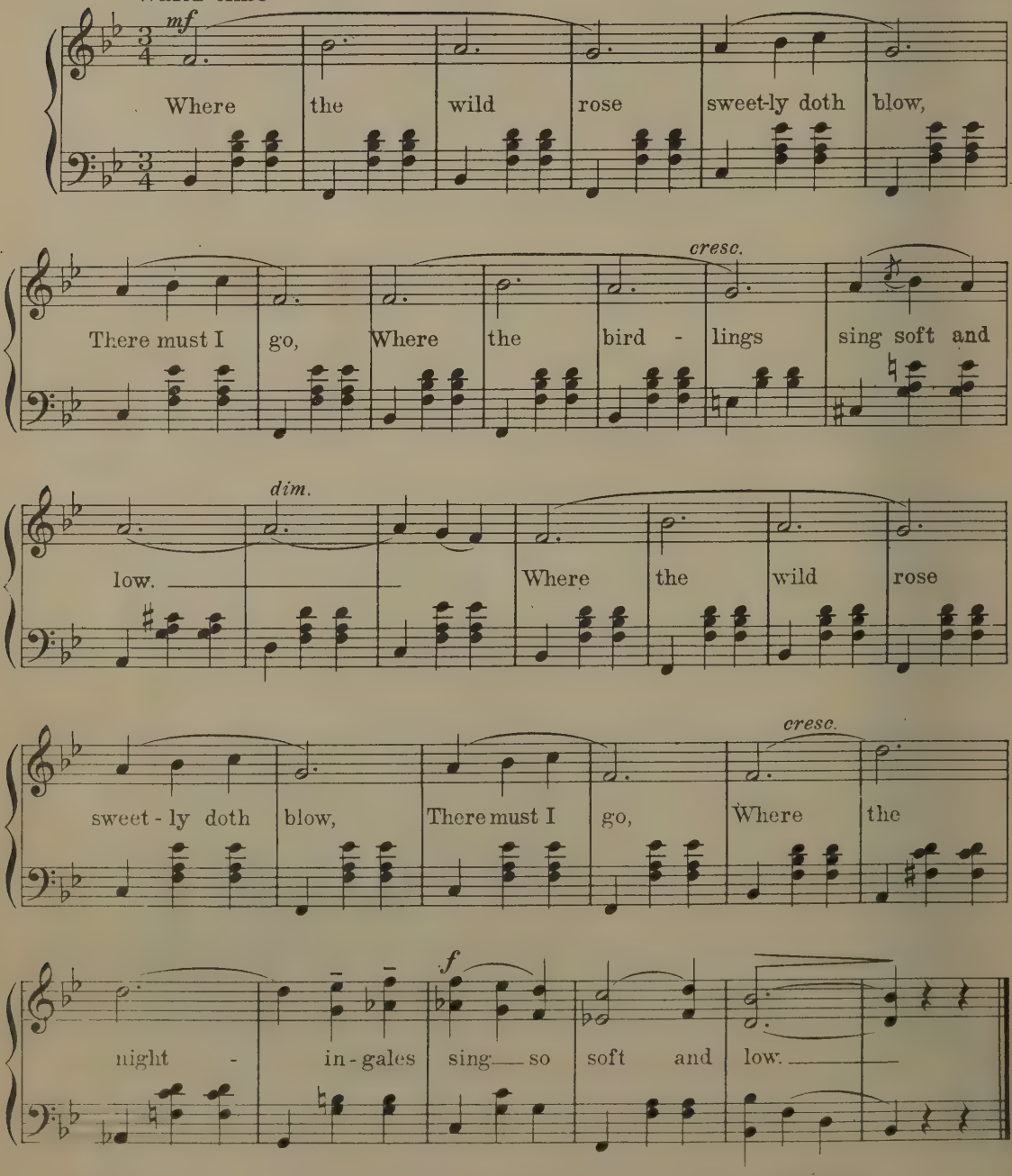
3. Woe is me! I broke the stem,
Life and fragrance dooming;
Soon the lovely flower was gone,
And the thorns remained alone
Vanished all its blooming;
And the thorns remained alone
Vanished all its blooming.

4. Had I left thee, lovely flower,
In thy beauty blooming,
Bathed with dew and blushing fair,
Thou would'st still have filled the air
With thy sweet perfuming
Thou would'st still have filled the air,
With thy sweet perfuming.

The Wild Rose

Waltz time

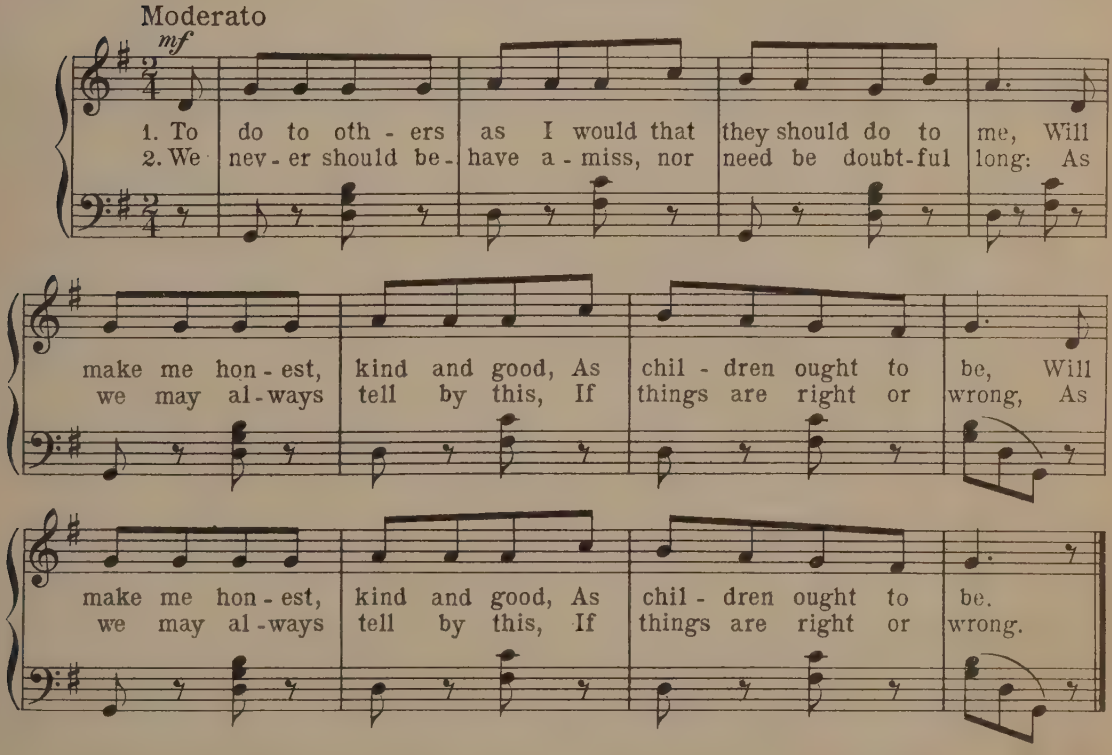
JOHANN STRAUSS


mf
Where the wild rose sweet-ly doth blow,
cresc.
There must I go, Where the bird - lings sing soft and
dim.
low.
Where the wild rose
cresc.
sweet - ly doth blow, There must I go, Where the
f
night - in - gales sing so soft and low.

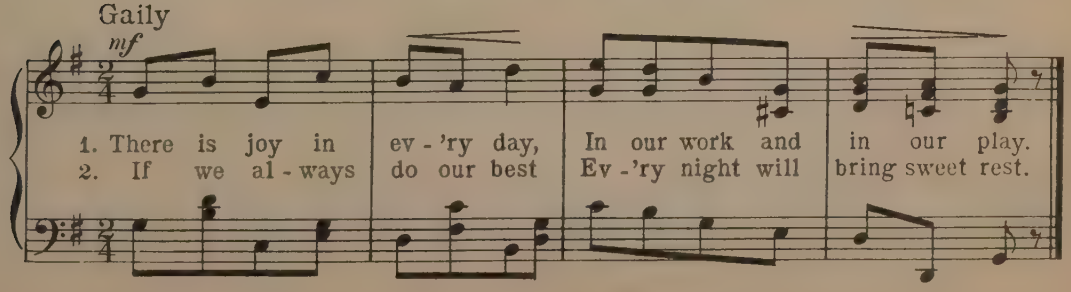
SONGS OF WORK AND PLAY

Here is a happy mixture of songs which ennoble the hours of work and make festival the hours of play. It is well to create in children's minds a happy balance in their ideas of work and recreation, that they may gain a proper conception of the important part which each one plays in the scheme of life. The most beautiful thing about these songs is the cheerful lustre they shed over school or work hours, and their tendency to elevate children's ideas of the amusements they should seek in playtime.

The Golden Rule


Moderato
mf
1. To do to oth - ers as I would that they should do to me, Will
2. We nev - er should be - have a - miss, nor need be doubt-ful long: As
make me hon - est, kind and good, As chil - dren ought to be, Will
we may al - ways tell by this, If things are right or wrong, As
make me hon - est, kind and good, As chil - dren ought to be.
we may al - ways tell by this, If things are right or wrong.

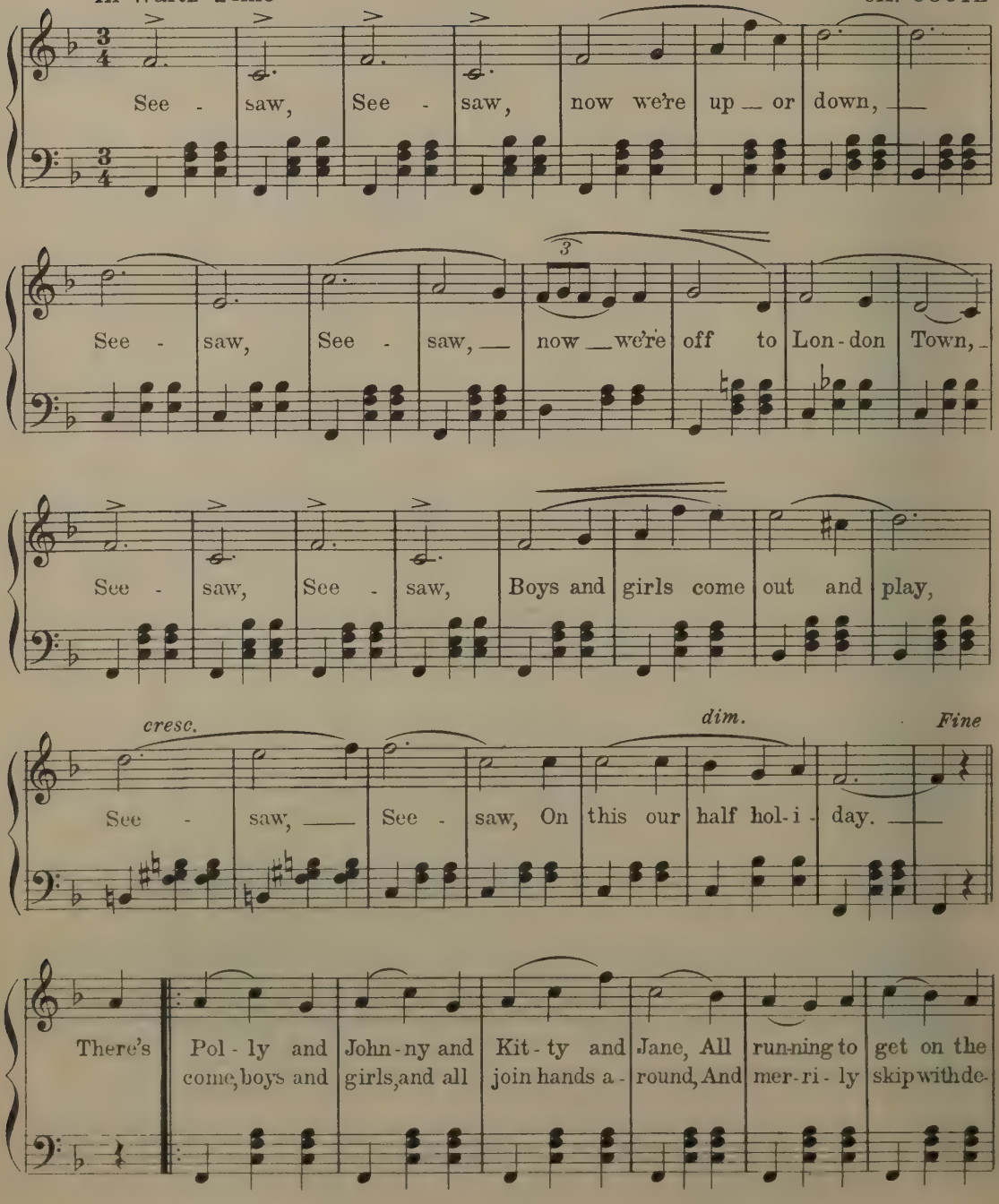
There Is Joy In Ev'ry Day

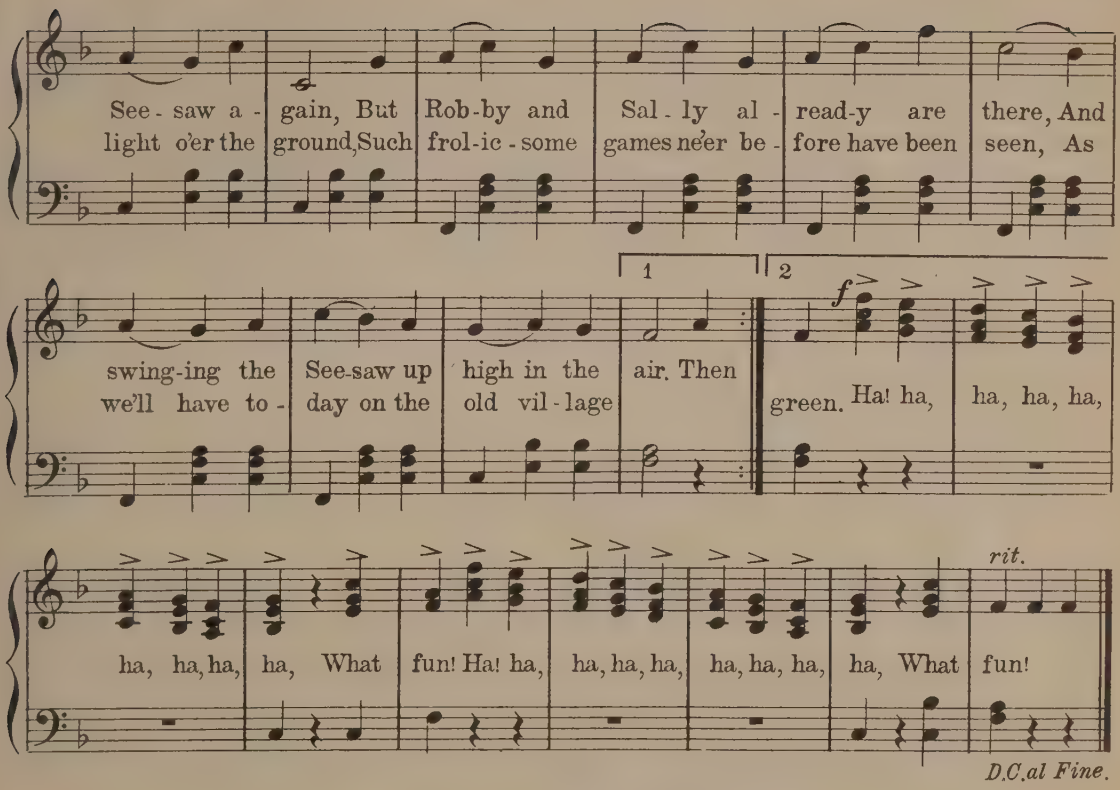


See-Saw

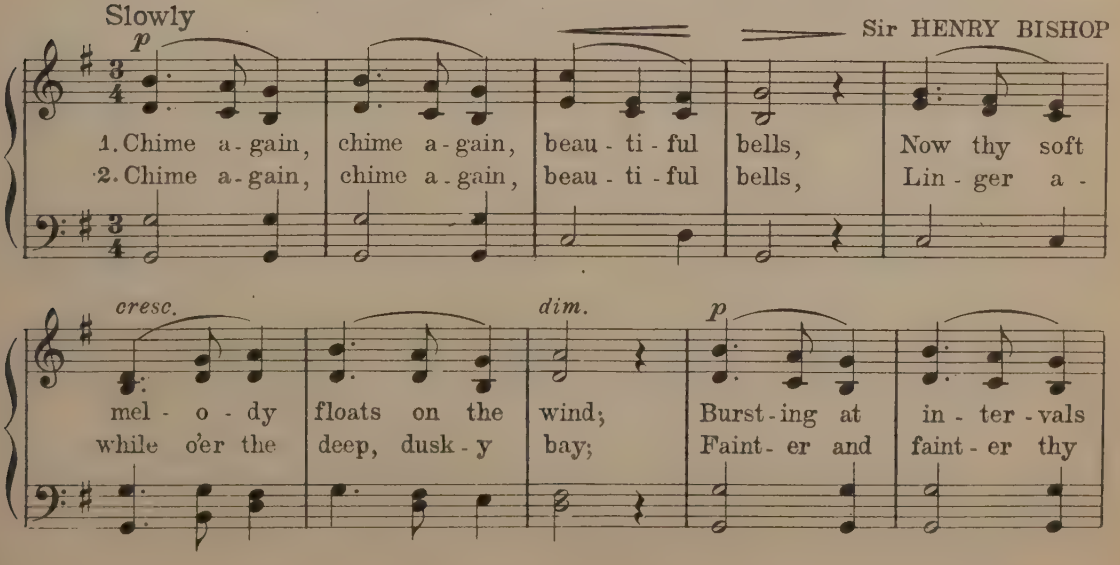
In Waltz Time

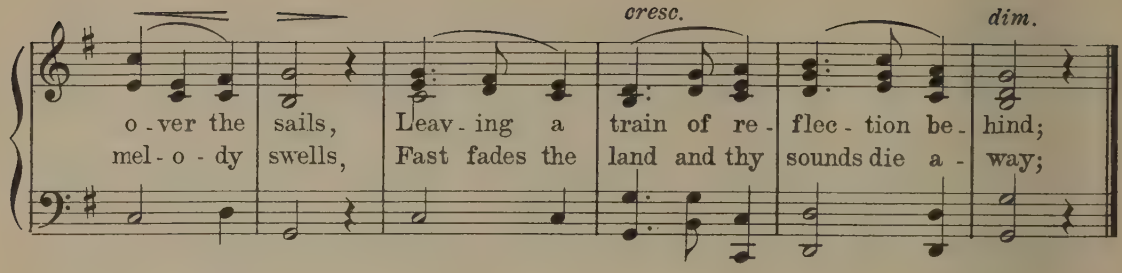
CH. COOTE


See - saw, See - saw, now we're up or down,
See - saw, See - saw, now we're off to Lon-don Town,
See - saw, See - saw, Boys and girls come out and play,
cresc.
dim.
Fine
See - saw, See - saw, On this our half hol-i-day.
There's Pol-ly and John-ny and Kit-ty and Jane, All run-ning to get on the
come, boys and girls, and all join hands a-round, And mer-ri-ly skip with de-

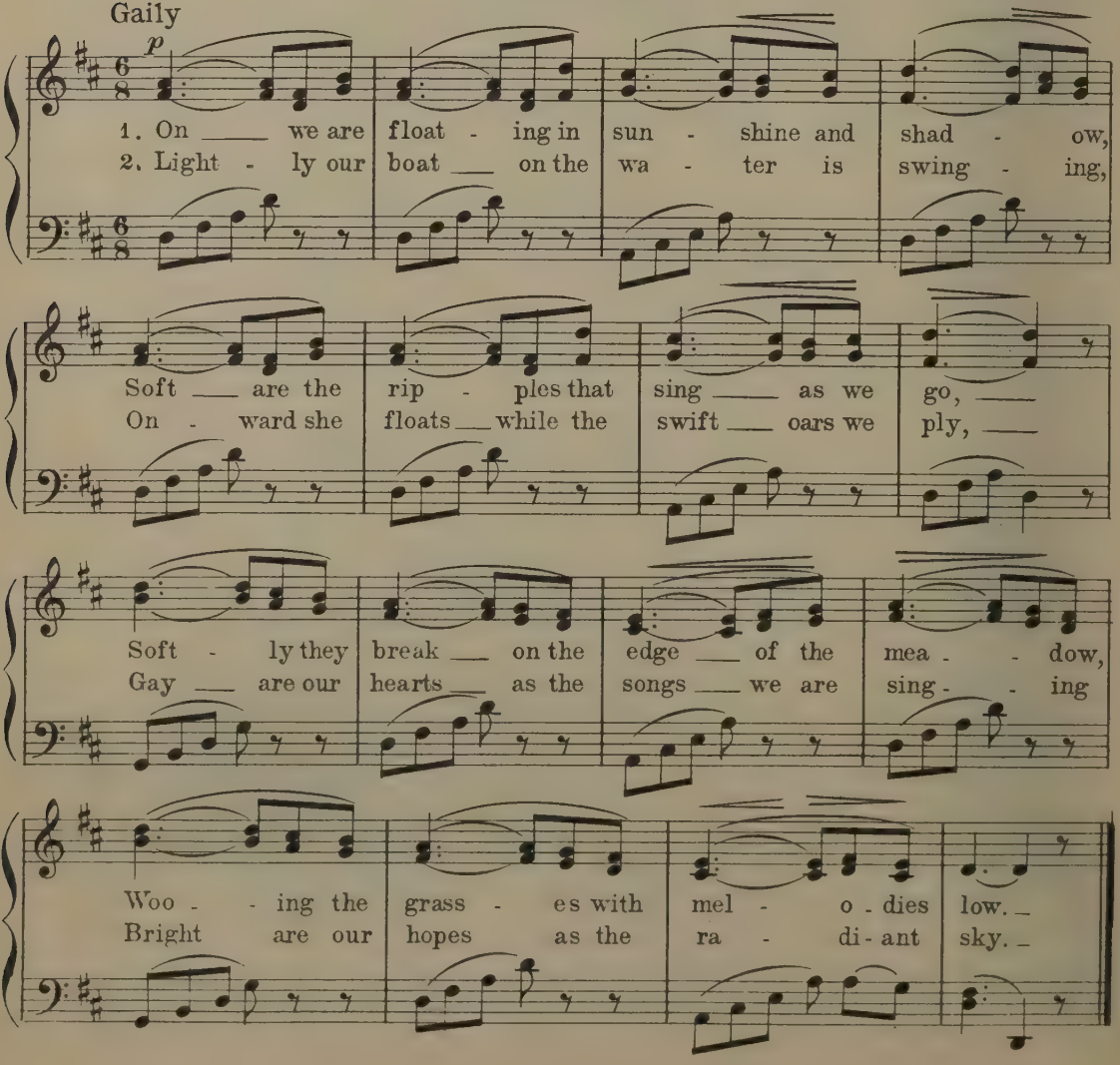

See - saw a - gain, But Rob-by and Sal - ly al - read-y are there, And
light o'er the ground, Such frol-ic - some games ne'er be - fore have been seen, As
1
2
swing-ing the See-saw up high in the air. Then
we'll have to - day on the old vil - lage
f
green. Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha,
rit.
ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun! Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, What fun!
D.C. al Fine.

Chime Again, Beautiful Bells


Slowly
p
Sir HENRY BISHOP
1. Chime a - gain, chime a - gain, beau - ti - ful bells, Now thy soft
2. Chime a - gain, chime a - gain, beau - ti - ful bells, Lin - ger a -
cresc.
dim.
p
mel - o - dy floats on the wind; Burst - ing at in - ter - vals
while o'er the deep, dusk - y bay; Faint - er and faint - er thy


cresc.
dim.
o - ver the sails, Leav - ing a train of re - flec - tion be - hind;
mel - o - dy swells, Fast fades the land and thy sounds die a - way;

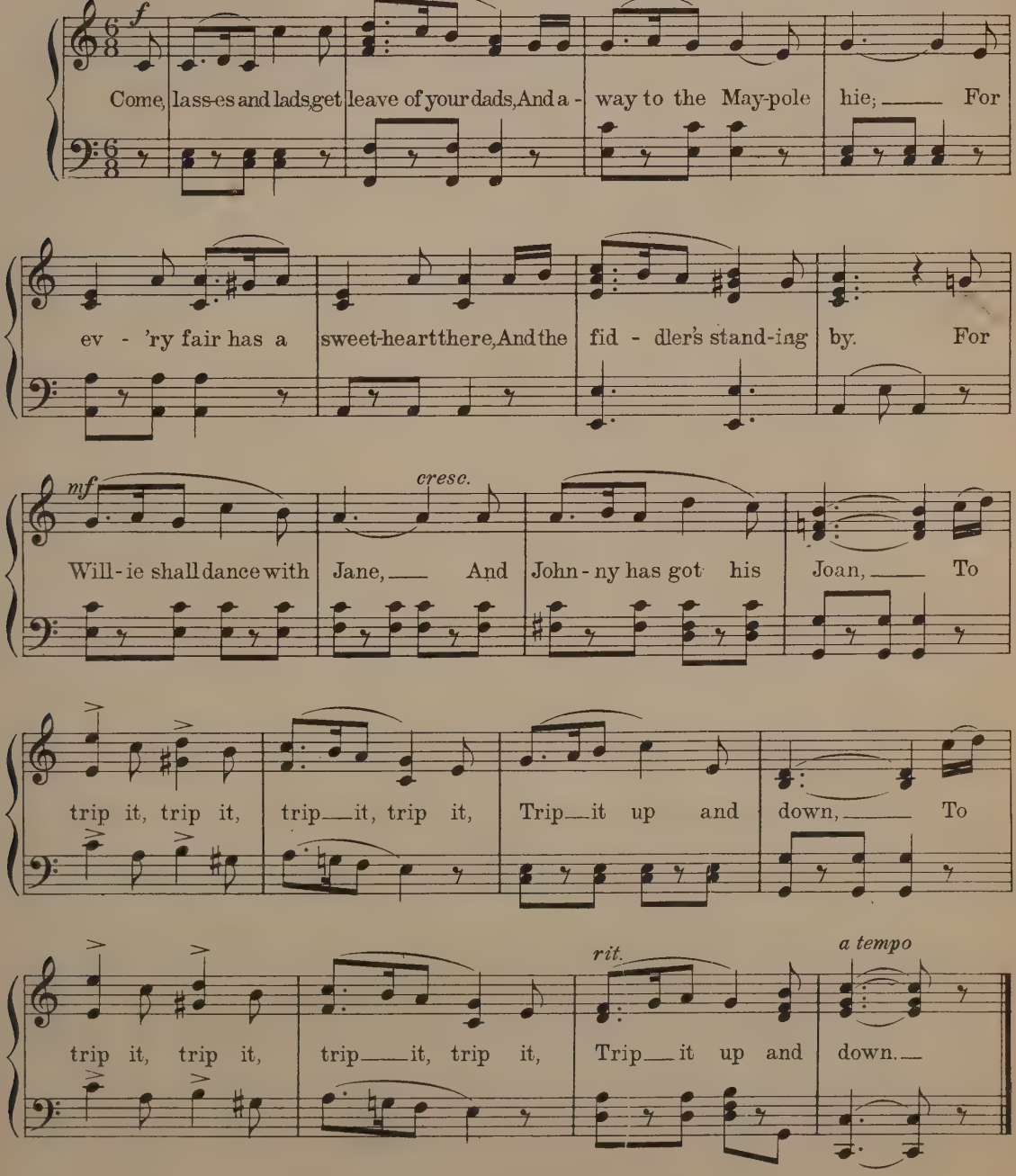
Boat Song


Gaily
p
1. On ___ we are float - ing in sun - shine and shad - ow,
2. Light - ly our boat ___ on the wa - ter is swing - ing,
Soft ___ are the rip - ples that sing ___ as we go, ___
On - ward she floats ___ while the swift ___ oars we ply, ___
Soft - ly they break ___ on the edge ___ of the mea - - dow,
Gay ___ are our hearts ___ as the songs ___ we are sing - - ing
Woo - - ing the grass - es with mel - o - dies low. _
Bright are our hopes as the ra - di - ant sky. _

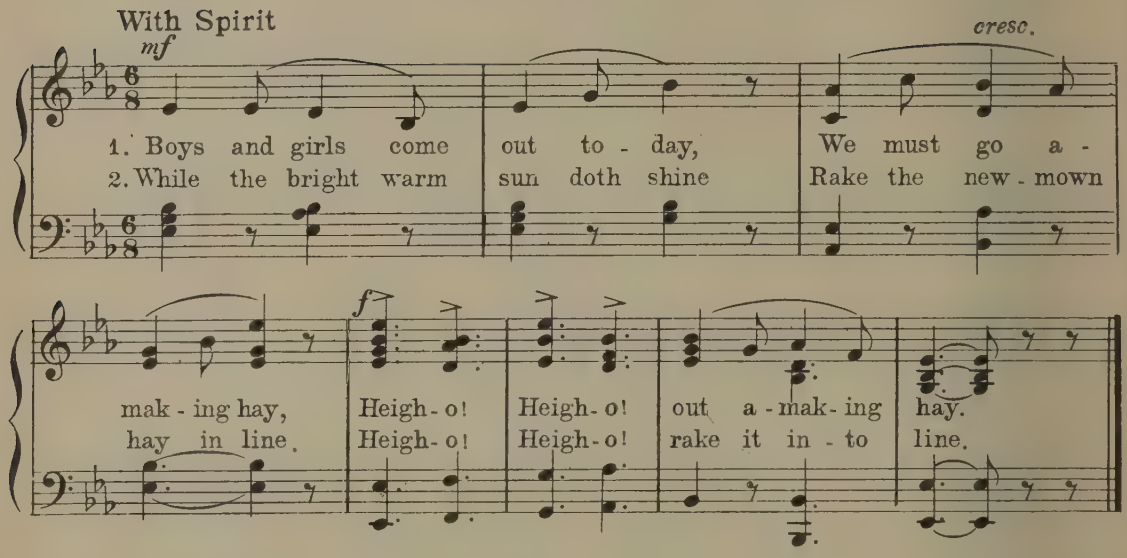
Come, Lassies And Lads

Quickly

OLD ENGLISH


f
Come, lass-es and lads get leave of your dads, And a - way to the May-pole hie; For
ev - 'ry fair has a sweet-heart there, And the fid - dler's stand-ing by. For
mf
cresc.
Will-ie shall dance with Jane, And John-ny has got his Joan, To
trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down, To
rit.
a tempo
trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down.

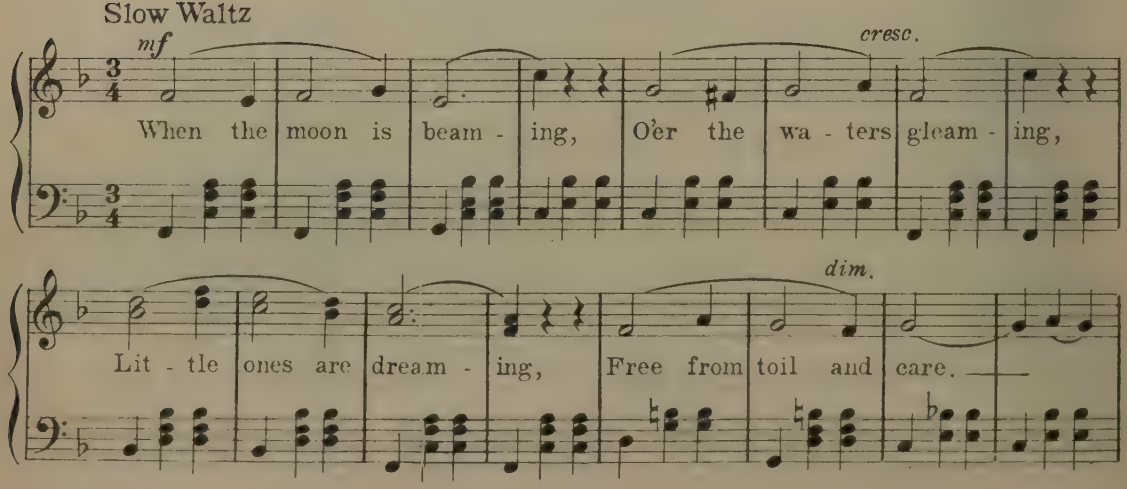
Haymaking Song

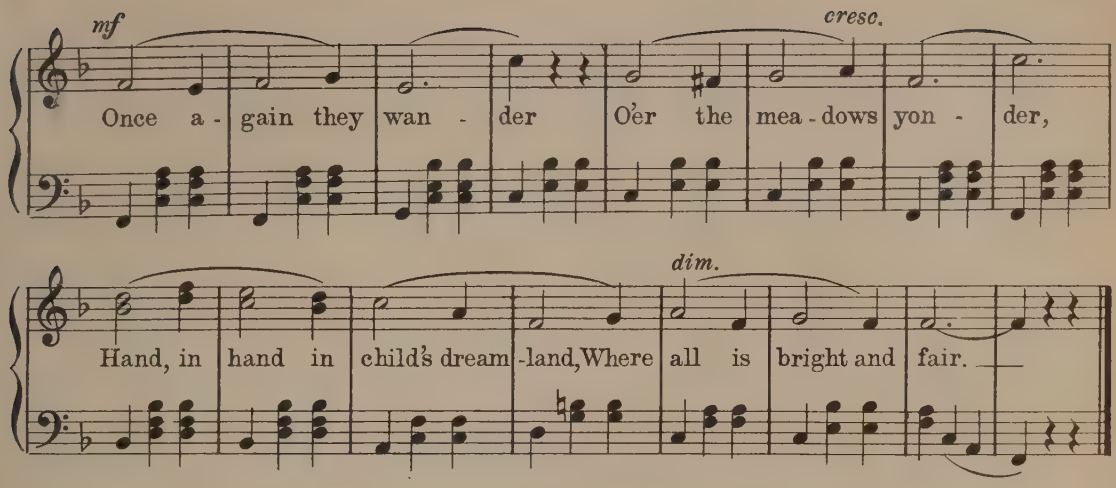

With Spirit
mf
cresc.
1. Boys and girls come out to - day, We must go a -
2. While the bright warm sun doth shine Rake the new - mown
mak - ing hay, Heigh - o! Heigh - o! out a - mak - ing hay.
hay in line. Heigh - o! Heigh - o! rake it in - to line.
f

When the bright warm sun is out,
Toss the new-mown hay about.
Heigho! Heigho! toss it well about.

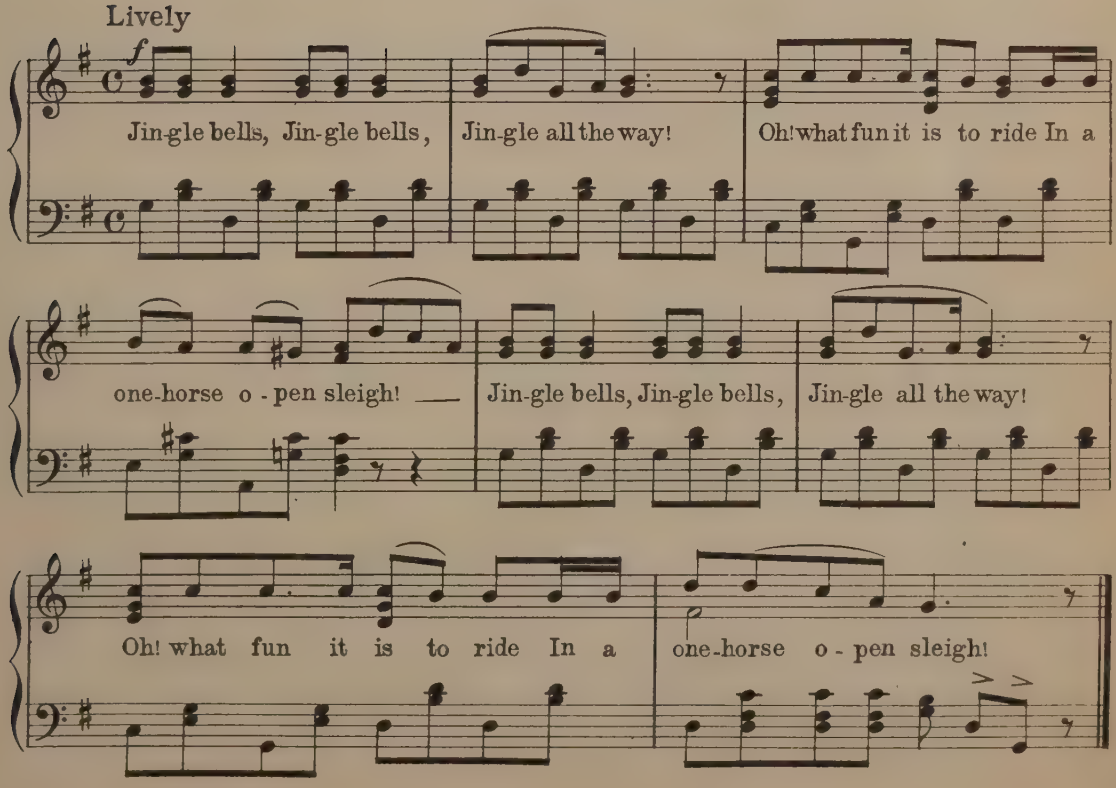
If you want hay sweet and fine,
Make it while the sun doth shine.
Heigho! Heigho! while the sun doth shine.

Child's Dreamland

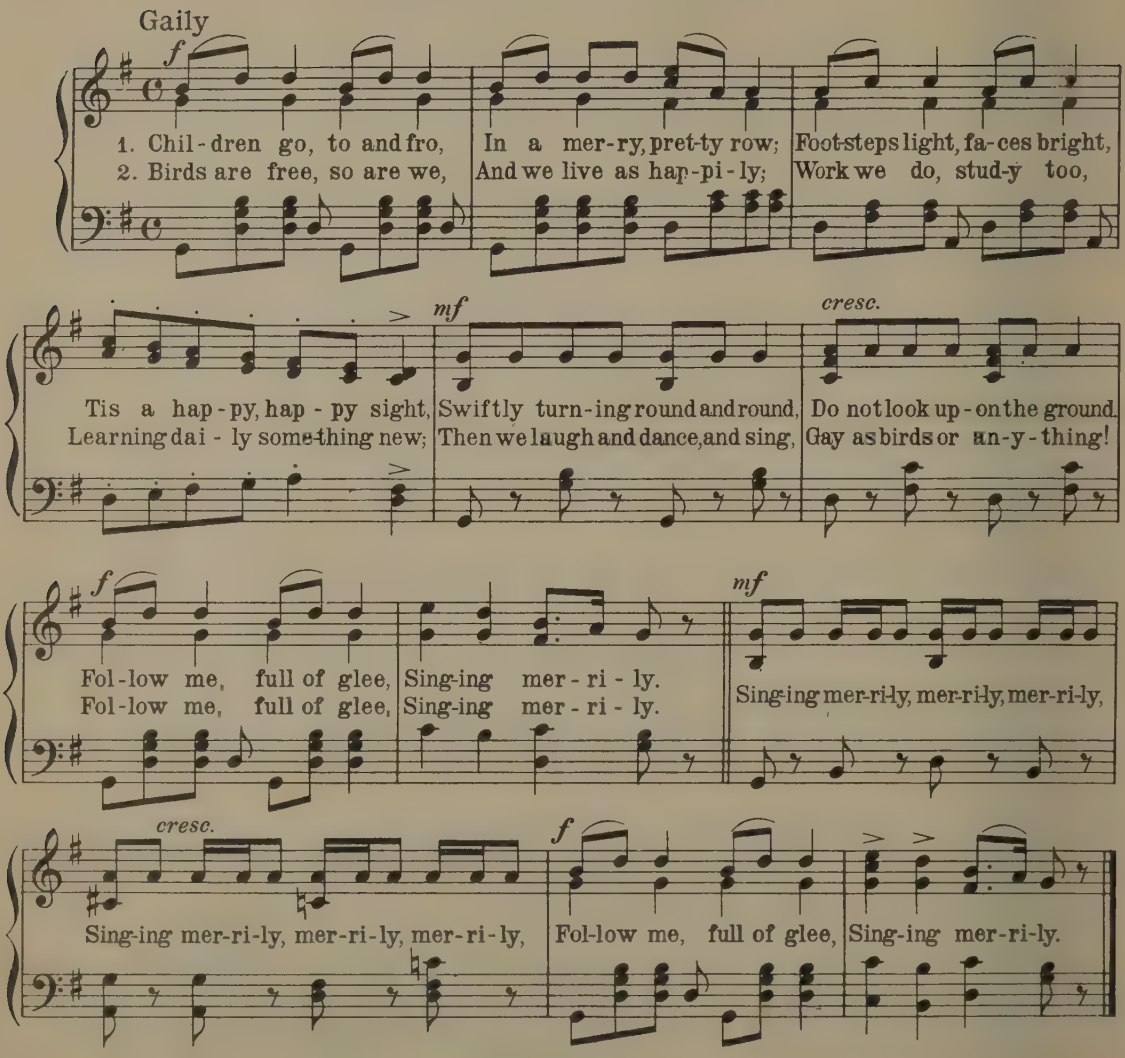




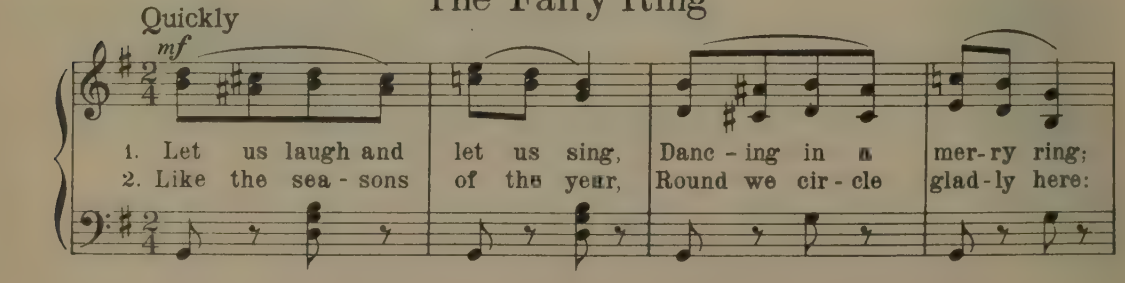
Jingle Bells

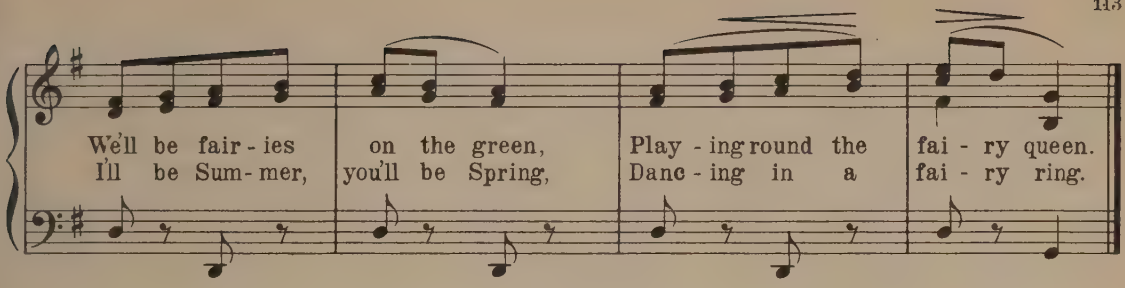

Lively
f
Jin-gle bells, Jin-gle bells, Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a
one-horse o - pen sleigh! Jin-gle bells, Jin-gle bells, Jin-gle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!

Follow Me, Full Of Glee

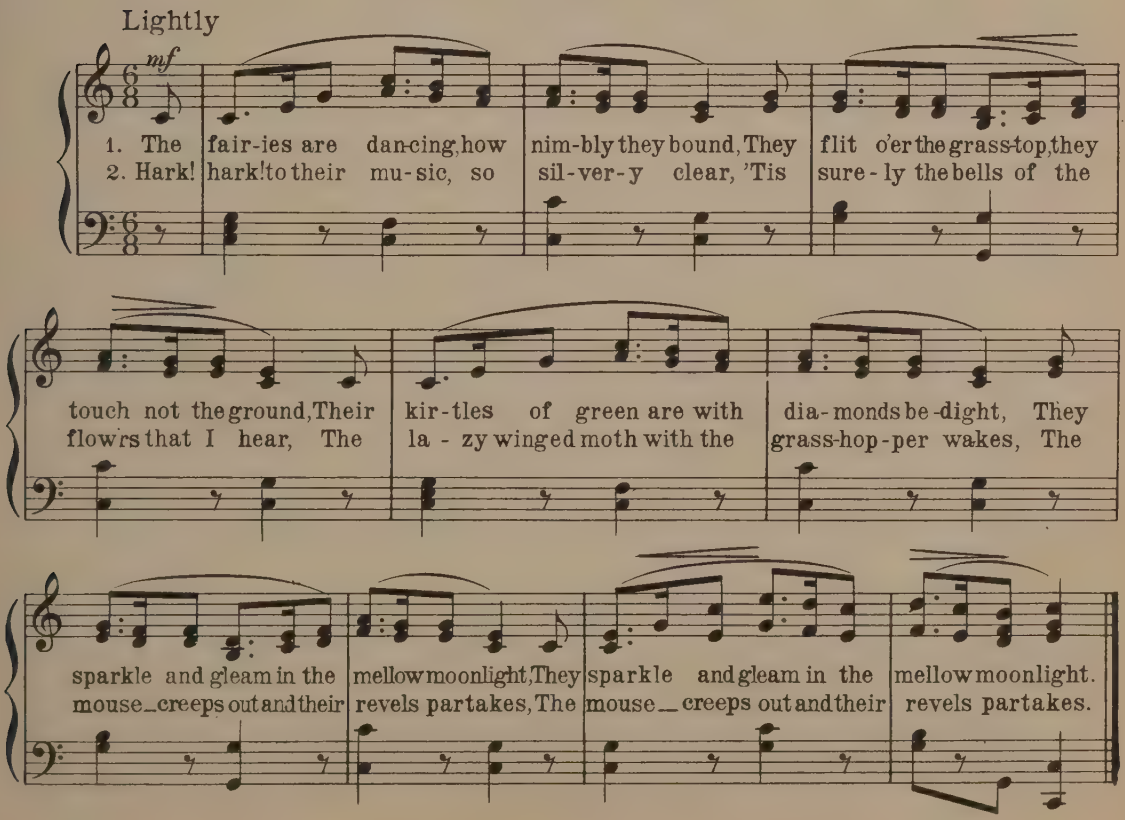

Gaily
f
1. Chil - dren go, to and fro, In a mer-ry, pret-ty row; Foot-steps light, fa-ces bright,
2. Birds are free, so are we, And we live as hap-pi-ly; Work we do, stud-y too,
mf
cresc.
Tis a hap - py, hap - py sight, Swift-ly turn-ing round and round, Do not look up - on the ground.
Learning dai - ly some-thing new; Then we laugh and dance, and sing, Gay as birds or an-y-thing!
f
mf
Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer - ri - ly. Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly,
Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer - ri - ly.
cresc.
f
Sing-ing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Fol-low me, full of glee, Sing-ing mer-ri-ly.

The Fairy Ring





Dance Of The Fairies


Lightly
mf
1. The fair-ies are dan-cing, how nim-bly they bound, They flit o'er the grass-top, they
2. Hark! hark! to their mu-sic, so sil-ver-y clear, 'Tis sure-ly the bells of the
touch not the ground, Their kir-tles of green are with dia-monds be-dight, They
flow'rs that I hear, The la - zy winged moth with the grass-hop-per wakes, The
sparkle and gleam in the mellow moonlight, They sparkle and gleam in the mellow moonlight.
mouse creeps out and their revels partakes, The mouse creeps out and their revels partakes.

3. How gaily they trip it, how happy are they,
Who pass all their leisure in frolic and play;
Who love where they list without sorrow or cares,
And laugh at the fetters that most people wear,
And laugh at the fetters that most people wear.

Vacation Days

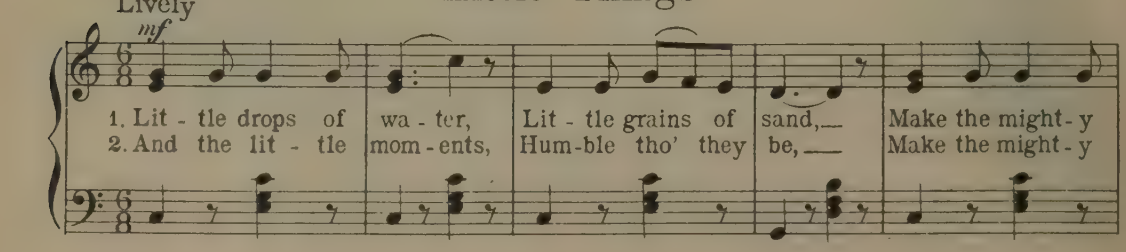
Lively

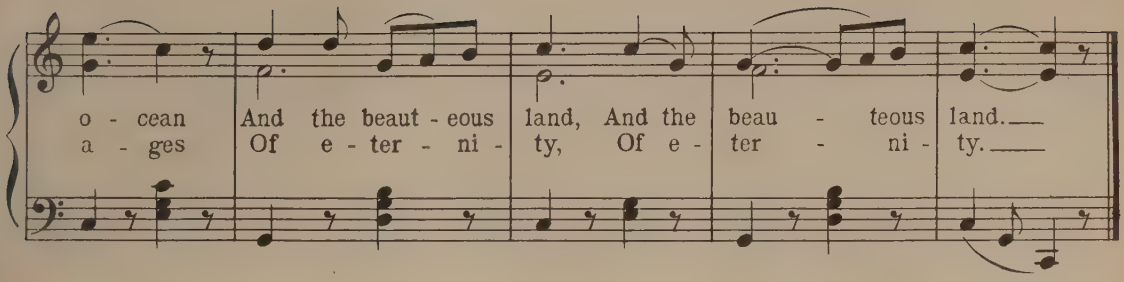
J. C. JOHNSON

mf
1. Ho, ho, va - ca - tion days are here Tra la, tra la, tra la! We
2. Ho, ho, the hill, the wood, the dale, Tra la, tra la, tra la! The
3. Ho, ho, the hours will quick - ly fly, Tra la, tra la, tra la! And
wel - come them with right good cheer, Tra la, tra la, tra la, In
lake on which we used to sail, Tra la, tra la, tra la, We
soon va - ca - tion time be by, Tra la, tra la, tra la, Ah,
cresc.
wis - dom's hall we love to be, But yet 'tis pleas - ant to be free, Ho,
greet them all with right good cheer, In thought un-changed a - gain we're here, Ho,
then we'll all in glad re - frain, Sing wel - come to our school a - gain, Ho,
f
ho, va - ca - tion days are here, Tra la, tra la, tra la!
ho, the hill, the wood, the dale, Tra la, tra la, tra la!
ho, the hours will quick - ly fly, Tra la, tra la, tra la!

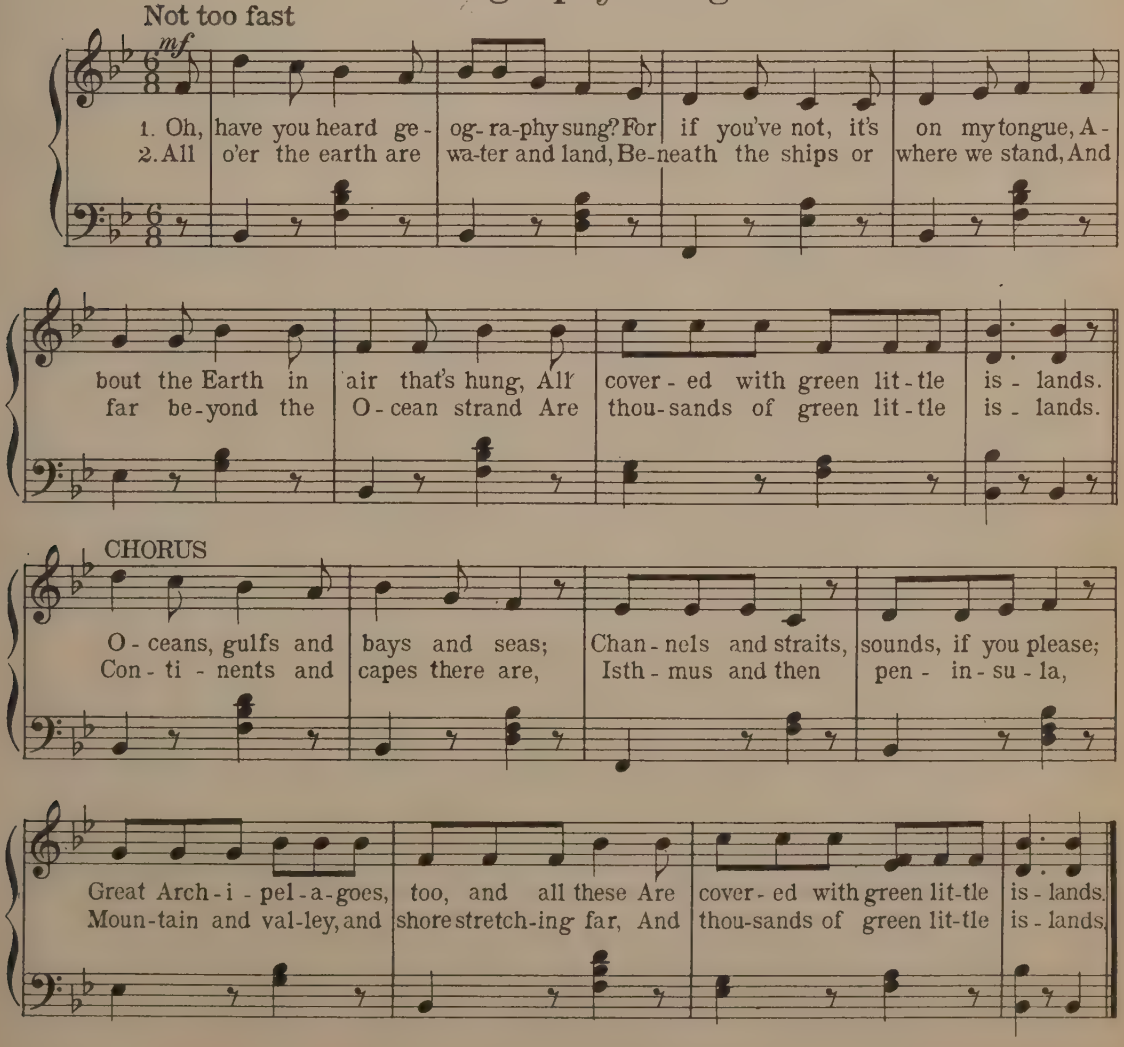
Little Things

Lively

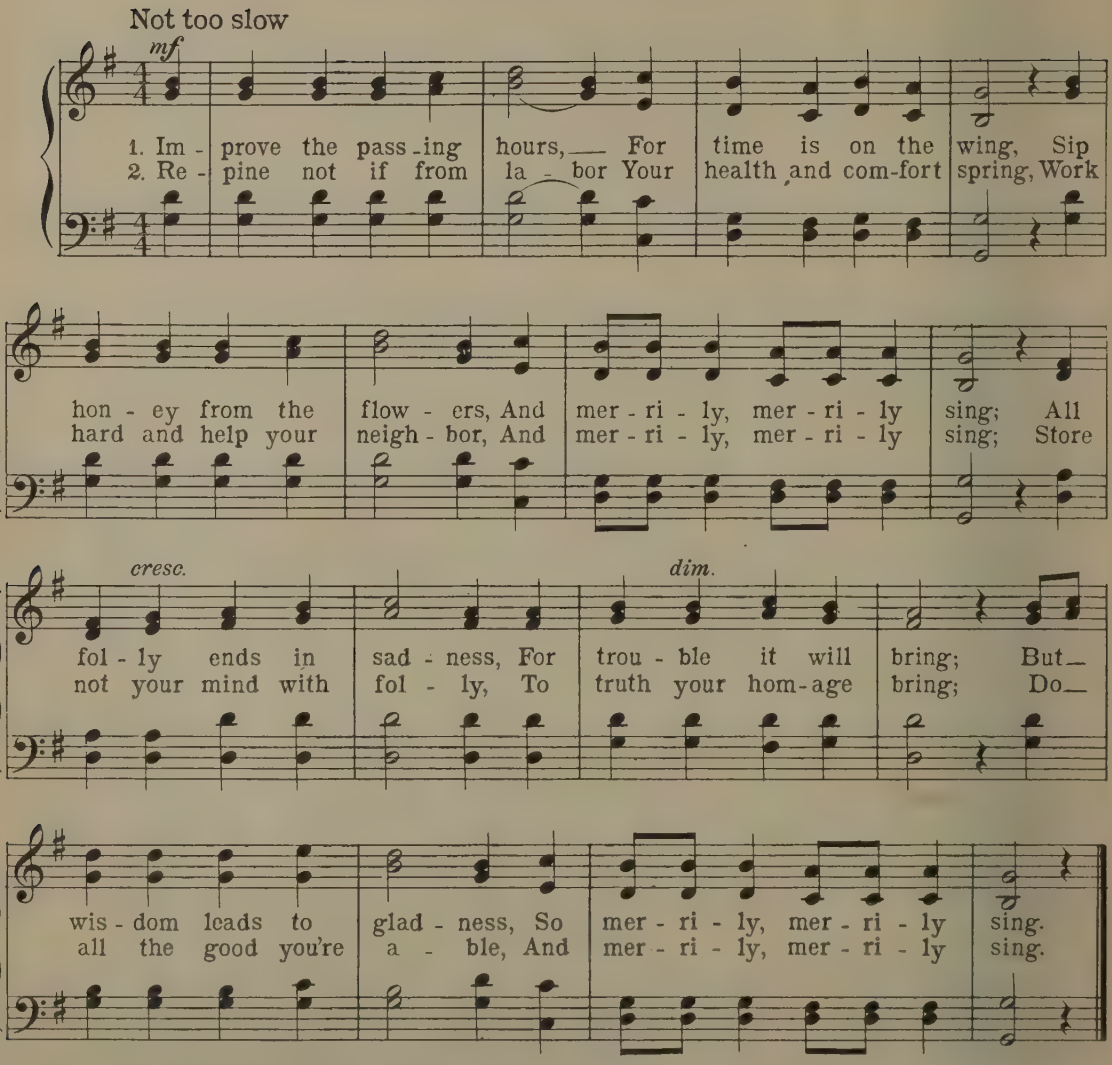

mf
1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the might - y
2. And the lit - tle mom - ents, Hum - ble tho' they be, Make the might - y



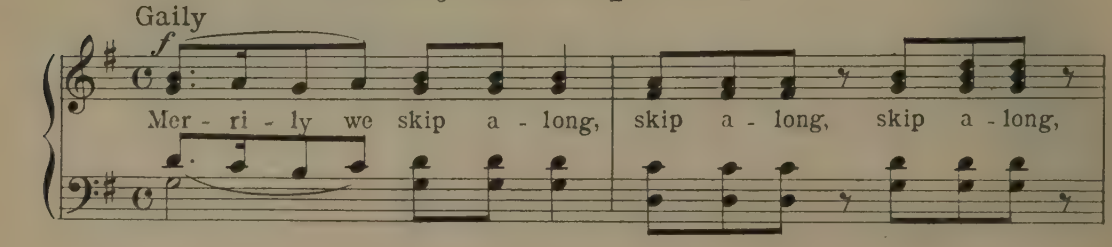
Geography Song

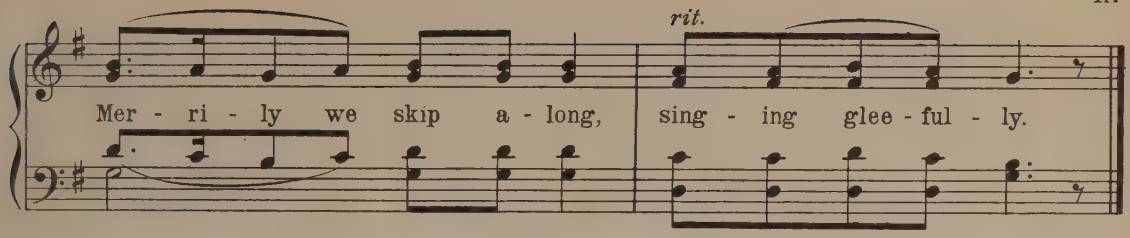

Not too fast
mf
1. Oh, have you heard ge - og - ra - phy sung? For if you've not, it's on my tongue, A -
2. All o'er the earth are wa - ter and land, Be - neath the ships or where we stand, And
bout the Earth in air that's hung, All cover - ed with green lit - tle is - lands.
far be - yond the O - cean strand Are thou - sands of green lit - tle is - lands.
CHORUS
O - ceans, gulfs and bays and seas; Chan - nels and straits, sounds, if you please;
Con - ti - nents and capes there are, Isth - mus and then pen - in - su - la,
Great Arch - i - pel - a - goes, too, and all these Are cover - ed with green lit - tle is - lands.
Moun - tain and val - ley, and shore stretch - ing far, And thou - sands of green lit - tle is - lands.

Merrily, Merrily Sing

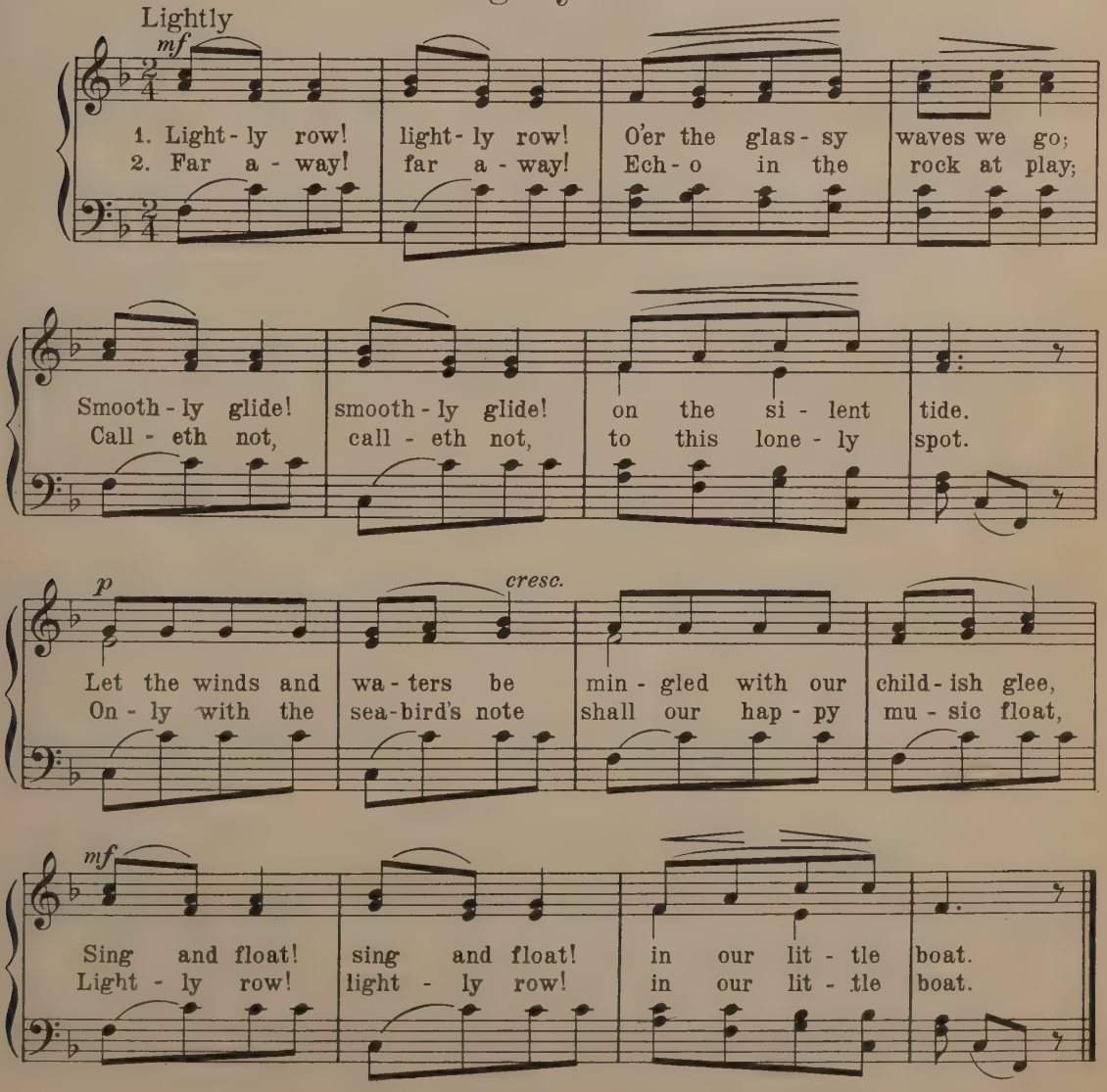

Not too slow
mf
1. Im - prove the pass - ing hours, For time is on the wing, Sip
2. Re - pine not if from la - bor Your health and com-fort spring, Work
hon - ey from the flow - ers, And mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing; All
hard and help your neigh - bor, And mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing; Store
cresc.
dim.
fol - ly ends in sad - ness, For trou - ble it will bring; But
not your mind with fol - ly, To truth your hom-age bring; Do
wis - dom leads to glad - ness, So mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing.
all the good you're a - ble, And mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing.

Merrily We Skip Along




rit.
Mer - ri - ly we skip a - long, sing - ing glee - ful - ly.

Lightly Row


Lightly
mf
1. Light - ly row! light - ly row! O'er the glas - sy waves we go;
2. Far a - way! far a - way! Ech - o in the rock at play;
Smooth - ly glide! smooth - ly glide! on the si - lent tide.
Call - eth not, call - eth not, to this lone - ly spot.
p
cresc.
Let the winds and wa - ters be min - gled with our child - ish glee,
On - ly with the sea-bird's note shall our hap - py mu - sic float,
mf
Sing and float! sing and float! in our lit - tle boat.
Light - ly row! light - ly row! in our lit - tle boat.

Oh, Come, Come Away

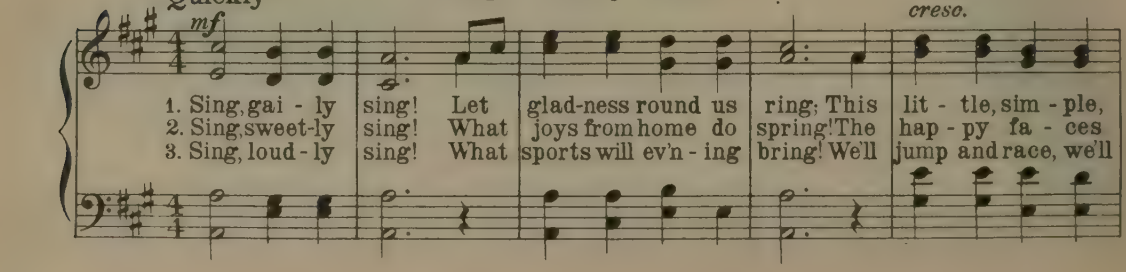
Lively

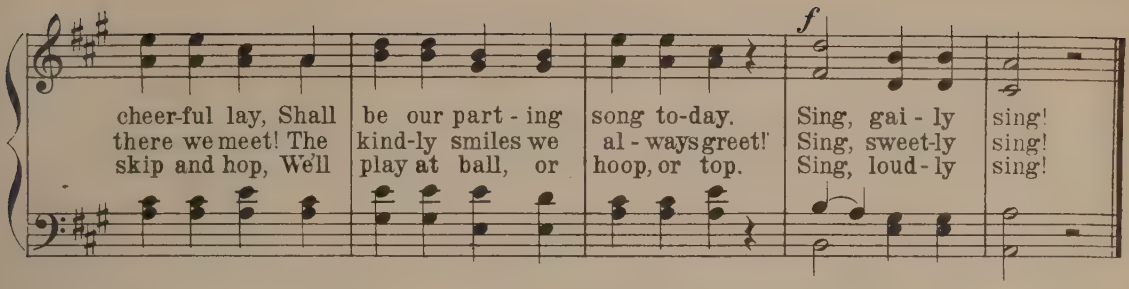
W. E. HICKSON

mf
1. Oh come, come a - way, from la - bor now re - pos - ing, Let
2. From toil, and the cares, with which the day is clos - ing, The
3. While sweet Phil - o - mel the wea - ry trav-'ler cheer - ing, With
bu - sy care a - while for - bear, Oh, come, come a - way.
hour of eve brings sweet re - prieve, Oh, come, come a - way.
eve-ning songs her note pro - longs, Oh, come, come, a - way.
mf
Come, come, our so-cial joys re-new, And there, where love and-friend-ship grew, Let
Oh, come, where love will smile on thee, And round its hearth will glad-ness be, And
In an-swering songs of sym - pa - thy, We'll sing in tune - ful har - mo - ny, Of
cresc.
dim.
true hearts wel - come you, Oh, come, come a - way.
time fly mer - ri - ly, Oh, come, come, a - way.
hope, joy, lib - er - ty, Oh, come, come a - way.

Sing, Gaily Sing

Quickly

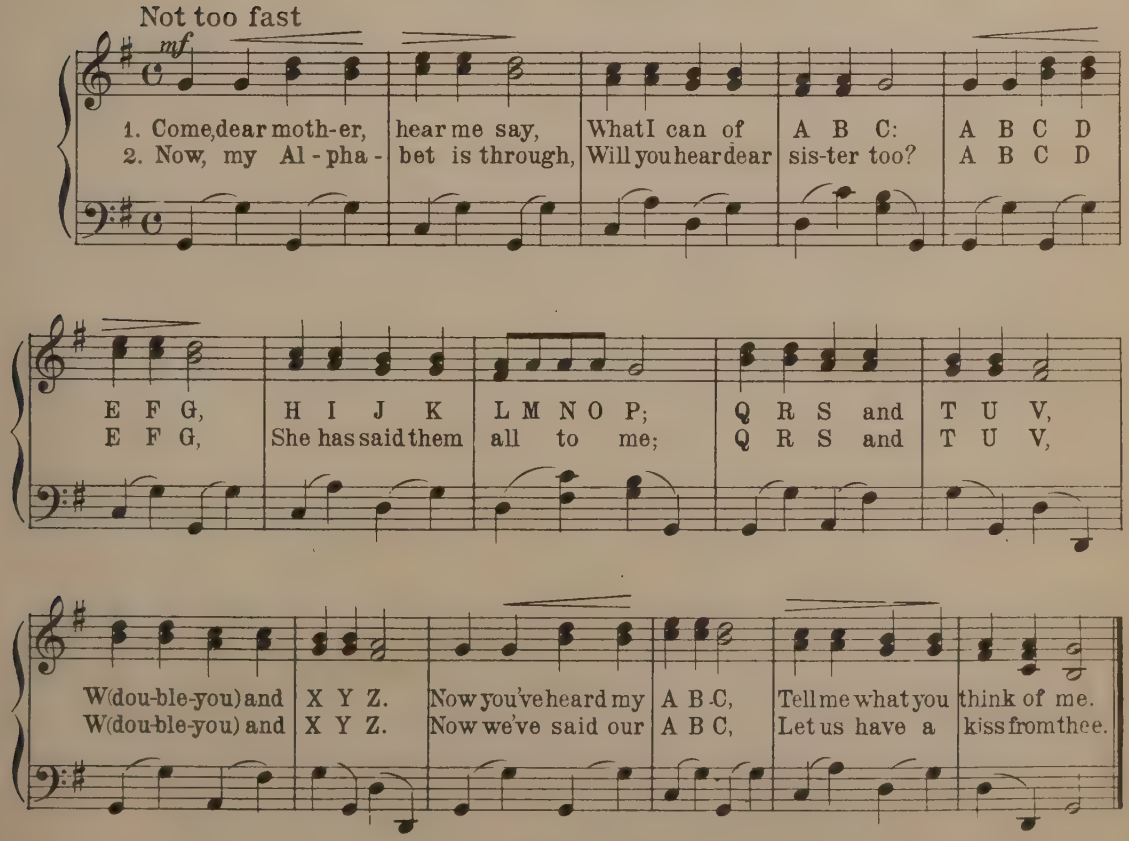

mf
cresc.
1. Sing, gai - ly sing! Let glad-ness round us ring; This lit - tle, sim - ple,
2. Sing, sweet-ly sing! What joys from home do spring! The hap - py fa - ces
3. Sing, loud - ly sing! What sports will ev'n - ing bring! We'll jump and race, we'll


f
cheer-ful lay, Shall be our part - ing song to-day. Sing, gai - ly sing!
there we meet! The kind-ly smiles we al - ways greet! Sing, sweet-ly sing!
skip and hop, We'll play at ball, or hoop, or top. Sing, loud - ly sing!

4. Sing, softly sing!
When dusky night doth bring
Its shadows o'er our drowsy heads,
In heavenly peace we'll seek our beds.
Sing, softly sing!

5. Sing, boldly sing!
When cheerful lark takes wing,
We'll rise as brisk and merry, too,
Resolved our lessons well to do.
Sing, boldly sing!

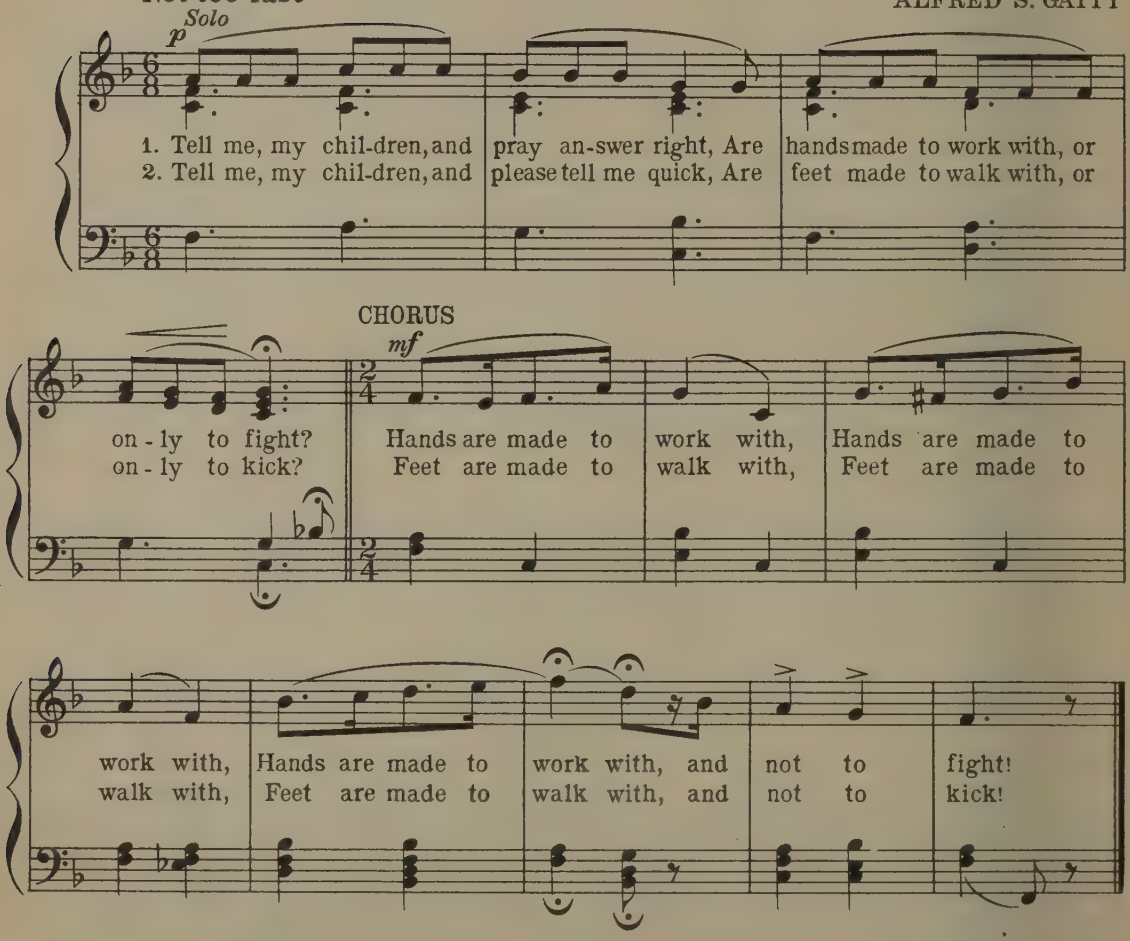
Musical Alphabet


Not too fast
mf
1. Come, dear moth-er, hear me say, What I can of A B C: A B C D
2. Now, my Al - pha - bet is through, Will you hear dear sis-ter too? A B C D
E F G, H I J K L M N O P; Q R S and T U V,
E F G, She has said them all to me; Q R S and T U V,
W (dou-ble-you) and X Y Z. Now you've heard my A B C, Tell me what you think of me.
W (dou-ble-you) and X Y Z. Now we've said our A B C, Let us have a kiss from thee.

Action Song

Not too fast

ALFRED S. GATTY


Solo
p
1. Tell me, my chil-dren, and pray an-swer right, Are hands made to work with, or
2. Tell me, my chil-dren, and please tell me quick, Are feet made to walk with, or
CHORUS
mf
on - ly to fight?
on - ly to kick?
Hands are made to work with,
Feet are made to walk with,
Hands are made to
Feet are made to
work with,
walk with,
Hands are made to work with, and not to fight!
Feet are made to walk with, and not to kick!

3.

Solo — Tell me, my children, and pray don't be shy,
Are eyes made to see with, or only to cry?
Chorus — Eyes are made to see with, and not to cry!

4.

Solo — Tell me, my children, and pray do not shout,
Are lips made to kiss with, or only to pout?
Chorus — Lips are made to kiss with, and not to pout!

5.

Solo — Tell me, my children, and please clearly state,
Are hearts made to love with, or only to hate?
Chorus — Hearts are made to love with, and not to hate!

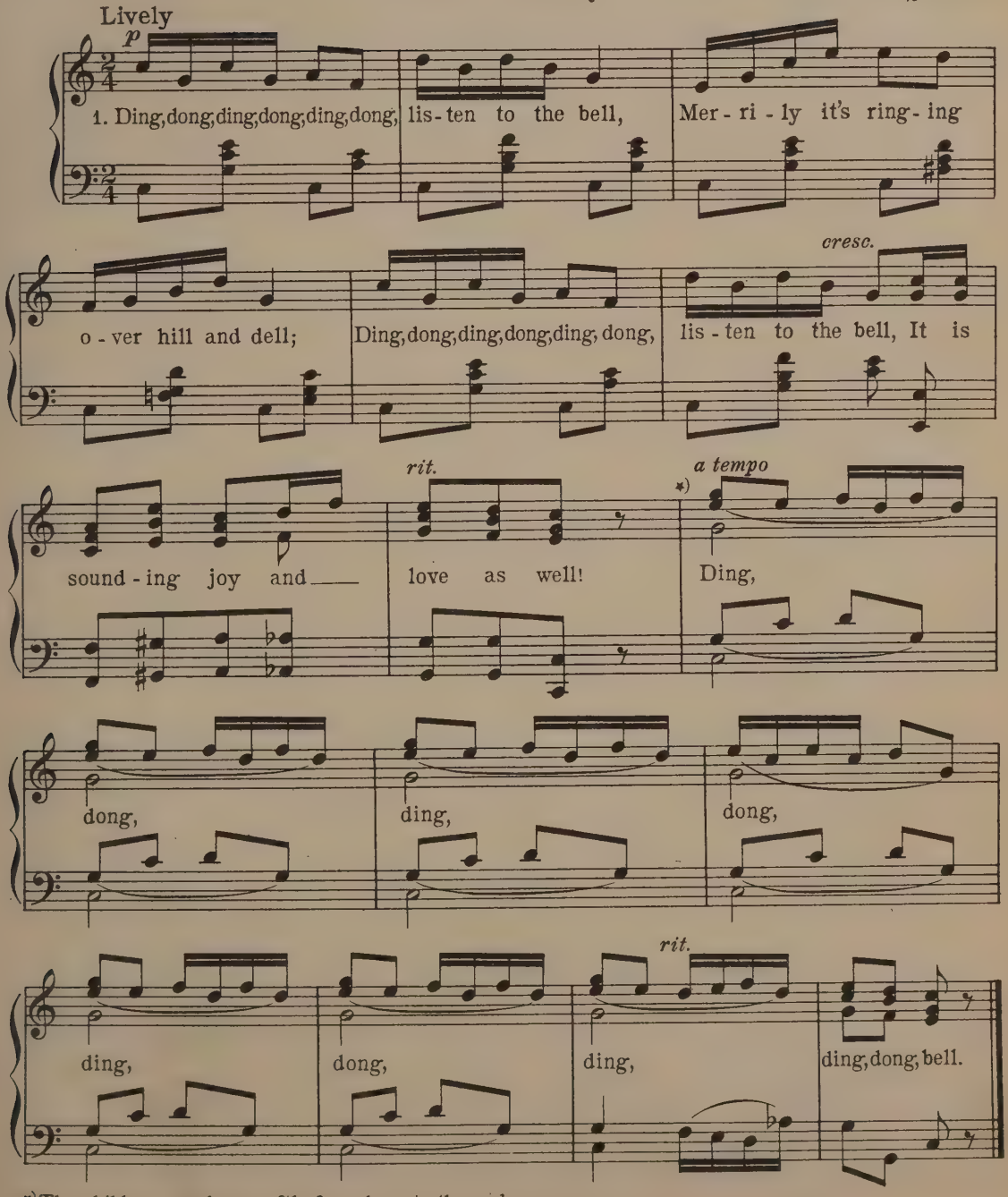
This song may be sung with different children taking the solo part on each verse.

Song Of The Bells

Words Adapted

(Chimes Of Normandy)

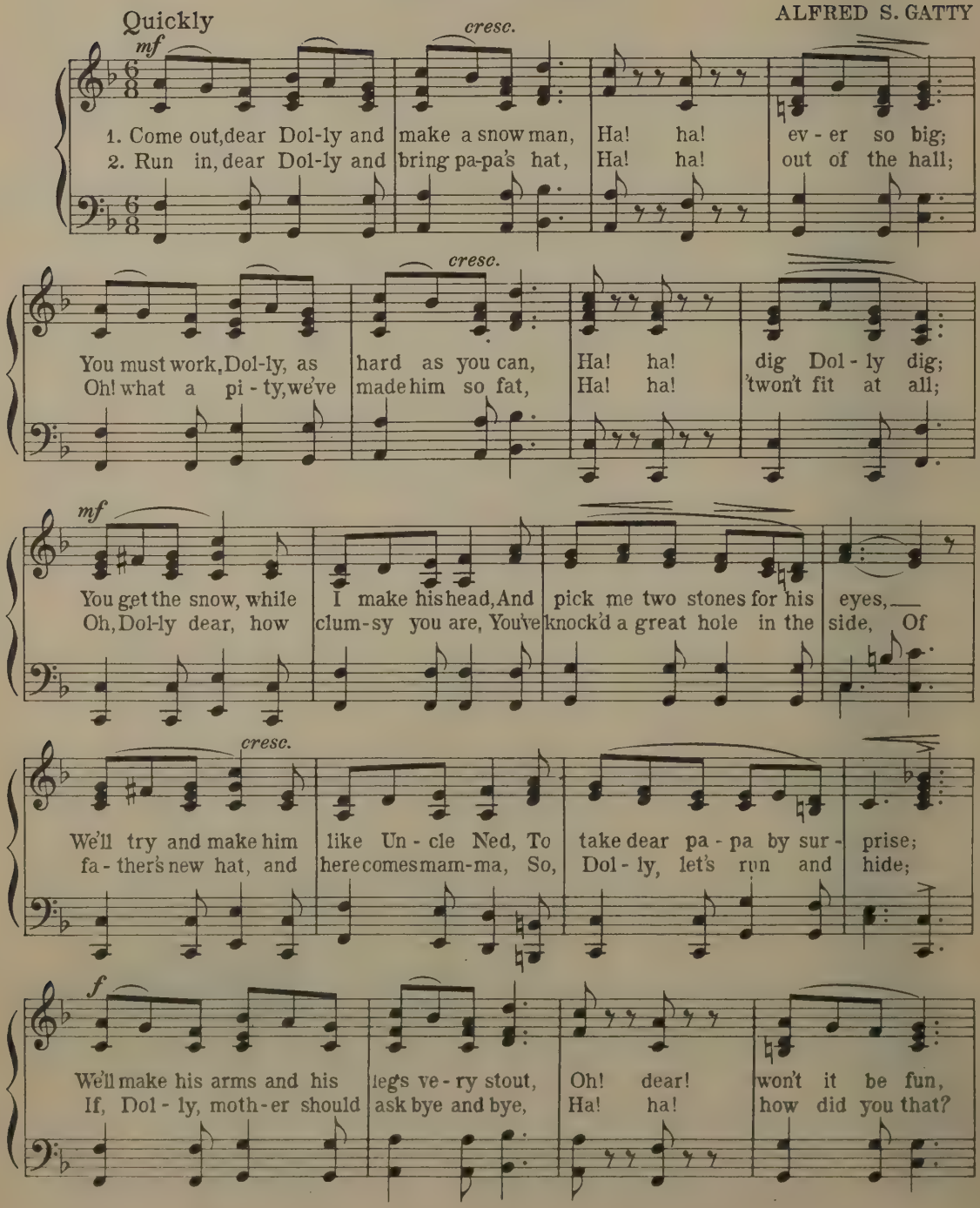
R. PLANQUETTE

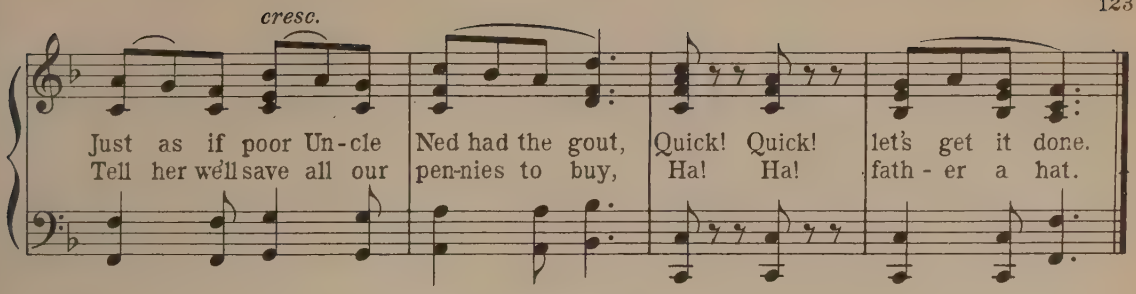

Lively
p
1. Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, lis - ten to the bell, Mer - ri - ly it's ring - ing
o - ver hill and dell; Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, lis - ten to the bell, It is
cresc.
sound - ing joy and love as well!
rit.
a tempo
*)
Ding,
dong, ding, dong,
ding, dong, ding, ding, dong, bell.
rit.

*) The children can hum softly from here to the end.

The Snow Man

ALFRED S. GATTY

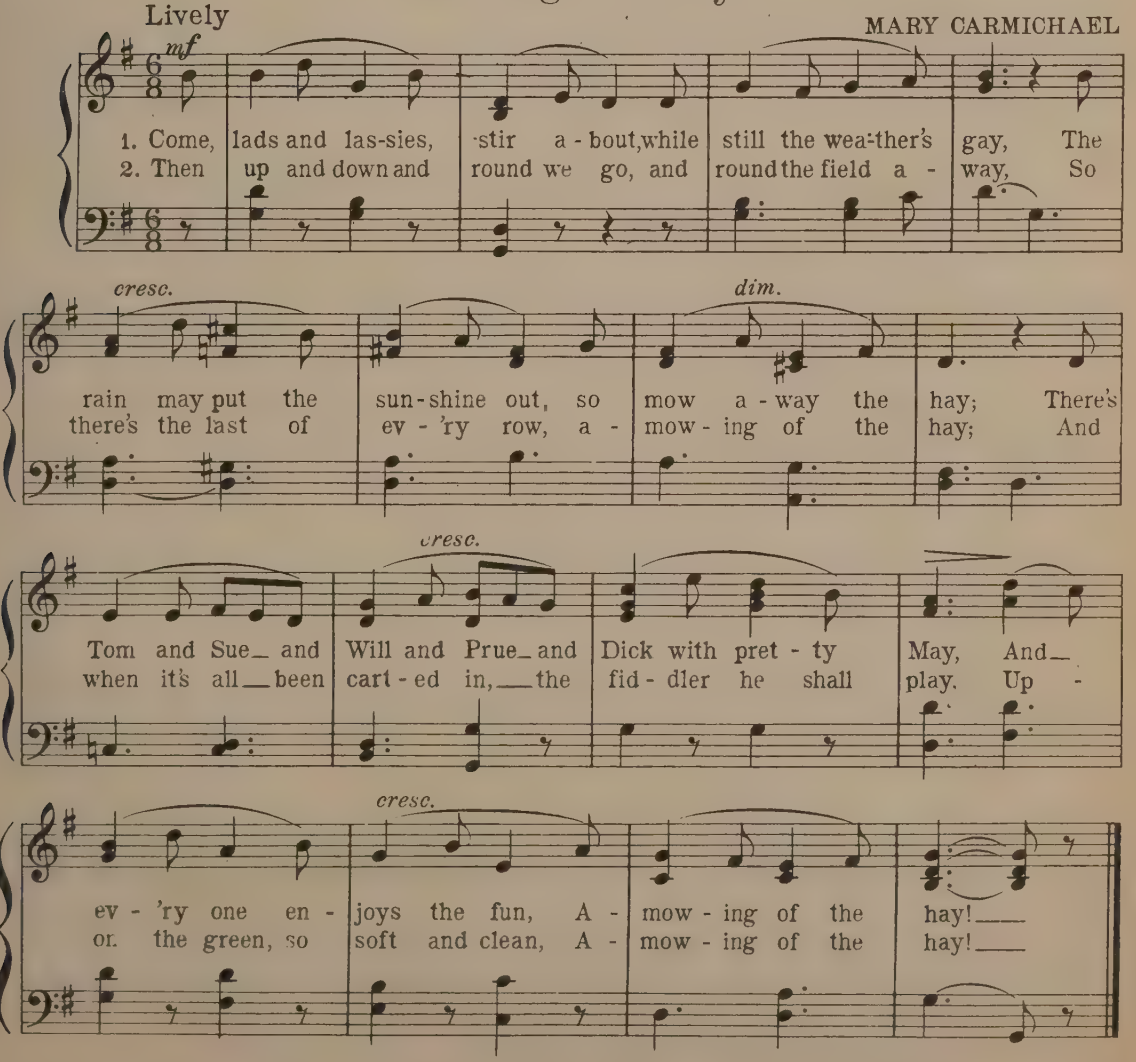

Quickly
mf
cresc.
1. Come out, dear Dol-ly and make a snow man, Ha! ha! ev - er so big;
2. Run in, dear Dol-ly and bring pa-pa's hat, Ha! ha! out of the hall;
cresc.
You must work, Dol-ly, as hard as you can, Ha! ha! dig Dol - ly dig;
Oh! what a pi - ty, we've made him so fat, Ha! ha! 'twon't fit at all;
mf
You get the snow, while I make his head, And pick me two stones for his eyes,
Oh, Dol-ly dear, how clum-sy you are, You've knock'd a great hole in the side, Of
cresc.
We'll try and make him like Un - cle Ned, To take dear pa - pa by sur - prise;
fa - ther's new hat, and here comes mam-ma, So, Dol - ly, let's run and hide;
f
We'll make his arms and his legs ve - ry stout, Oh! dear! won't it be fun,
If, Dol - ly, moth - er should ask bye and bye, Ha! ha! how did you that?


cresc.
Just as if poor Un-cle Ned had the gout, Quick! Quick! let's get it done.
Tell her we'll save all our pen-nies to buy, Ha! Ha! fath-er a hat.

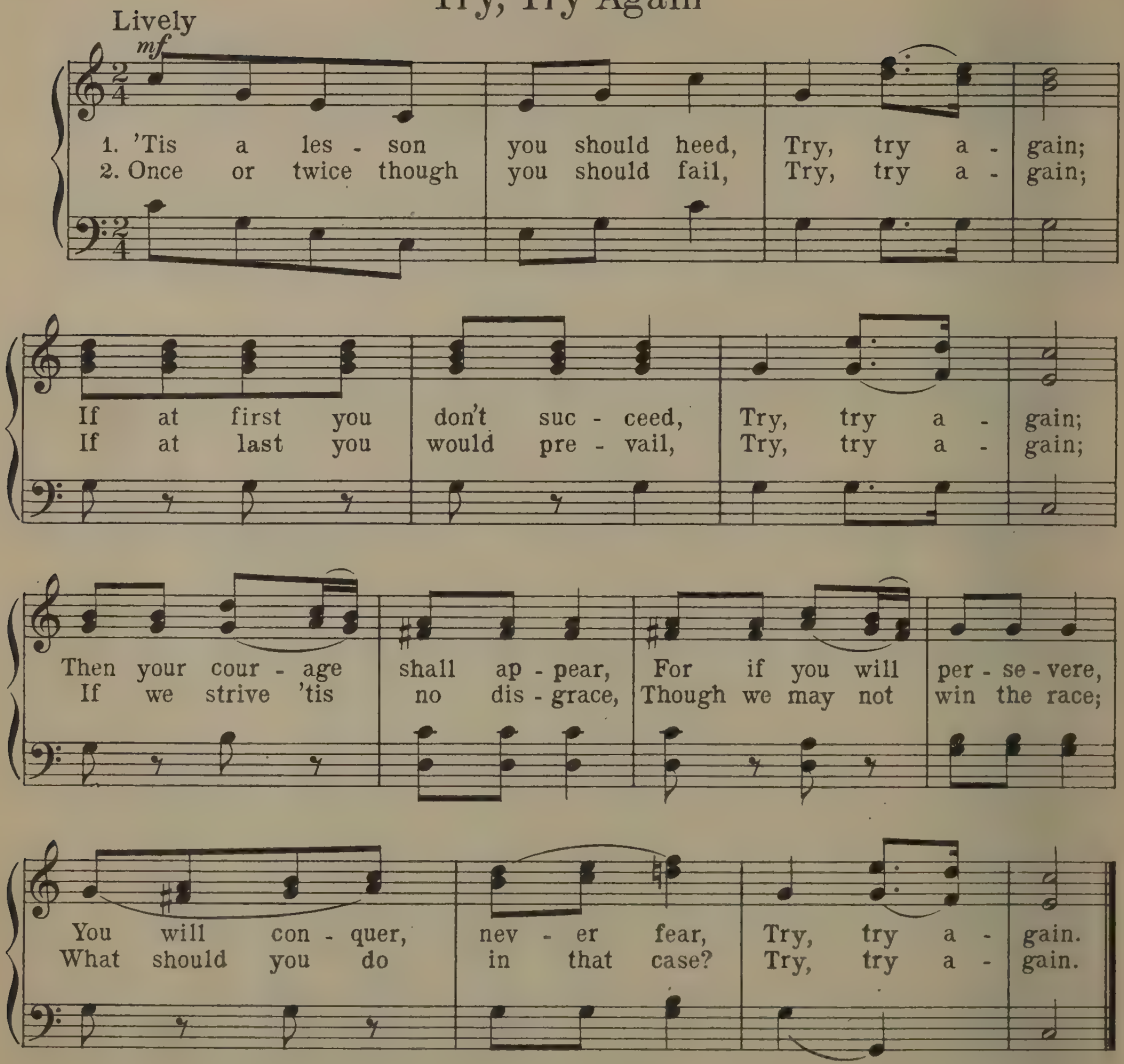
Mowing The Hay

Lively

MARY CARMICHAEL

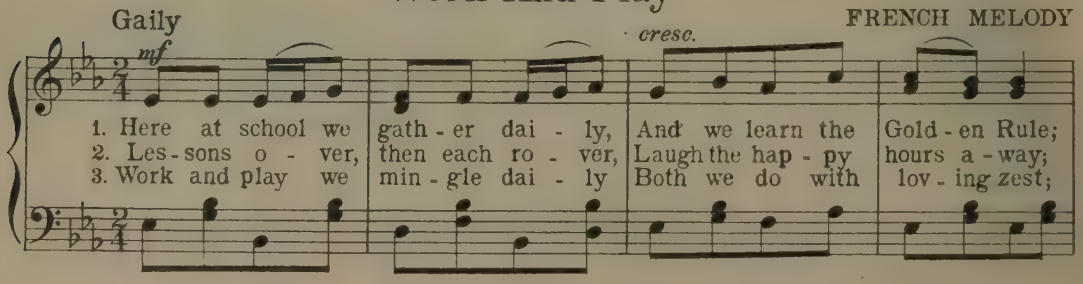

mf
1. Come, lads and las-sies, stir a-bout, while still the wea-ther's gay, The
2. Then up and down and round we go, and round the field a-way, So
cresc.
dim.
rain may put the sun-shine out, so mow a-way the hay; There's
there's the last of ev-'ry row, a-mow-ing of the hay; And
cresc.
Tom and Sue and Will and Prue and Dick with pret-ty May, And
when it's all been cart-ed in, the fid-dler he shall play. Up-
cresc.
ev-'ry one en-joys the fun, A-mow-ing of the hay!
or the green, so soft and clean, A-mow-ing of the hay!

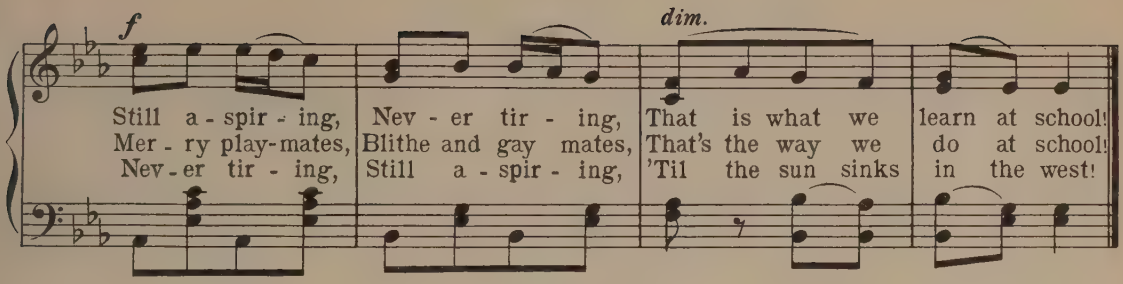
Try, Try Again


Lively
mf
1. 'Tis a les - son you should heed, Try, try a - gain;
2. Once or twice though you should fail, Try, try a - gain;
If at first you don't suc - ceed, Try, try a - gain;
If at last you would pre - vail, Try, try a - gain;
Then your cour - age shall ap - pear, For if you will per - se - vere,
If we strive 'tis no dis - grace, Though we may not win the race;
You will con - quer, nev - er fear, Try, try a - gain.
What should you do in that case? Try, try a - gain.

Work And Play

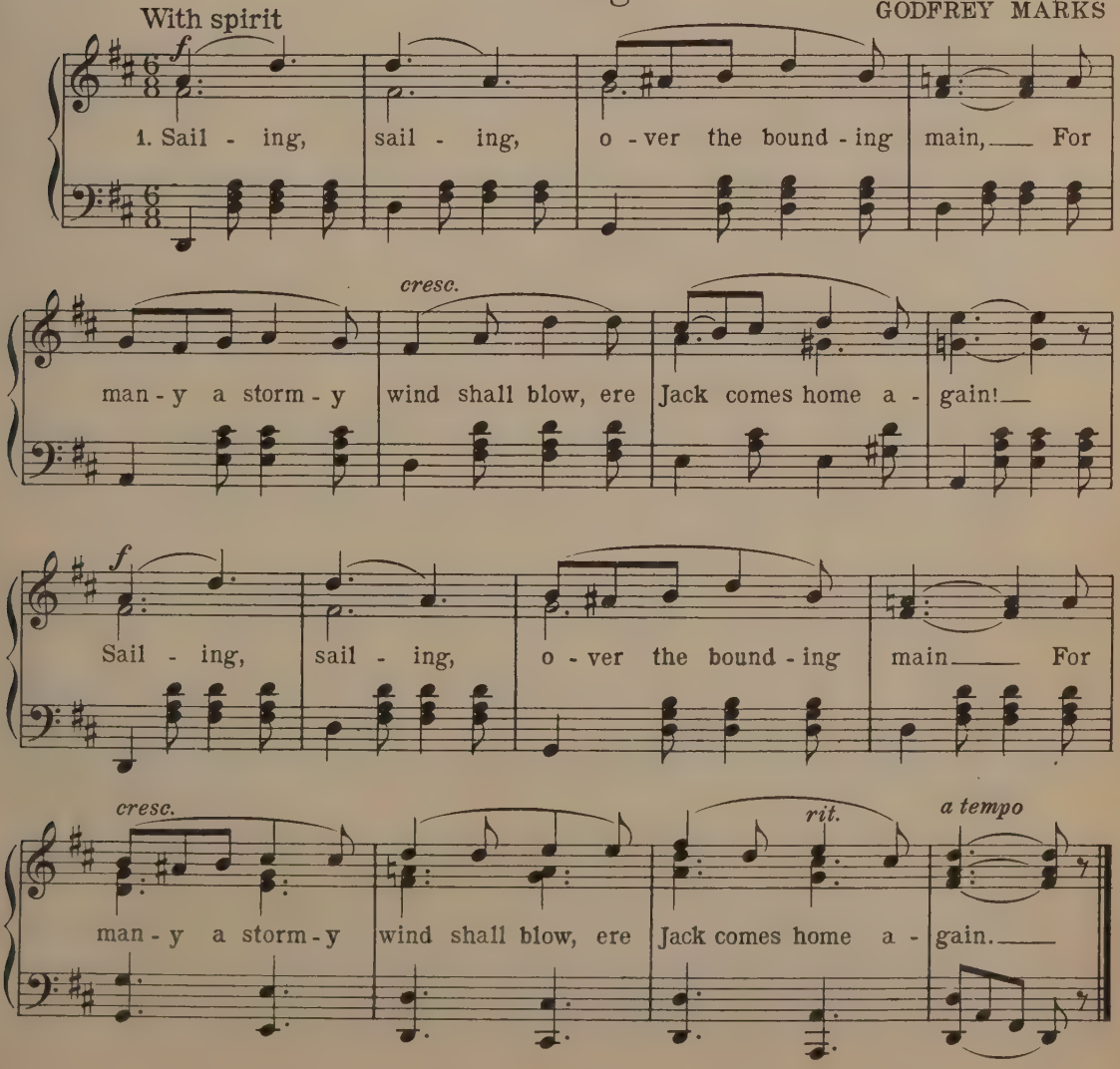
FRENCH MELODY


Gaily
mf
cresc.
1. Here at school we gath - er dai - ly, And we learn the Gold - en Rule;
2. Les - sons o - ver, then each ro - ver, Laugh the hap - py hours a - way;
3. Work and play we min - gle dai - ly Both we do with lov - ing zest;


f
dim.
Still a - spir - ing, Nev - er tir - ing, That is what we learn at school!
Mer - ry play-mates, Blithe and gay mates, That's the way we do at school!
Nev - er tir - ing, Still a - spir - ing, 'Til the sun sinks in the west!

Sailing

GODFREY MARKS

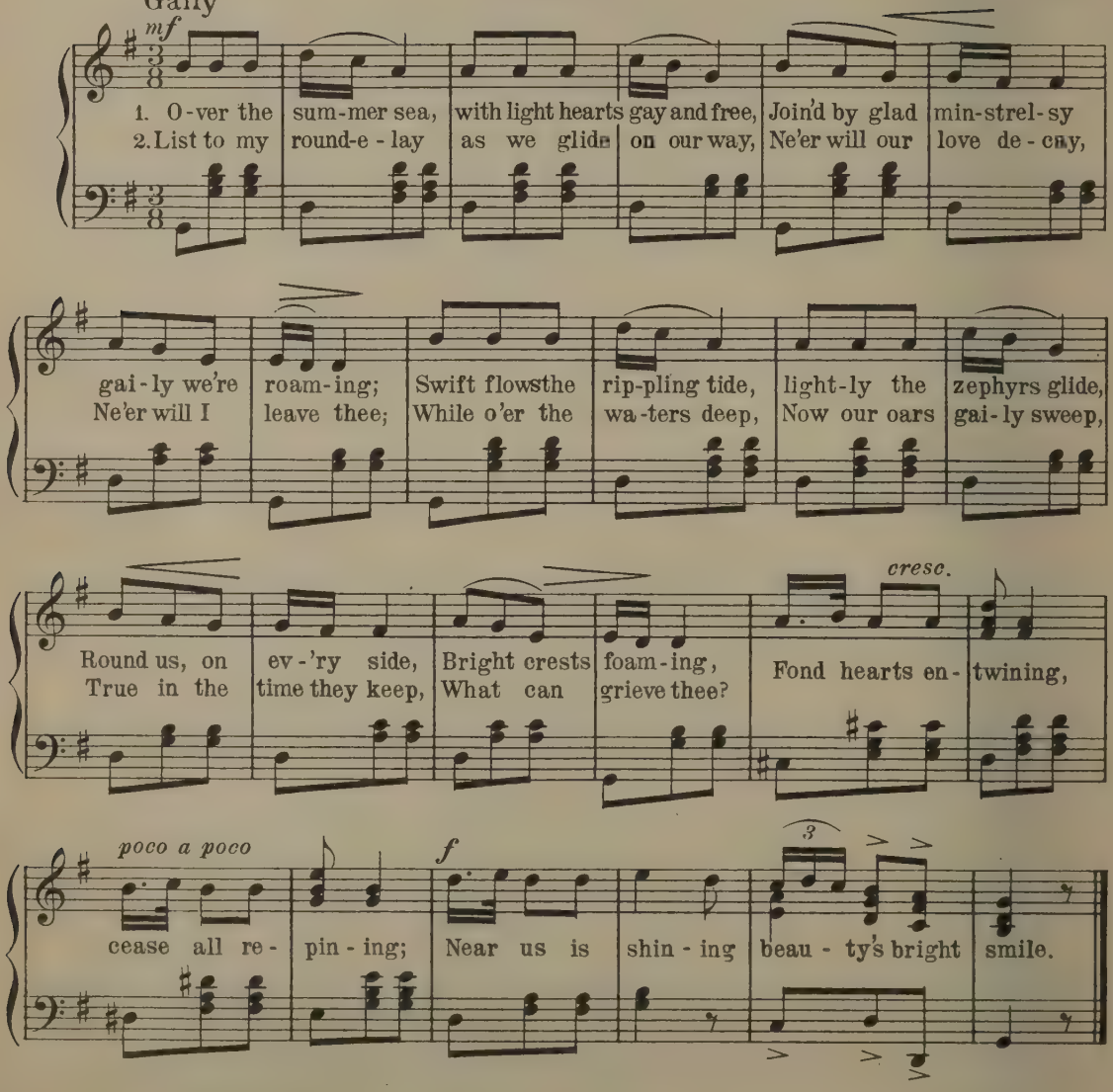

With spirit
f
1. Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound - ing main, For
cresc.
man - y a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain!
f
Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bound - ing main For
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
man - y a storm - y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain.

Words Adapted

Over the Summer Sea

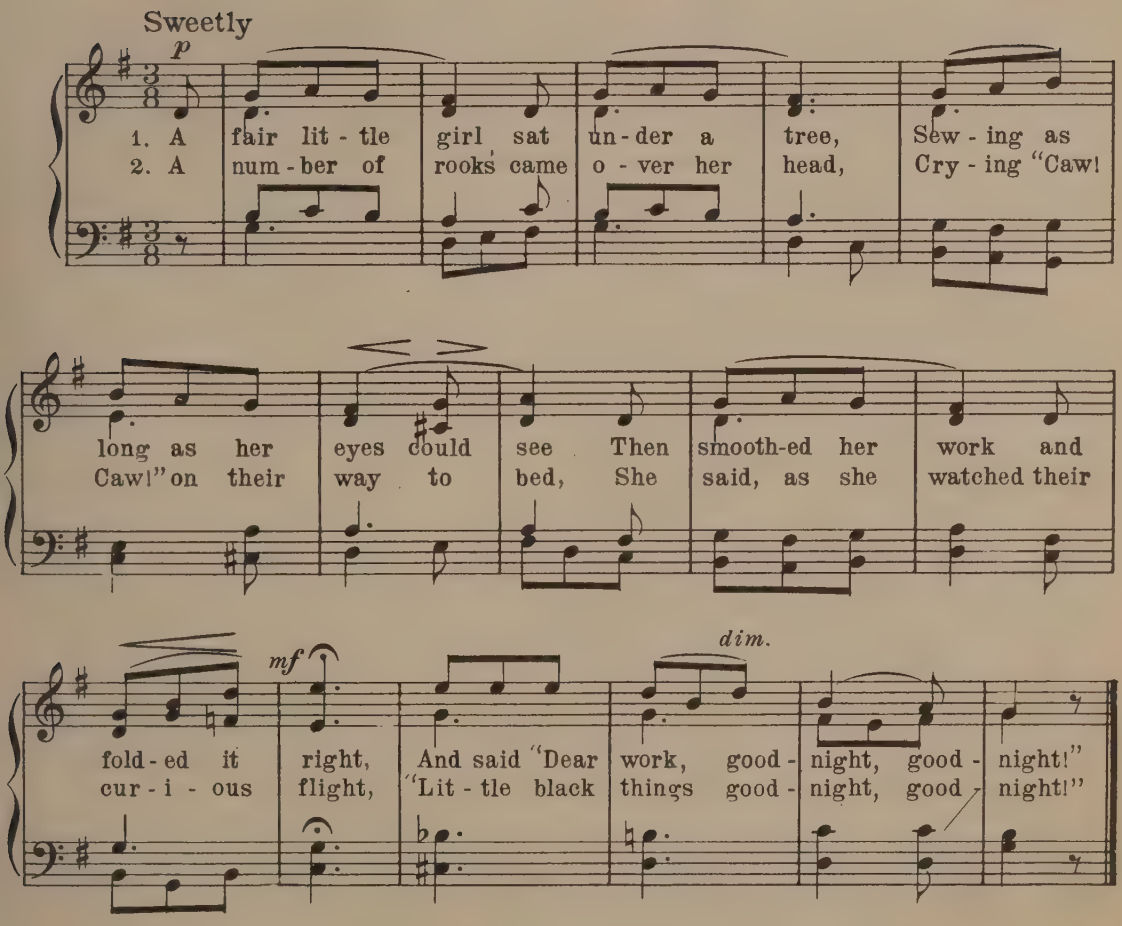
(Rigoletto)

G. VERDI


Gaily
mf
1. O-ver the sum-mer sea, with light hearts gay and free, Join'd by glad min-strel-sy
2. List to my round-e-lay as we glide on our way, Ne'er will our love de-cay,
gai-ly we're roam-ing; Swift flowsthe rip-pling tide, light-ly the zephyrs glide,
Ne'er will I leave thee; While o'er the wa-ters deep, Now our oars gai-ly sweep,
cresc.
Round us, on ev-'ry side, Bright crests foam-ing, Fond hearts en-twining,
True in the time they keep, What can grieve thee?
poco a poco
f
3
cease all re-pin-ing; Near us is shin-ing beau-ty's bright smile.

Hark, there's a bird on high, far in yon azure sky,
Flinging sweet melody, each heart to gladden;
And its song seems to say, banish all care away;
Never let sorrow stay, brief joys to sadden.
Fond hearts entwining, cease all repining;
Near us is shining beauty's bright smile.

Good - Night and Good - Morning


Sweetly
p
1. A fair lit - tle girl sat un - der a tree, Sew - ing as
2. A num - ber of rooks came o - ver her head, Cry - ing "Caw!
long as her eyes could see Then smooth-ed her work and
Caw!" on their way to bed, She said, as she watched their
mf
dim.
fold - ed it right, And said "Dear work, good - night, good - night!"
cur - i - ous flight, "Lit - tle black things good - night, good - night!"

3. The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed;
The sheep's "Bleat, bleat!" came over the road,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

4. She did not say to the sun "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's own time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

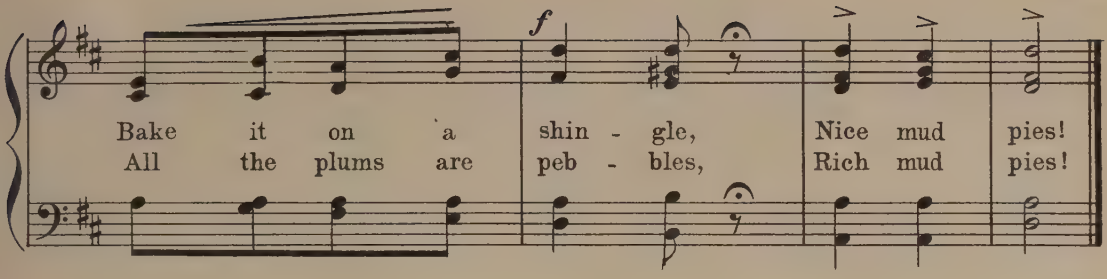
5. The tall, pink Fox-glove bowed his head —
The Violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favourite prayer.

6. And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning, our work is begun."

Mud Pies

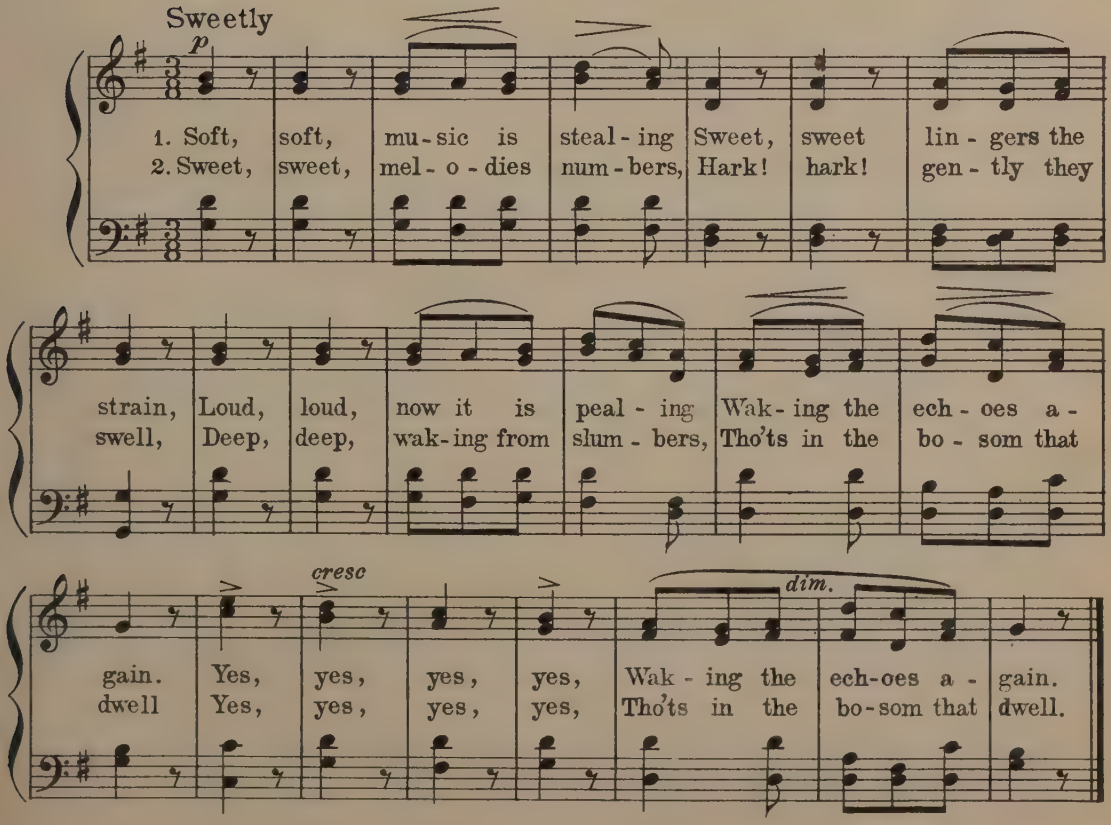
ALFRED S. GATTY

Not too fast
mf
1. Tell me, lit - tle house - wives, play - ing in the sun,
2. Don't you hear the blue - bird, high up in the air?
How man - y min - utes till the cook - ing's done?
"Good morn - ing, lit - tle ones, are you bu - sy there?"
John - ny builds the ov - en, Jen - ny rolls the crust,
Pret - ty Mis - ter Squir - rel, boun - ces down the rail,
Kat - ie buys the flour all of gold - en dust.
Takes a seat and watch - es, curls his bush - y tail.
CHORUS
mf
dim.
Pat it here, pat it there, What a dain - ty size!
'Twirl it so, mark is so, (Look - ing won - drous wise:)



3. Arms that never weary, toiling dimple-deep;
Shut the oven door now, soon we'll take a peep.
Wish we had a shower, think we need it so,
That would make the roadside such a heap of dough.
Turn them in, turn them out; how the morning flies;
Ring the bell for dinner; hot mud pies!

Soft Music Is Stealing

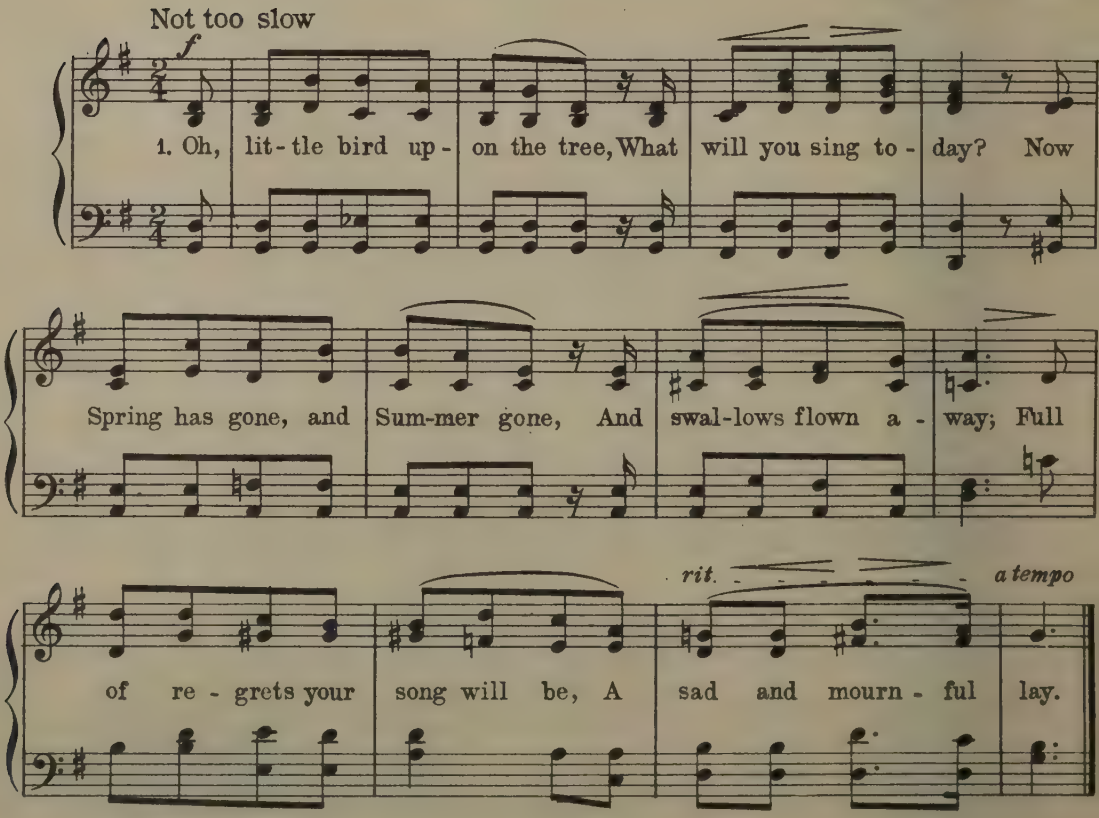

Sweetly
p
1. Soft, soft, mu-sic is steal-ing Sweet, sweet lin-gers the
2. Sweet, sweet, mel-o-dies num-bers, Hark! hark! gen-tly they
strain, Loud, loud, now it is peal-ing Wak-ing the ech-oes a-
swell, Deep, deep, wak-ing from slum-bers, Tho'ts in the bo-som that
cresc
dim.
gain. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Wak-ing the ech-oes a-gain.
dwell Yes, yes, yes, yes, Tho'ts in the bo-som that dwell.

SONGS OF THE MONTHS AND SEASONS

Every season and every month of the year has its special joys and amusements for the children, and therefore each change is gladly greeted and as cheerfully bidden farewell. The songs in this section of our book enable children to give voice to their feelings of pleasure and glee and are offered them in such variety as to cover all periods of the year. The season and month which seem to give them the greatest pleasure - Spring and the month of May - are well represented by songs which are a happy combination of cheerful sentiment and flowing melody.

Autumn Song

ALFRED S. GATTY


Not too slow
f
1. Oh, lit-tle bird up- on the tree, What will you sing to- day? Now
Spring has gone, and Sum-mer gone, And swal-lows flown a- way; Full
rit.
a tempo
of re- grets your song will be, A sad and mourn- ful lay.

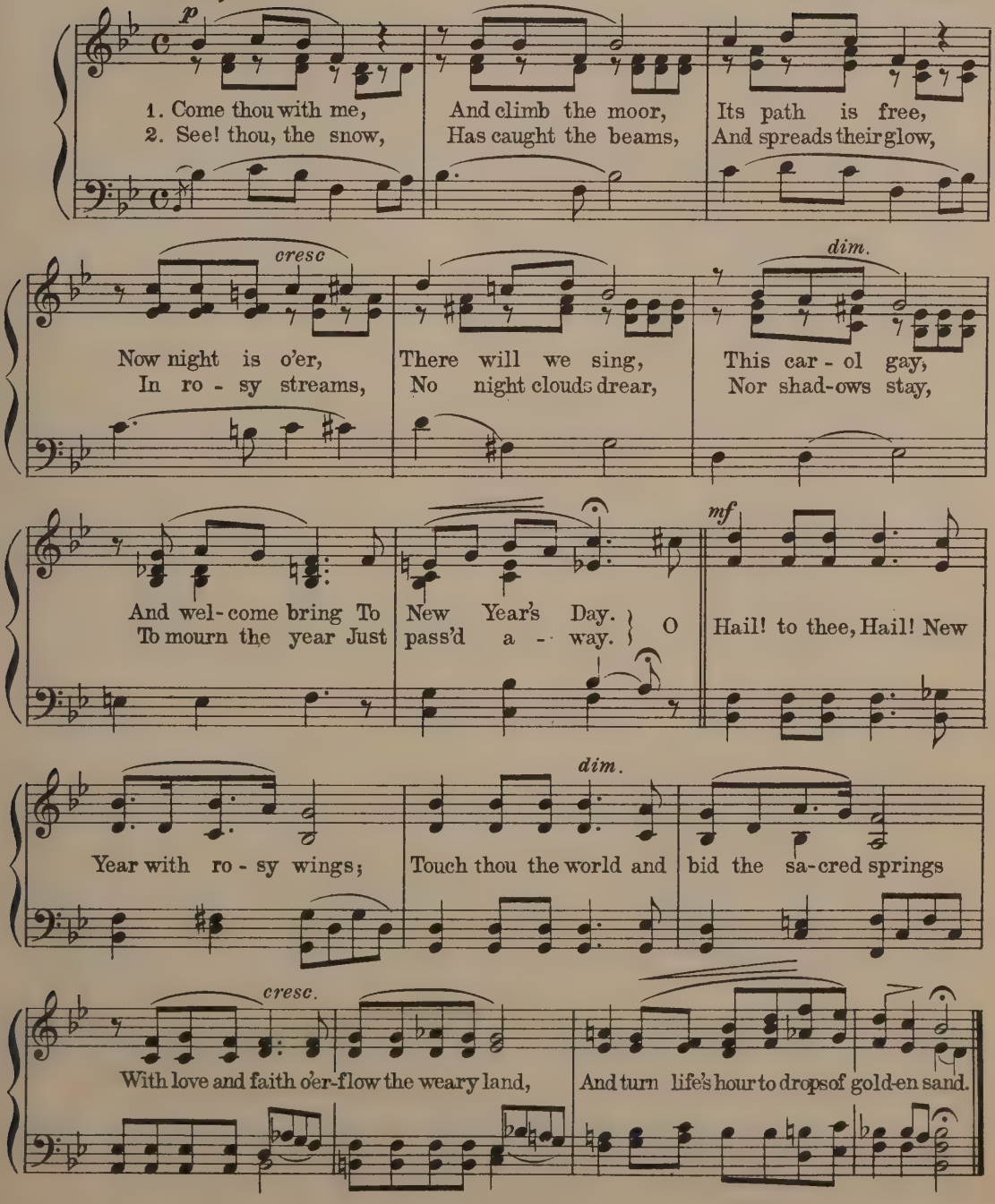
2. That little bird upon the tree
Then sang both loud and clear,
"Tho' Spring has gone, and Summer gone,
And Winter draweth near,
I sing of hope - for well I know,
They'll all come back next year."

3. "Tho' Winter is a dreary time,
And cold and frost I dread,
And hard it is when snows lie deep
For birdies to be fed,
I cheer myself with this glad thought,
There's Springtime on ahead."

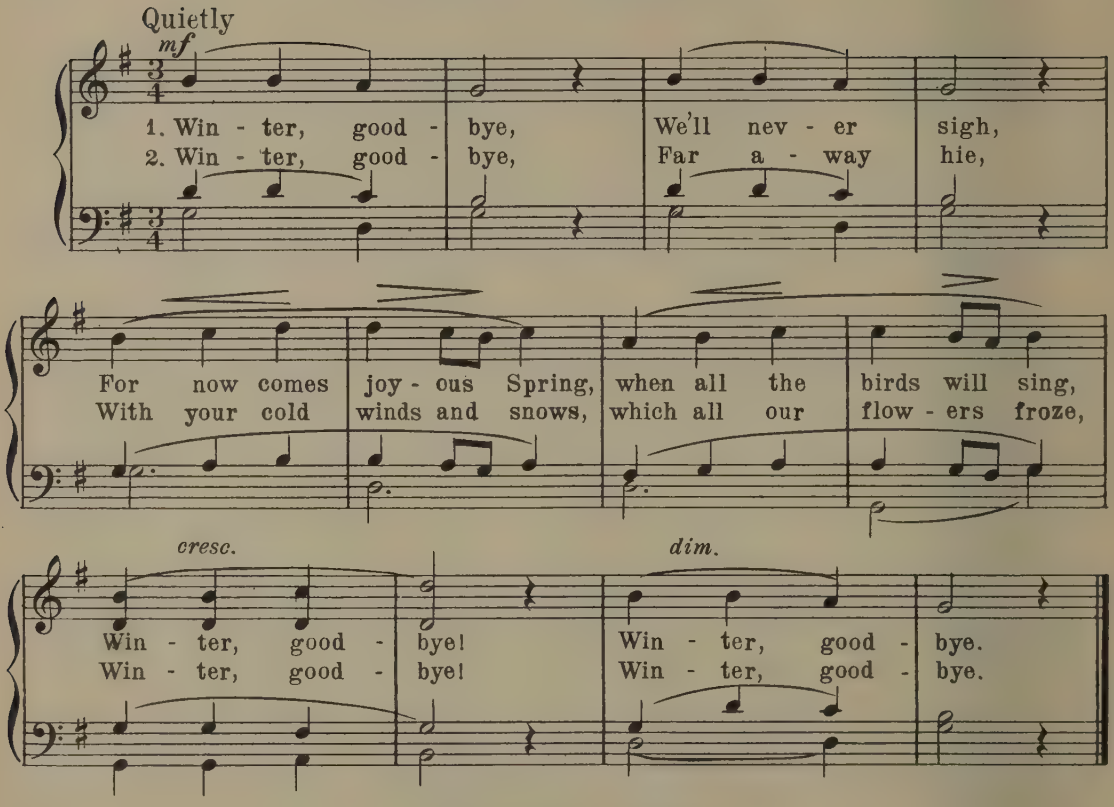
New Year Carol

Slowly

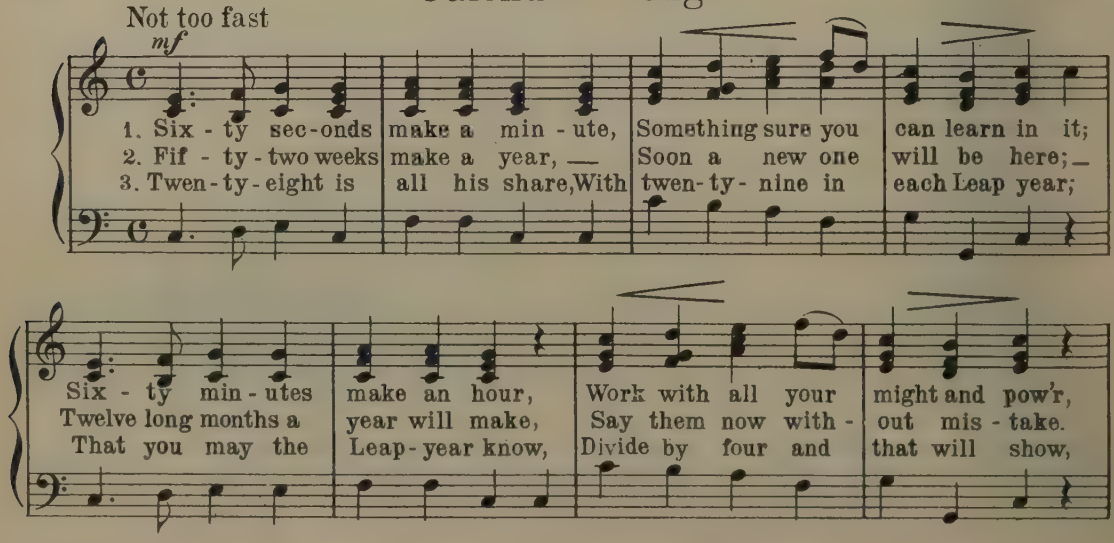
ALFRED S. GATTY

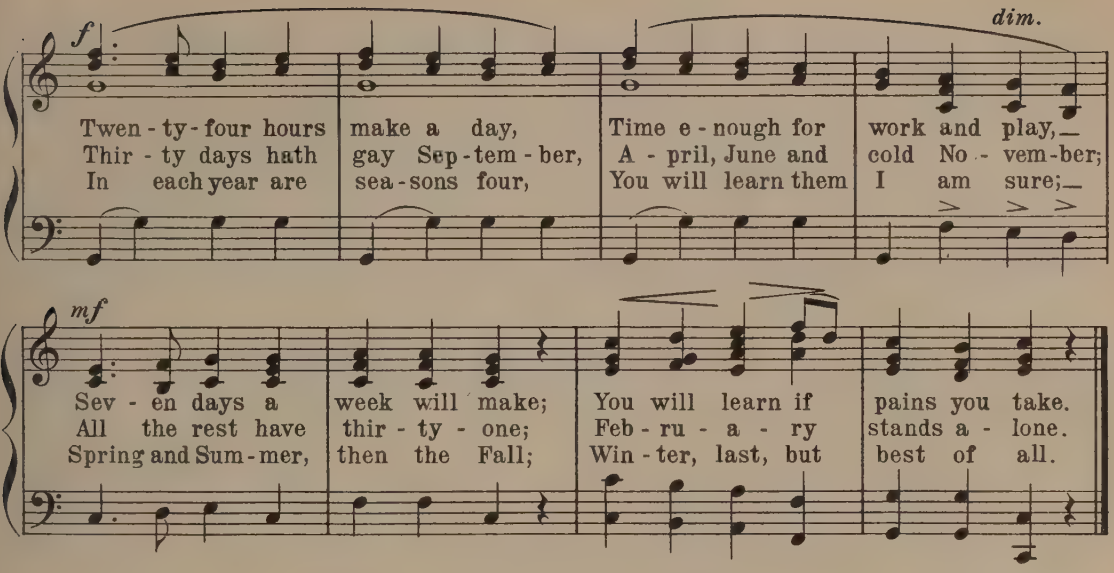

p
1. Come thou with me, And climb the moor, Its path is free,
2. See! thou, the snow, Has caught the beams, And spreads their glow,
cresc
dim.
Now night is o'er, In ro - sy streams, There will we sing, No night clouds drear, This car - ol gay, Nor shad-ows stay,
mf
And wel-come bring To mourn the year Just New Year's Day. pass'd a - way. O Hail! to thee, Hail! New
dim.
Year with ro - sy wings; Touch thou the world and bid the sa-cred springs
cresc.
With love and faith o'er-flow the weary land, And turn life's hour to drops of gold-en sand.

Winter, Goodbye!


Quietly
mf
1. Win - ter, good - bye, We'll nev - er sigh,
2. Win - ter, good - bye, Far a - way hie,
For now comes joy - ous Spring, when all the birds will sing,
With your cold winds and snows, which all our flow - ers froze,
cresc.
dim.
Win - ter, good - bye! Win - ter, good - bye.
Win - ter, good - bye! Win - ter, good - bye.

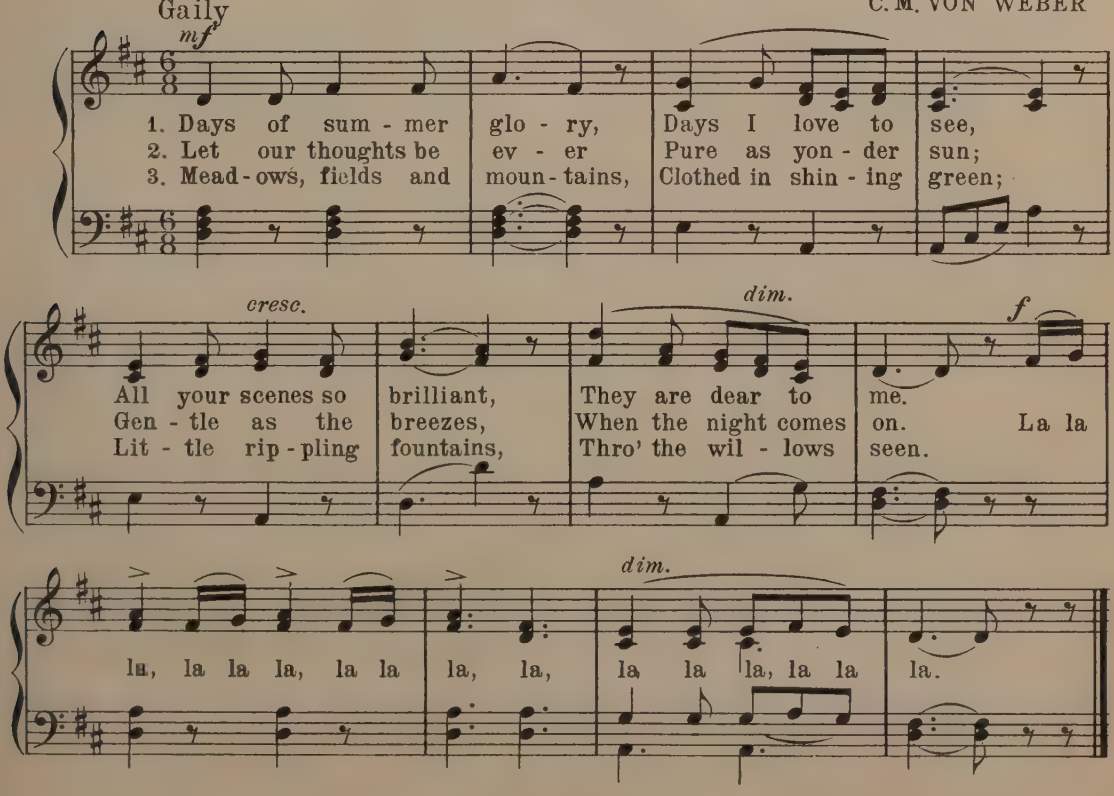
Calendar Song


Not too fast
mf
1. Six - ty sec-onds make a min - ute, Something sure you can learn in it;
2. Fif - ty - two weeks make a year, — Soon a new one will be here; —
3. Twen-ty-eight is all his share, With twen-ty- nine in each Leap year;
Six - ty min - utes make an hour, Work with all your might and pow'r,
Twelve long months a year will make, Say them now with - out mis - take.
That you may the Leap-year know, Divide by four and that will show,


f
dim.
Twen - ty - four hours make a day, Time e - nough for work and play,
Thir - ty days hath gay Sep - tem - ber, A - pril, June and cold No - vem - ber;
In each year are sea - sons four, You will learn them I am sure;
mf
Sev - en days a week will make; You will learn if pains you take.
All the rest have thir - ty - one; Feb - ru - a - ry stands a - lone.
Spring and Sum - mer, then the Fall; Win - ter, last, but best of all.

Days of Summer Glory

C. M. VON WEBER


Gaily
mf
1. Days of sum - mer glo - ry, Days I love to see,
2. Let our thoughts be ev - er Pure as yon - der sun;
3. Mead - ows, fields and moun - tains, Clothed in shin - ing green;
cresc.
dim.
f
All your scenes so brilliant, They are dear to me.
Gen - tle as the breezes, When the night comes on. La la
Lit - tle rip - pling fountains, Thro' the wil - lows seen.
dim.
lu, la la la, la la la, la, la la la, la la la.

Summer is Coming!

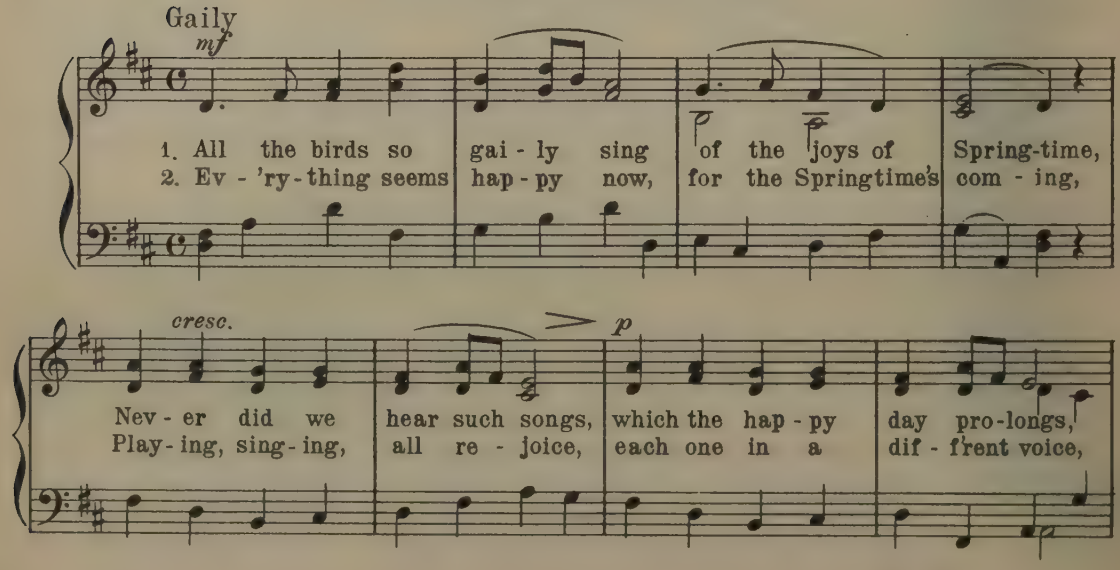
ALFRED S. GATTY

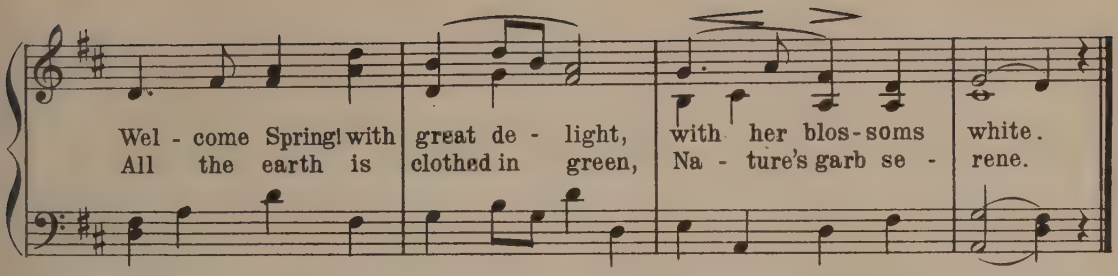
Expressively
mf
1. No more frosts and no more snows! No more chil-blains on one's toes.
2. How I love you, mud-dy lane! How I love you, dirt and rain!
cresc.
dim.
No more red ends to one's nose, for Sum - mer is com - ing!
Oh! for one good splash a - gain, but Sum - mer is com - ing!

3. Sad regrets within me rise,
Tears gush out from both my eyes,
Thinking of you, sweet mud pies!
But Summer is coming.

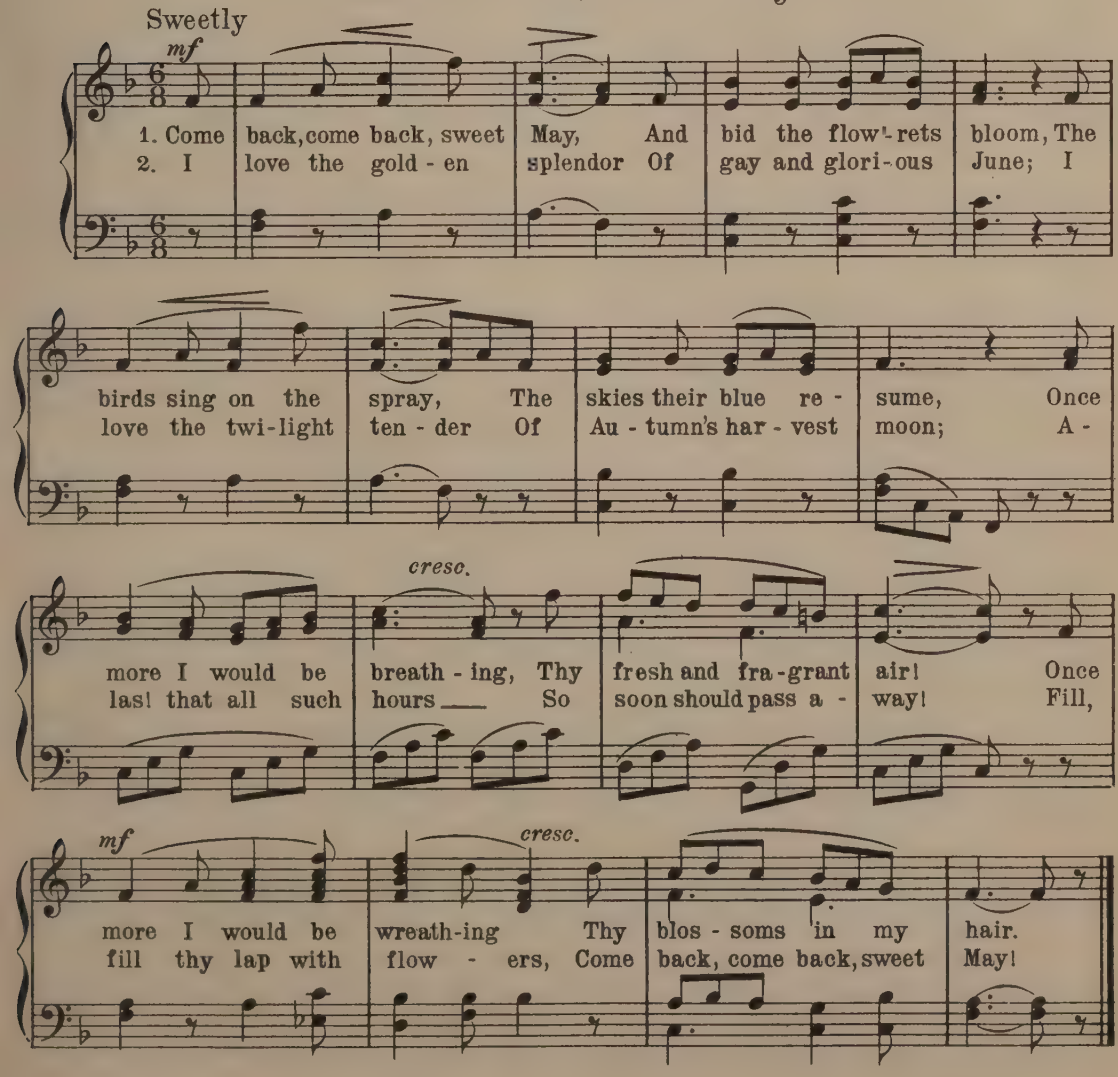
4. Endless trials I've gone through,
Scourings - scoldings - smackings too,
All for love, dear friends, of you,
Yet Summer is coming!

Welcome To Spring

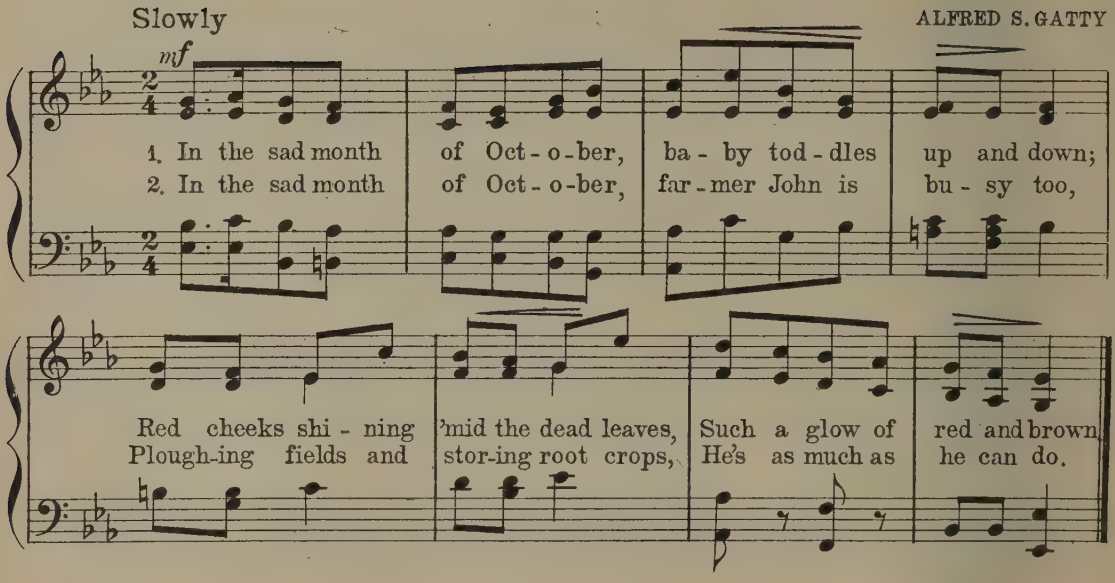

Gaily
mf
1. All the birds so gai - ly sing of the joys of Spring-time,
2. Ev - 'ry - thing seems hap - py now, for the Springtime's com - ing,
cresc.
p
Nev - er did we hear such songs, which the hap - py day pro-longs,
Play - ing, sing - ing, all re - joice, each one in a dif - f'rent voice,



Come Back, Sweet May


Sweetly
mf
1. Come back, come back, sweet May, And bid the flow'-rets bloom, The
2. I love the gold - en splendor Of gay and glori - ous June; I
birds sing on the spray, The skies their blue re - sume, Once
love the twi-light ten - der Of Au - tumn's har - vest moon; A -
cresc.
more I would be breath - ing, Thy fresh and fra - grant air! Once
las! that all such hours So soon should pass a - way! Fill,
mf
cresc.
more I would be wreath-ing Thy blos - soms in my hair.
fill thy lap with flow - ers, Come back, come back, sweet May!

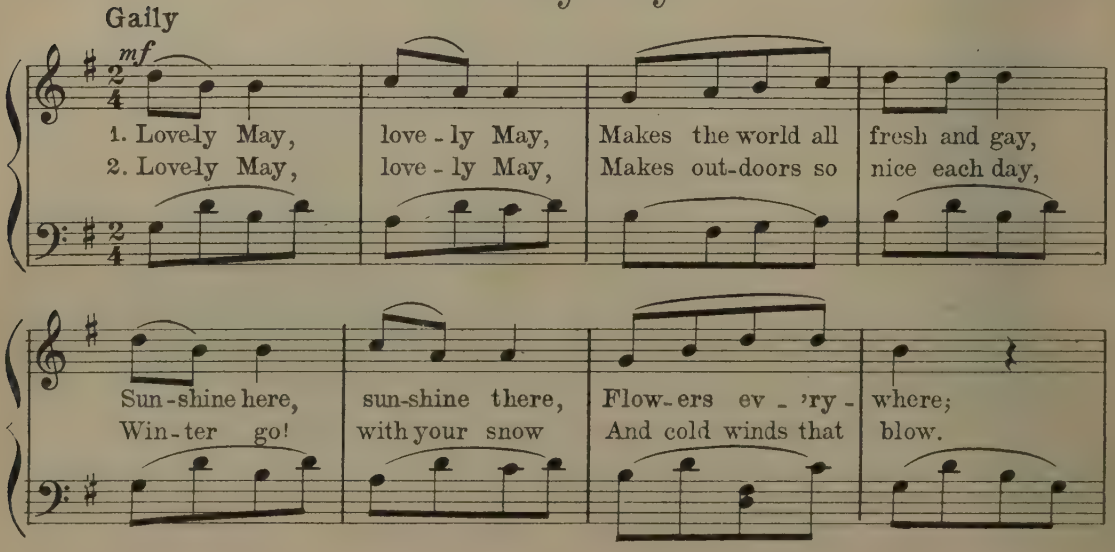
October Song

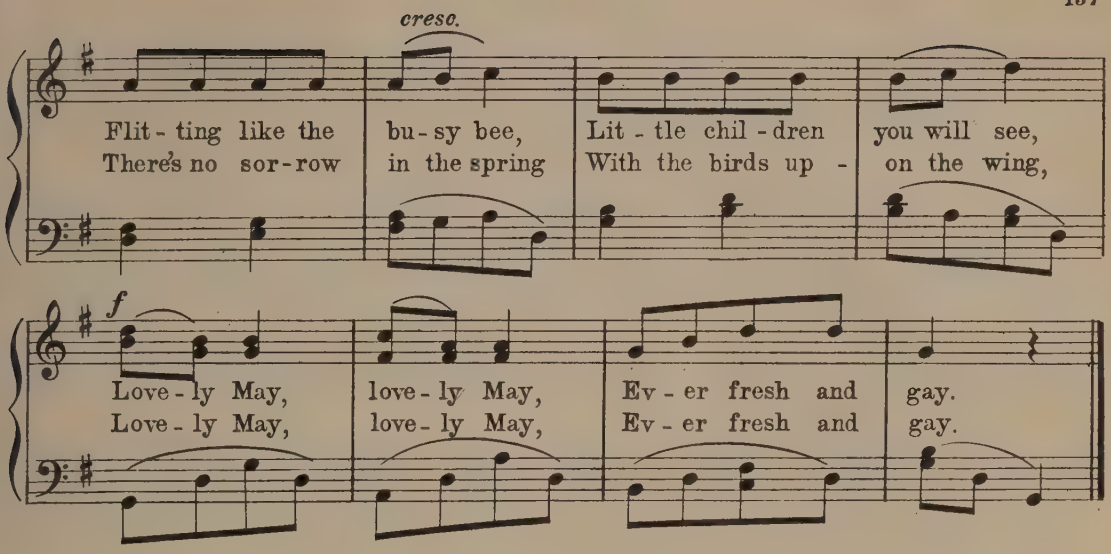

Slowly
ALFRED S. GATTY
mf
1. In the sad month of Oct - o - ber, ba - by tod - dles up and down;
2. In the sad month of Oct - o - ber, far - mer John is bu - sy too,
Red cheeks shi - ning 'mid the dead leaves, Such a glow of red and brown,
Plough-ing fields and stor-ing root crops, He's as much as he can do.

3. In the sad month of October,
Gard'ners quite go off their heads,
What with planting bulbs for Springtime,
And with digging o'er the bed.

4. In the sad month of October,
Robin hopping up and down,
Red breast shining 'mid the dead leaves,
Such a glow of red and brown.

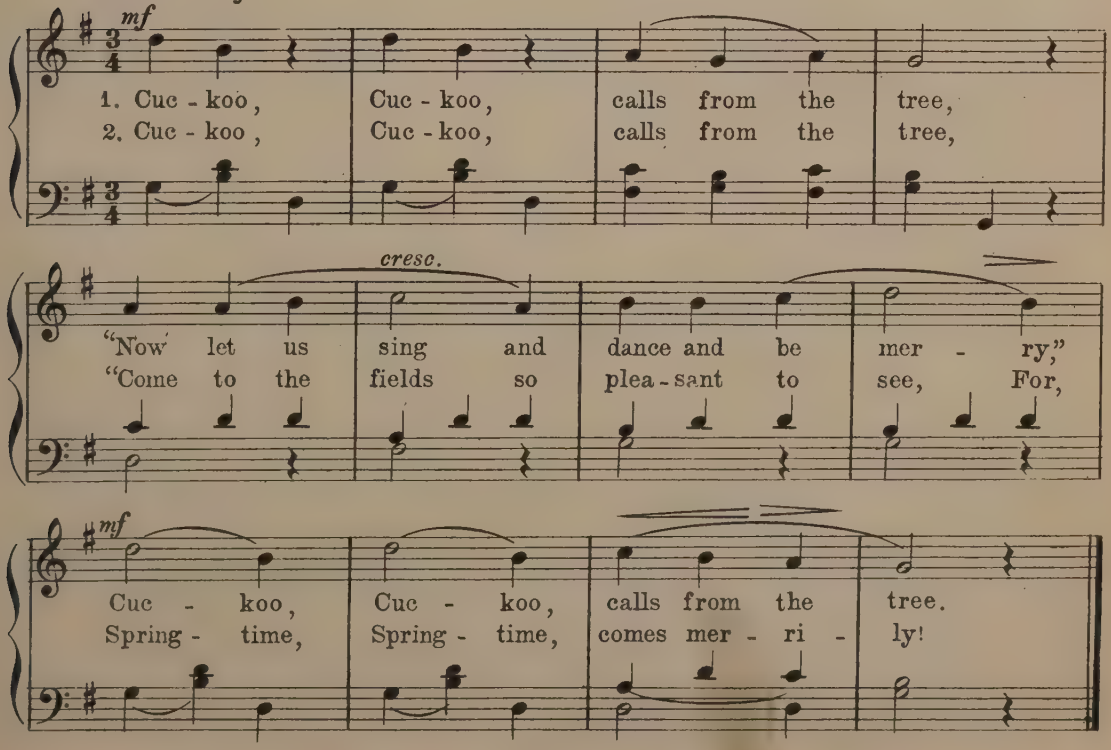
Lovely May


Gaily
mf
1. Lovely May, love - ly May, Makes the world all fresh and gay,
2. Lovely May, love - ly May, Makes out-doors so nice each day,
Sun - shine here, sun-shine there, Flow - ers ev - 'ry - where;
Win - ter go! with your snow And cold winds that blow.


cresc.
Flit - ting like the bu - sy bee, Lit - tle chil - dren you will see,
There's no sor - row in the spring With the birds up - on the wing,
f
Love - ly May, love - ly May, Ev - er fresh and gay.
Love - ly May, love - ly May, Ev - er fresh and gay.

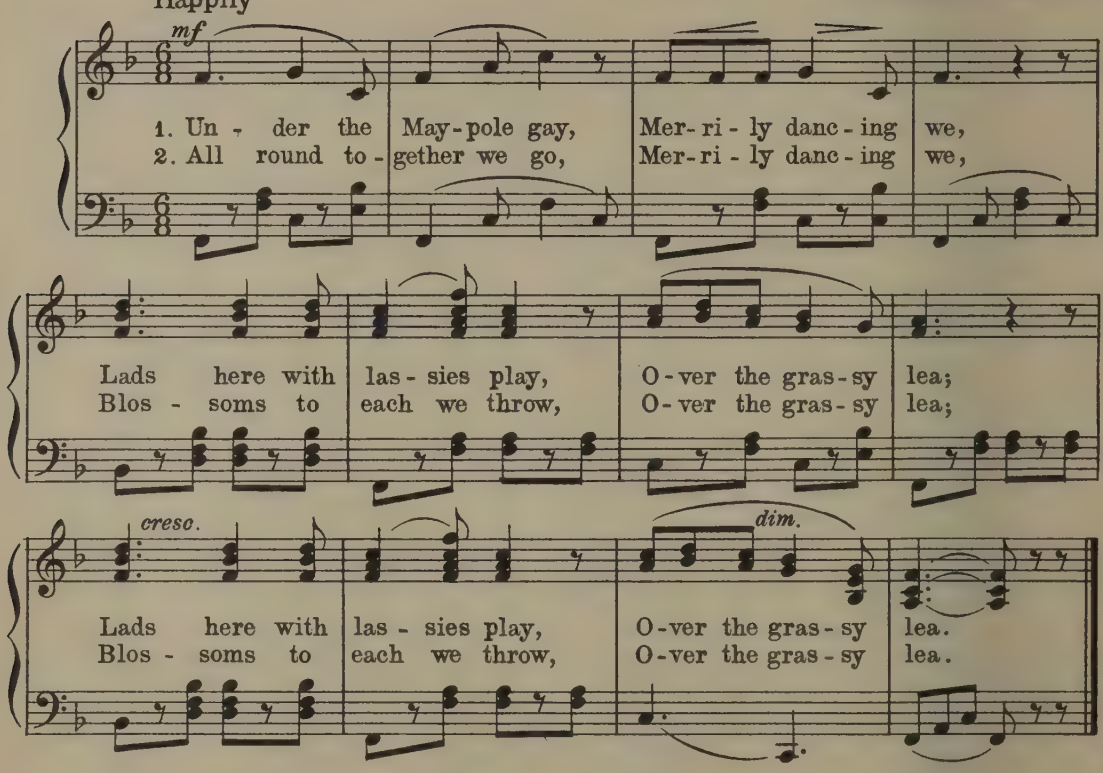
Spring's Message

Cheerfully

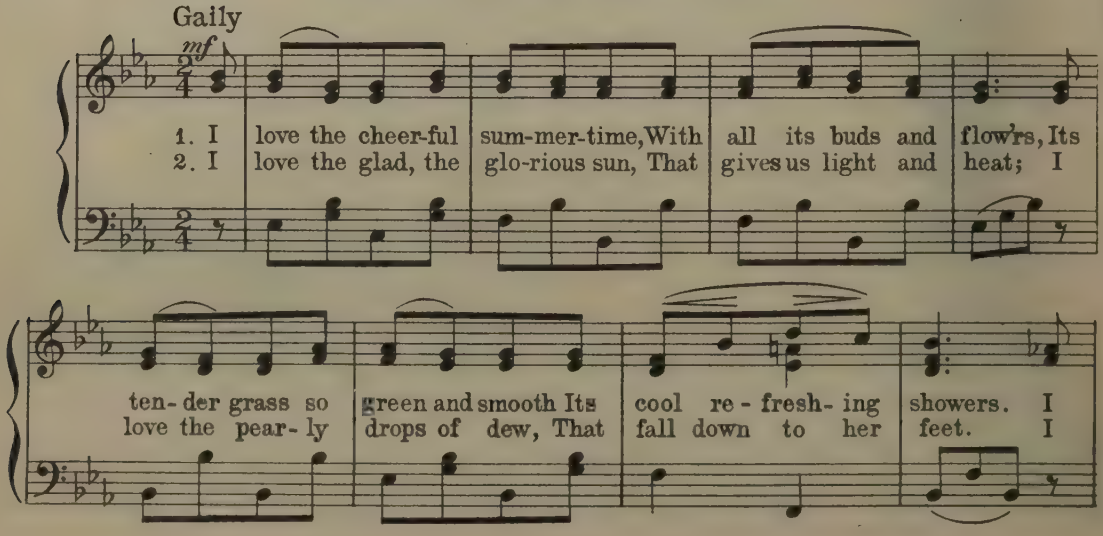

mf
1. Cuc - koo, Cuc - koo, calls from the tree,
2. Cuc - koo, Cuc - koo, calls from the tree,
cresc.
"Now let us sing and dance and be mer - ry,"
"Come to the fields so plea - sant to see, For,
mf
Cuc - koo, Cuc - koo, calls from the tree.
Spring - time, Spring - time, comes mer - ri - ly!

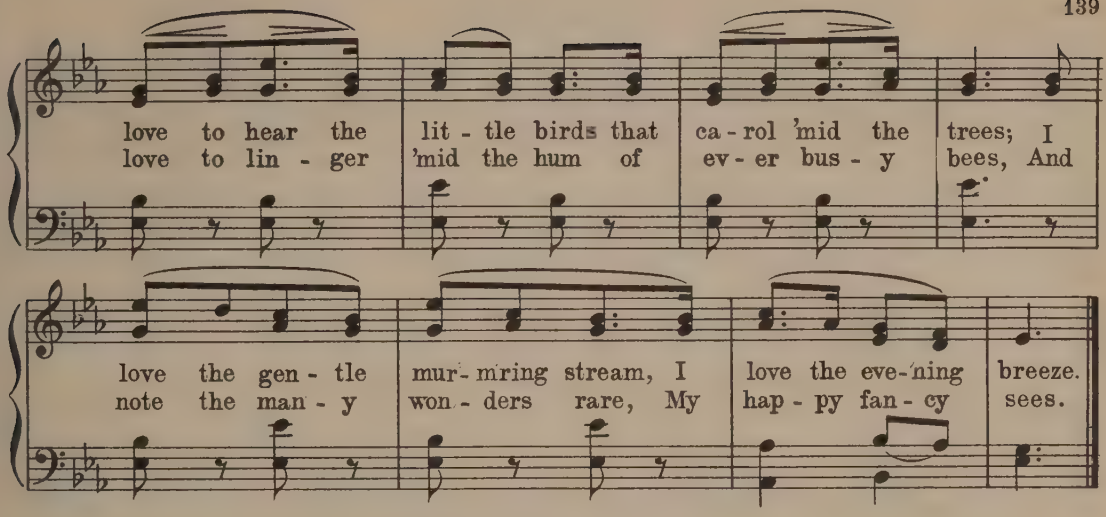
May-Day Song

ALFRED S. GATTY


Happily
mf
1. Un - der the May-pole gay, Mer-ri - ly danc - ing we,
2. All round to - gether we go, Mer-ri - ly danc - ing we,
Lads here with las - sies play, O - ver the gras - sy lea;
Blos - soms to each we throw, O - ver the gras - sy lea;
creso.
dim.
Lads here with las - sies play, O - ver the gras - sy lea.
Blos - soms to each we throw, O - ver the gras - sy lea.

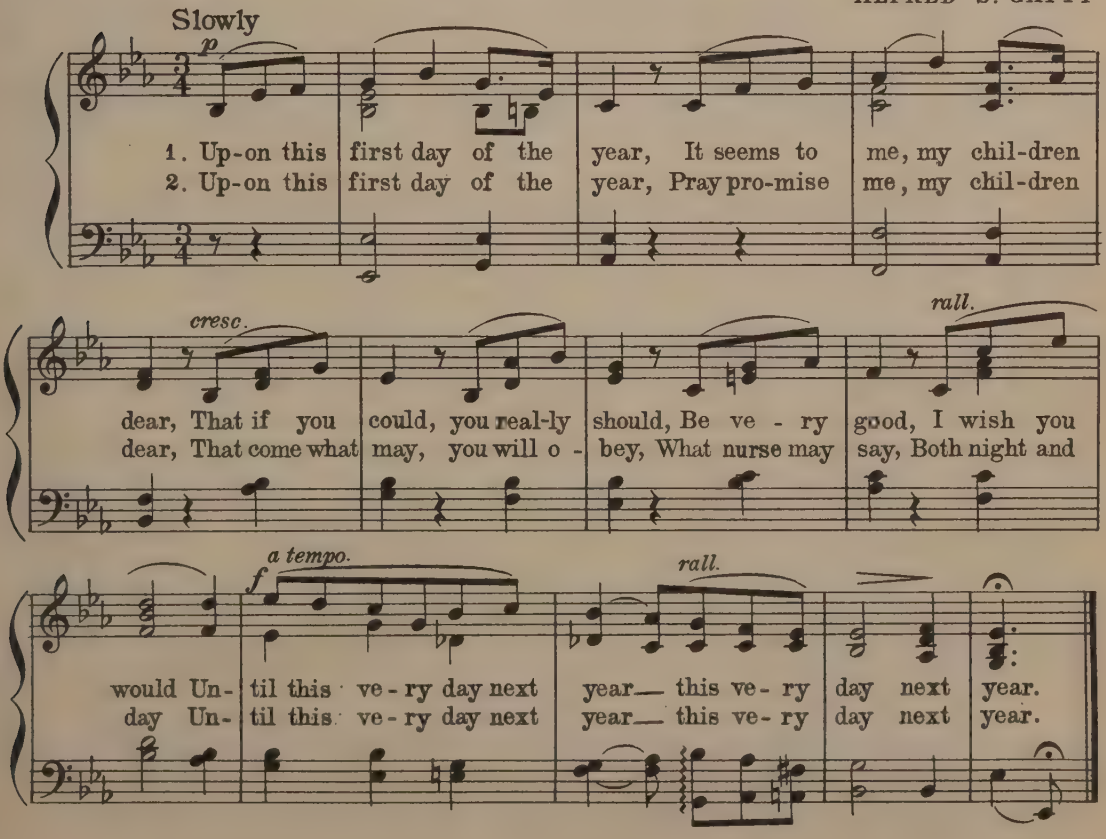
I Love The Summer Time


Gaily
mf
1. I love the cheer-ful sum-mer-time, With all its buds and flow'rs, Its
2. I love the glad, the glo-rious sun, That gives us light and heat; I
ten-der grass so green and smooth Its cool re - fresh - ing showers. I
love the pear - ly drops of dew, That fall down to her feet. I


love to hear the lit - tle birds that ca - rol 'mid the trees; I
love to lin - ger 'mid the hum of ev - er bus - y bees, And
love the gen - tle mur - muring stream, I love the eve - ning breeze.
note the man - y won - ders rare, My hap - py fan - cy sees.

New Year Song

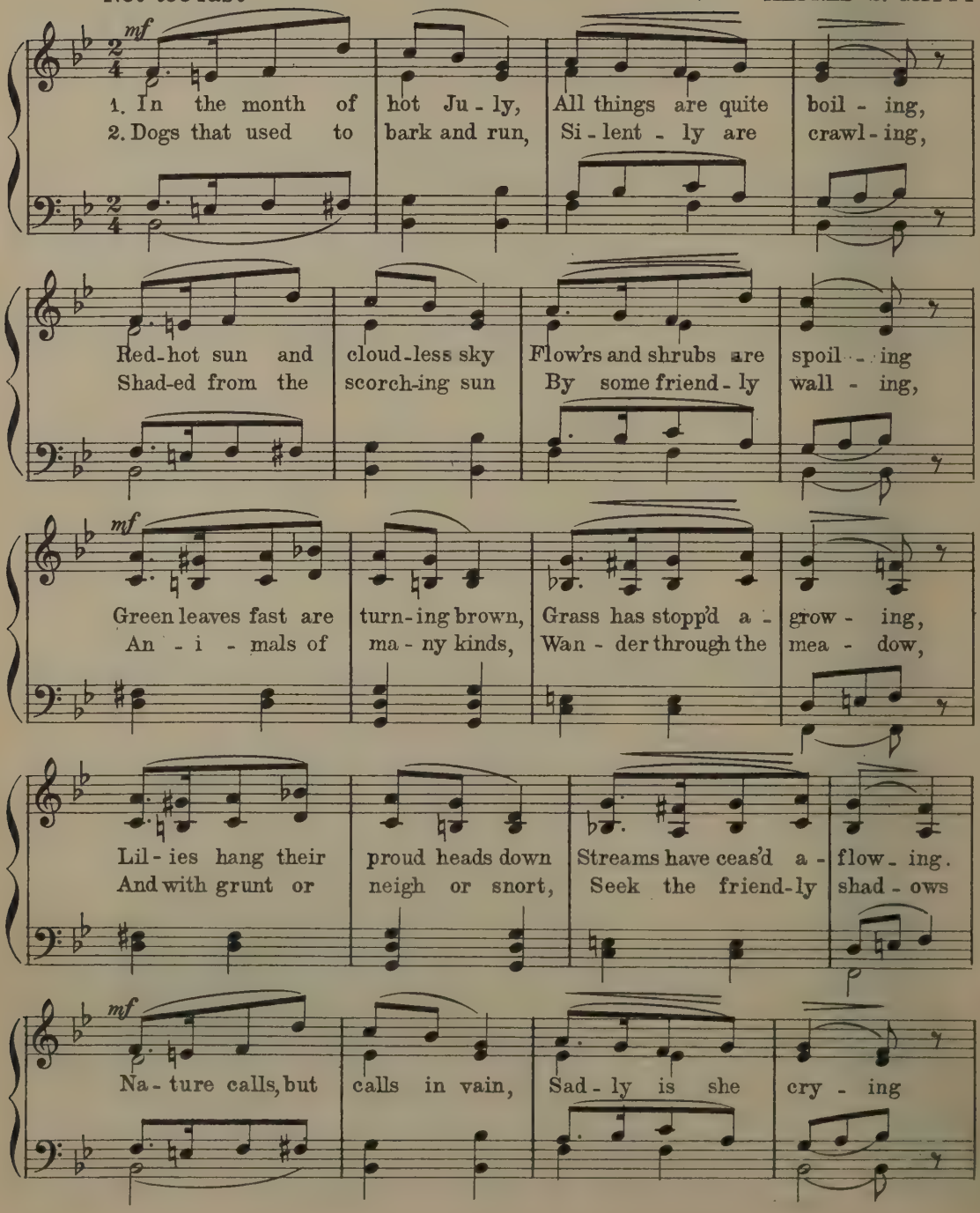
ALFRED S. GATTY

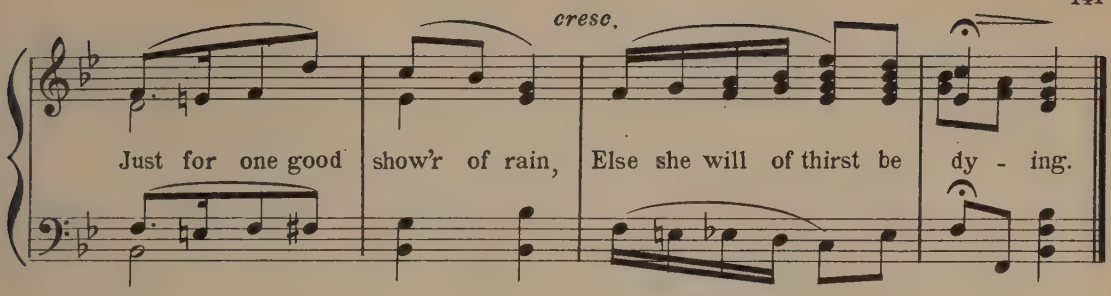

Slowly
p
1. Up-on this first day of the year, It seems to me, my chil-dren
2. Up-on this first day of the year, Pray pro-mise me, my chil-dren
cresc.
dear, That if you could, you real-ly should, Be ve - ry good, I wish you
dear, That come what may, you will o - bey, What nurse may say, Both night and
rall.
a tempo.
f
would Un- til this ve - ry day next year— this ve - ry day next year.
day Un- til this ve - ry day next year— this ve - ry day next year.
rall.

July Song

Not too fast

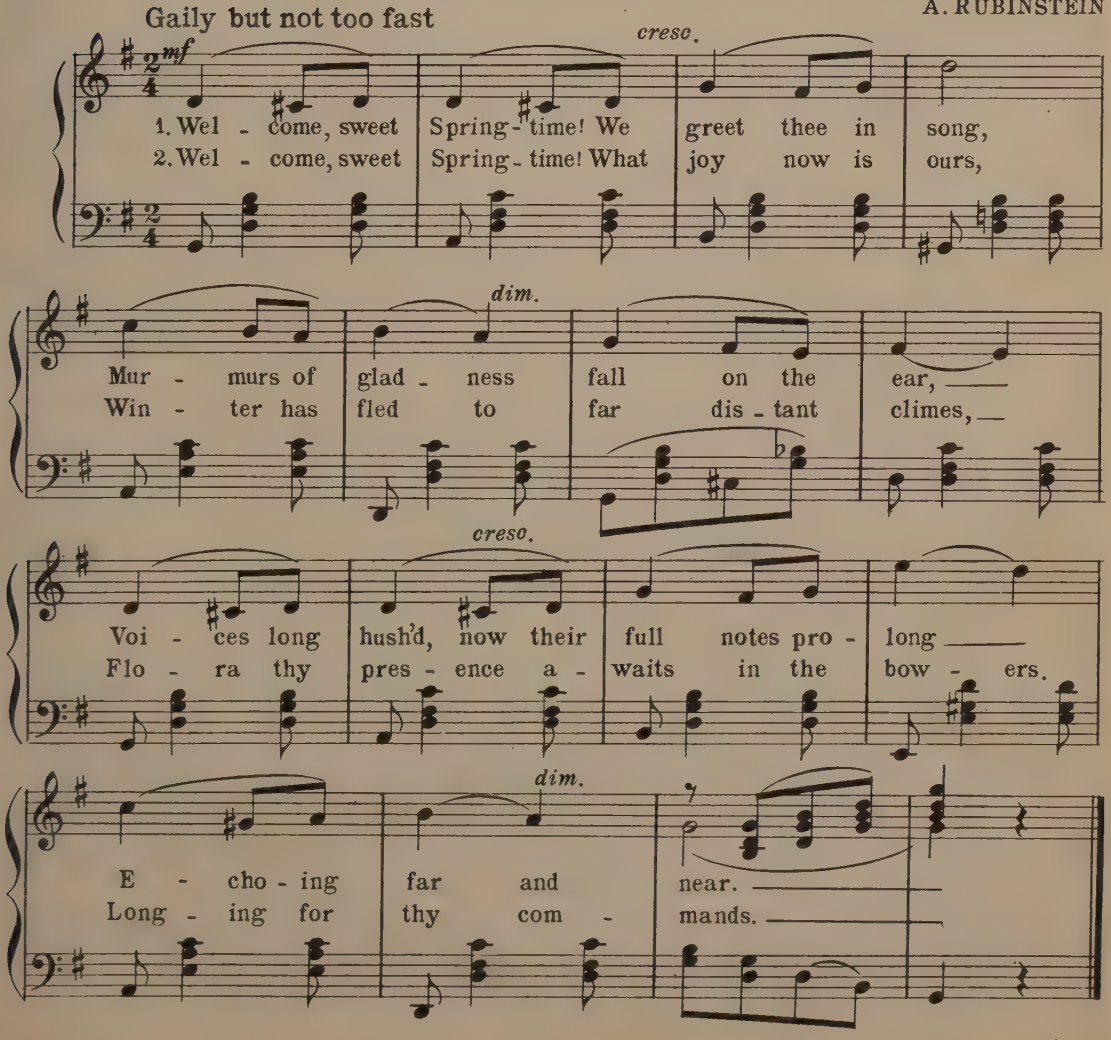
ALFRED S. GATTY


mf
1. In the month of hot Ju - ly, All things are quite boil - ing,
2. Dogs that used to bark and run, Si - lent - ly are crawl - ing,
Red-hot sun and cloud-less sky Flow'rs and shrubs are spoil - ing
Shad-ed from the scorch-ing sun By some friend - ly wall - ing,
mf
Green leaves fast are turn-ing brown, Grass has stopp'd a - grow - ing,
An - i - mals of ma - ny kinds, Wan - der through the mea - dow,
Lil - ies hang their proud heads down Streams have ceas'd a - flow - ing.
And with grunt or neigh or snort, Seek the friend-ly shad - ows
mf
Na - ture calls, but calls in vain, Sad - ly is she cry - ing



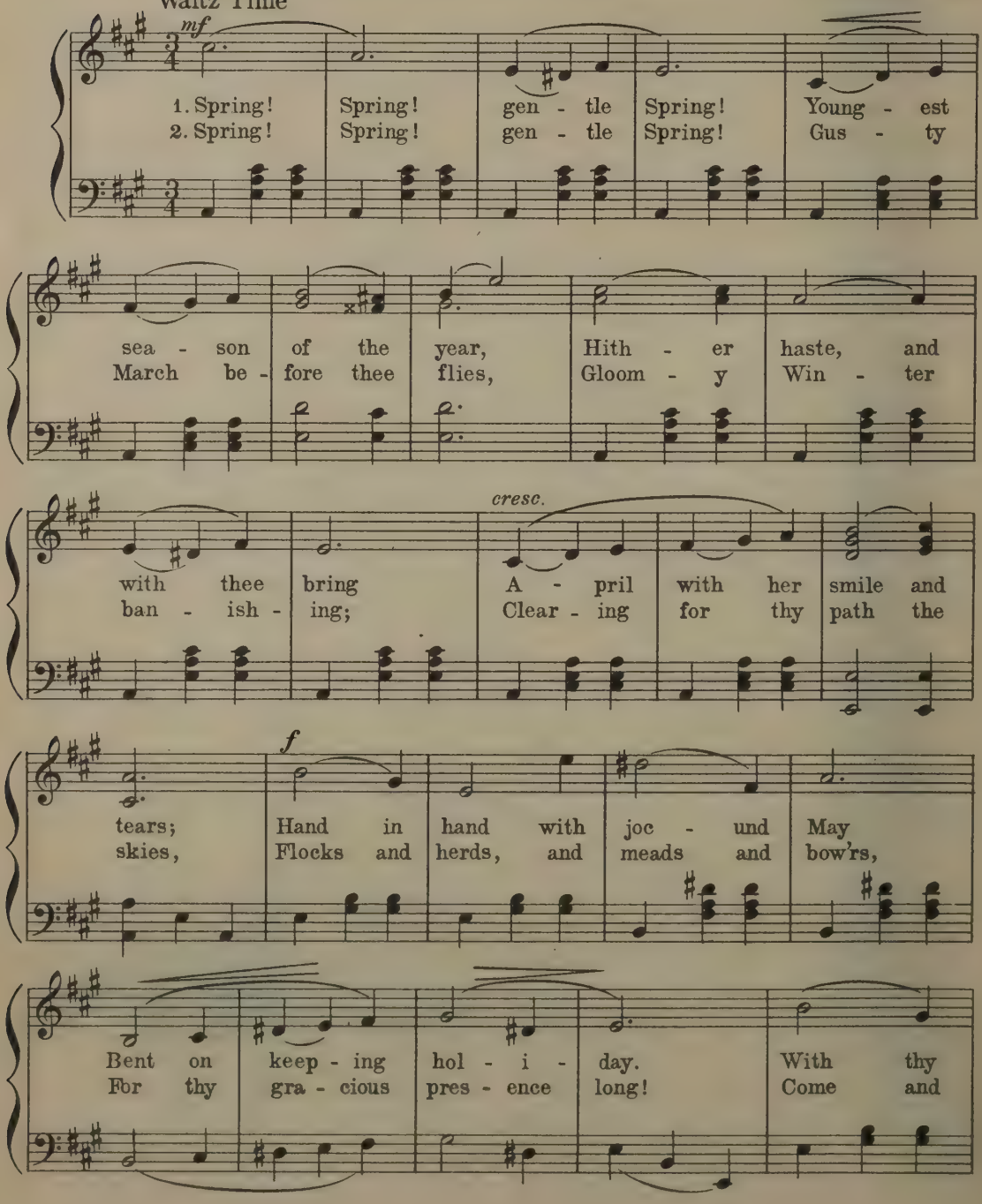
Welcome, Sweet Springtime!

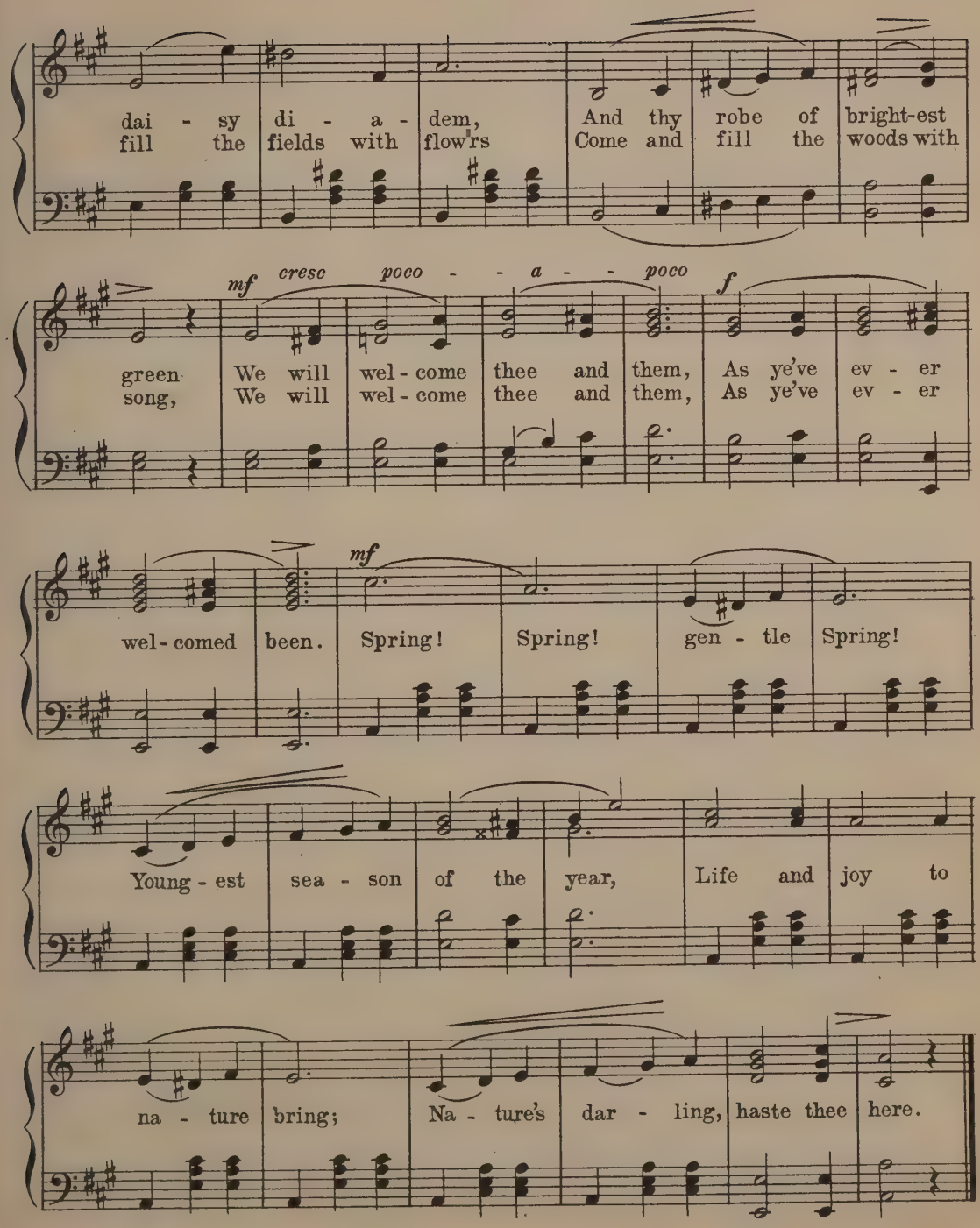
A. RUBINSTEIN


Gaily but not too fast
mf
cresc.
1. Wel - come, sweet Spring-time! We greet thee in song,
2. Wel - come, sweet Spring-time! What joy now is ours,
dim.
Mur - murs of glad - ness fall on the ear,
Win - ter has fled to far dis - tant climes,
cresc.
Voi - ces long hush'd, now their full notes pro - long
Flo - ra thy pres - ence a - waits in the bow - ers.
dim.
E - cho - ing far and near.
Long - ing for thy com - mands.

Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!

J. R. PLANCHE

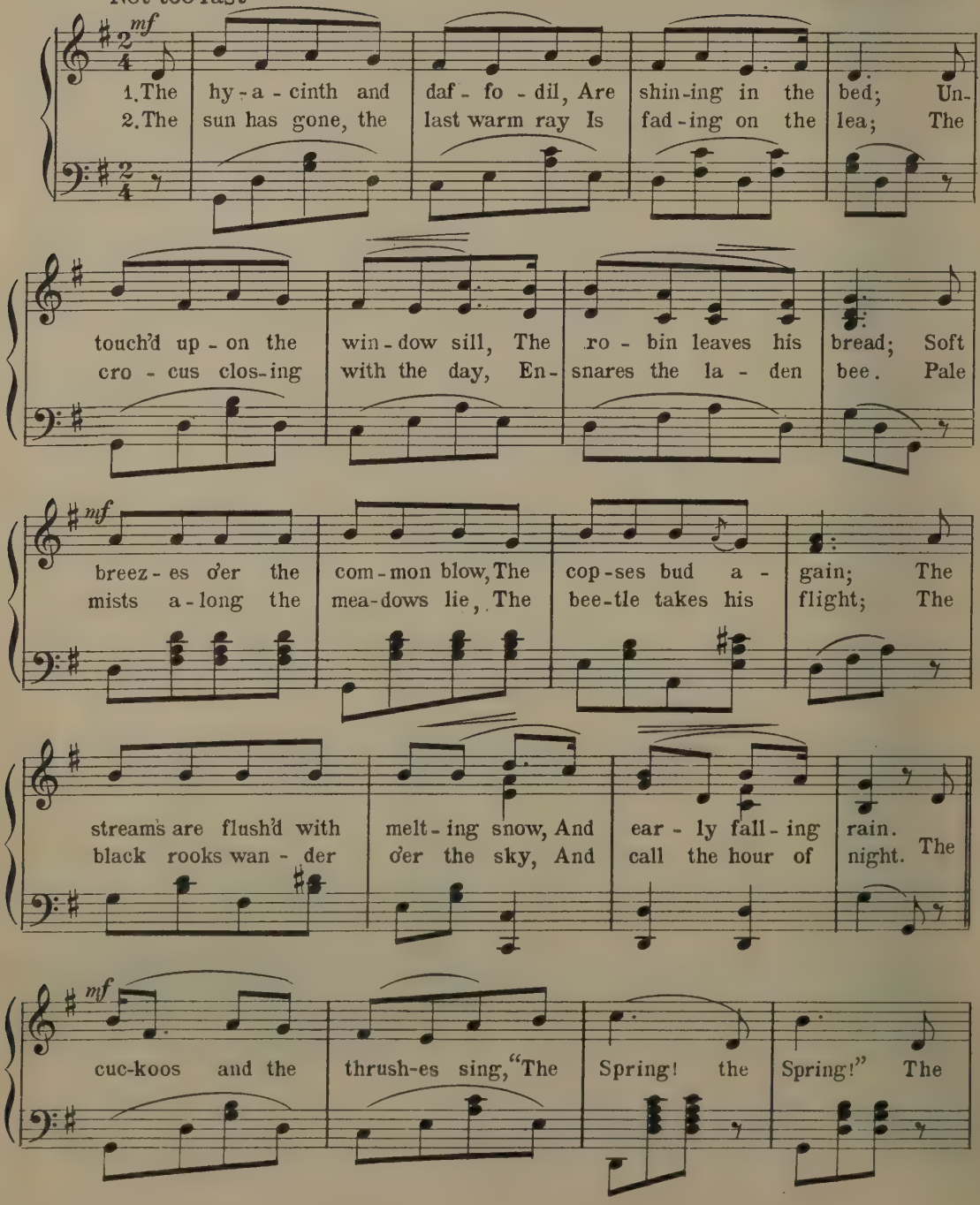

Waltz Time
mf
1. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Young - est
2. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring! Gus - ty
sea - son of the year, Hith - er haste, and
March be - fore thee flies, Gloom - y Win - ter
cresc.
with thee bring A - pril with her smile and
ban - ish - ing; Clear - ing for thy path the
f
tears; Hand in hand with joc - und May
skies, Flocks and herds, and meads and bow'rs,
Bent on keep - ing hol - i - day. With thy
For thy gra - cious pres - ence long! Come and

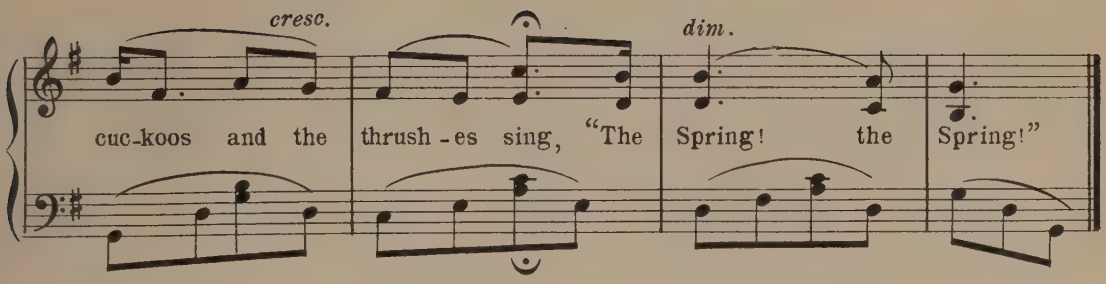

dai - sy di - a - dem, And thy robe of bright-est
fill the fields with flow'rs Come and fill the woods with
mf cresc poco - - a - - poco f
green We will wel - come thee and them, As ye've ev - er
song, We will wel - come thee and them, As ye've ev - er
mf
wel - comed been. Spring! Spring! gen - tle Spring!
Young - est sea - son of the year, Life and joy to
na - ture bring; Na - ture's dar - ling, haste thee here.

The Springtime

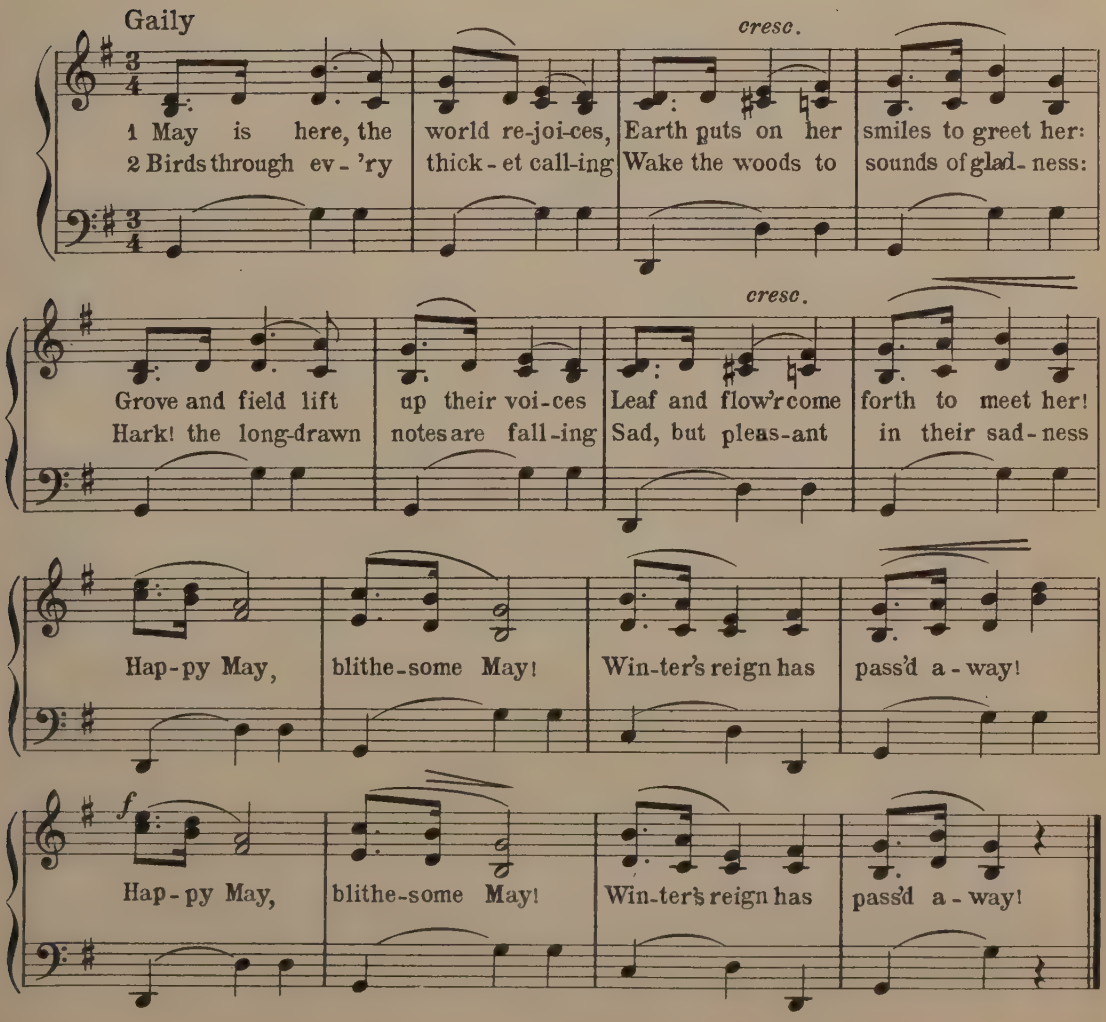
Not too fast

ALFRED S. GATTY


mf
1. The hy - a - cinth and daf - fo - dil, Are shin-ing in the bed; Un-
2. The sun has gone, the last warm ray Is fad - ing on the lea; The
touch'd up - on the win - dow sill, The ro - bin leaves his bread; Soft
cro - cus clos-ing with the day, En- snares the la - den bee. Pale
mf
breez - es o'er the com - mon blow, The cop - ses bud a - gain; The
mists a - long the mea-dows lie, The bee-tle takes his flight; The
streams are flush'd with melt - ing snow, And ear - ly fall - ing rain.
black rooks wan - der o'er the sky, And call the hour of night. The
mf
cuc-koos and the thrush-es sing, "The Spring! the Spring!" The



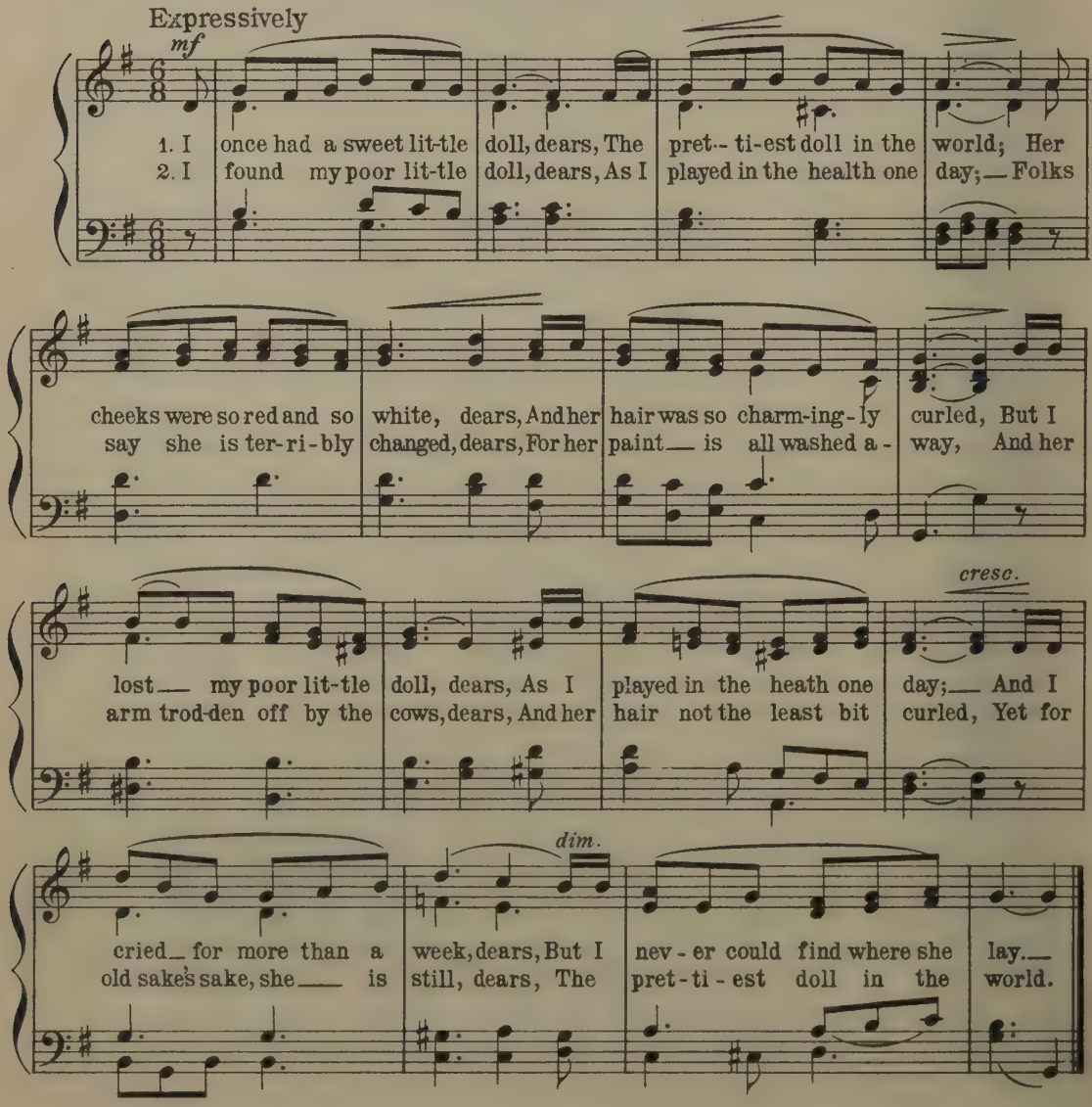
Polish May Song


Gaily
cresc.
1 May is here, the world re-joi-ces, Earth puts on her smiles to greet her:
2 Birds through ev-'ry thick-et call-ing Wake the woods to sounds of glad-ness:
cresc.
Grove and field lift up their voi-ces Leaf and flow'r come forth to meet her!
Hark! the long-drawn notes are fall-ing Sad, but pleas-ant in their sad-ness
Hap-py May, blithe-some May! Win-ter's reign has pass'd a-way!
f
Hap-py May, blithe-some May! Win-ter's reign has pass'd a-way!

SONGS FOR LITTLE GIRLS

In all the scenes of child-life there is no more charming picture than that of a little girl singing some dainty song. Here will be found a wide variety of songs suitable for little girls, all of sweetest sentiment, and all within the capabilities of the average child. You will experience no difficulty in interesting her in ditties about her doll or her daddy, or her pets, all of which are to be found in this section of the book. Teaching children to sing alone is one means of character-moulding by inculcating in them the spirit of self-reliance.

The Lost Doll

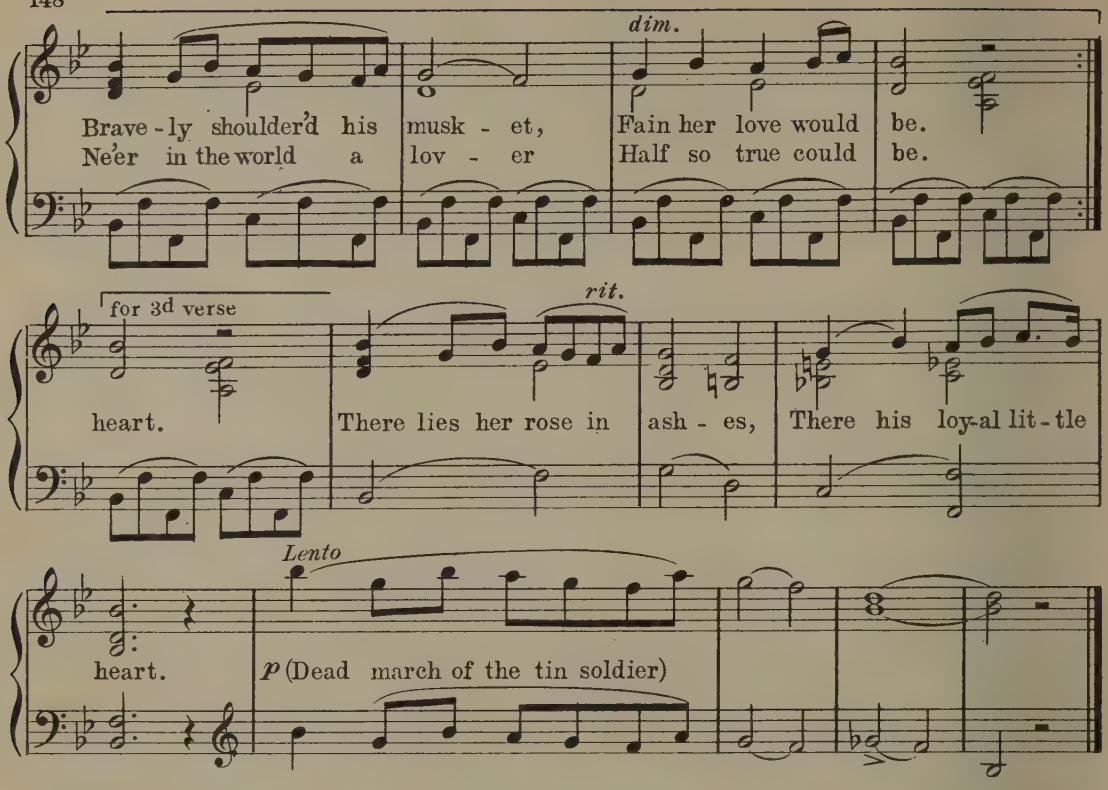

Expressively
mf
1. I once had a sweet lit-tle doll, dears, The pret-- ti-est doll in the world; Her
2. I found my poor lit-tle doll, dears, As I played in the health one day;— Folks
cheeks were so red and so white, dears, And her hair was so charm-ing-ly curled, But I
say she is ter-ri-bly changed, dears, For her paint— is all washed a- way, And her
cresc.
lost— my poor lit-tle doll, dears, As I played in the heath one day;— And I
arm trod-den off by the cows, dears, And her hair not the least bit curled, Yet for
dim.
cried— for more than a week, dears, But I nev-er could find where she lay.—
old sake's sake, she— is still, dears, The pret-ti-est doll in the world.

The Little Tin Soldier

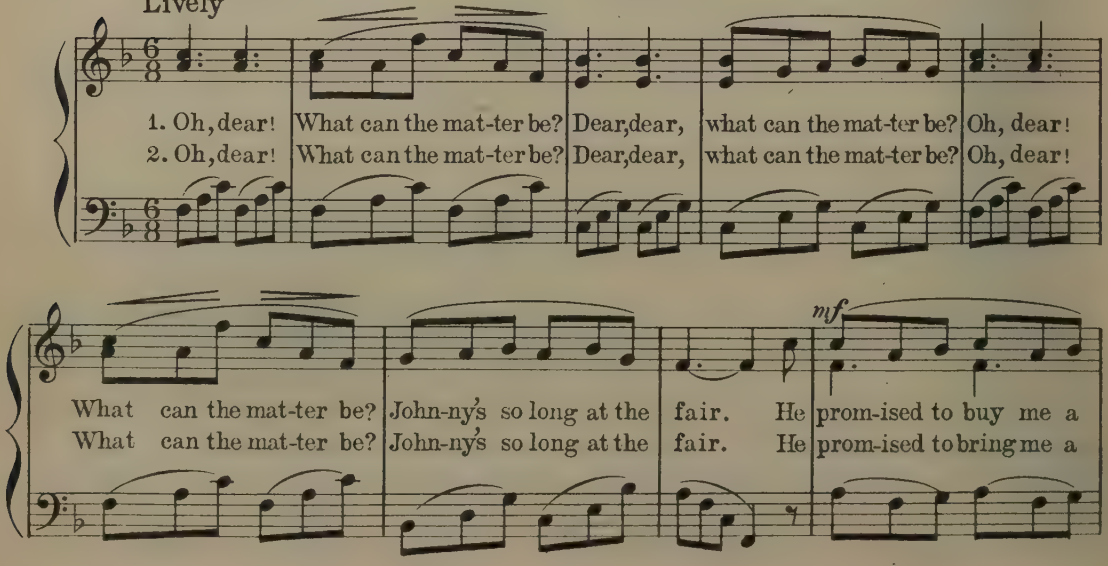
Not too slowly

J. L. MOLLOY

mf
1. He was a lit-tle tin sol-dier, One lit-tle leg had he;
2. Once as he watch'd his rose-love, Winds from the north did blow,
3. Once more he sees his rose-love, Still she is danc-ing gay,
She was a lit-tle fai-ry dan-cer, Bright as bright could be.
Swept him out of the case-ment Down to a stream be - low.
He is worn and fad - ed, Loy - al still for aye.
She had a cas - tle and gar-den, He but an old box dim;
True to his lit - tle la - dy, Still he shoulder'd his gun,
Then came a hand that swept them, In - to a fur-nace wide,
She was a dain - ty rose-love, Far too grand for him.
Soon, ah soon came the dark-ness, Life and love un - done.
Part - ed in life, in dy - ing They are side by side.
mf a tempo
1st & 2d verses
He was a lit-tle tin sol dier, One lit-tle leg had he.
He was a lit-tle tin sol dier, One lit-tle leg had he.
Ah! for the lit-tle tin sol dier, Ah! for her cru - el_



Oh, Dear! What Can The Matter Be?


Lively
1. Oh, dear! What can the mat-ter be? Dear, dear, what can the mat-ter be? Oh, dear!
2. Oh, dear! What can the mat-ter be? Dear, dear, what can the mat-ter be? Oh, dear!
mf
What can the mat-ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair. He prom-ised to buy me a
What can the mat-ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair. He prom-ised to bring me a

trin - ket to please me, An then for a smile, O he vowed he would tease me, He
bas - ket of po - sies, A gar-land of lil - ies, A gift of red ros - es, A

prom-ised to bring me a bunch of blue rib-bons To tie up my bonnie brown hair.
lit - tle straw hat to set off the blue rib-bons That tie up my bonnie brown hair.

Dolly And Her Mamma

Not too fast

mf

1. Dol - ly, you're a naugh - ty girl, All your hair is out of
2. Do you hear, Miss, what I say? Are you go - ing to o -

curl, And you've torn your lit - tle shoe. Oh! what must I do with
bey? That's what moth - er says to me, So I know it's right, you

cresc.

p

you? You shall on - ly have dry bread, Dol - ly, you shall go to bed.
see; For some - times I'm naugh - ty too, Dol - ly, dear, as well as you.

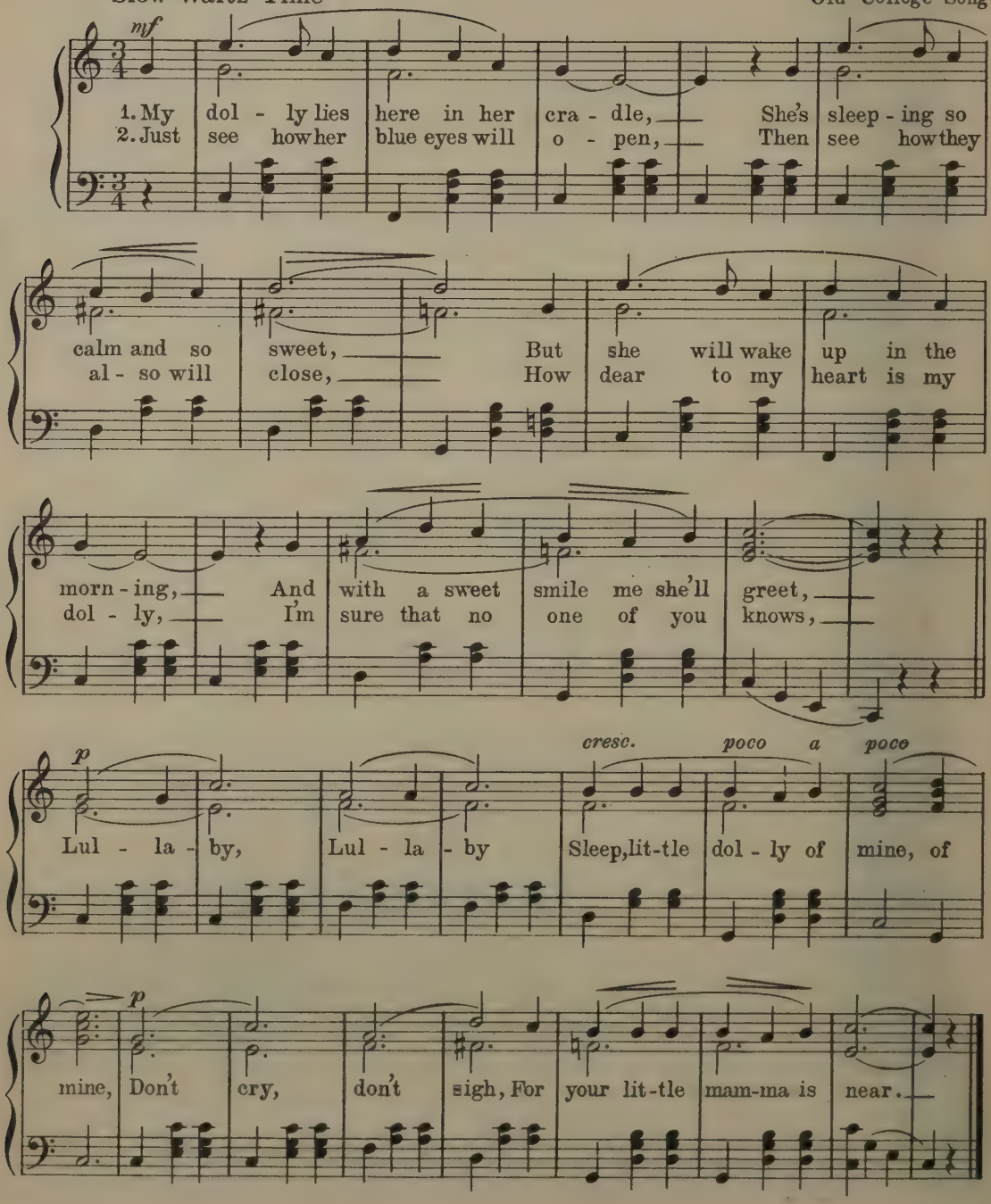
rit.

Words Adapted

My Dolly

Slow Waltz Time

Old College Song


mf
1. My dol - ly lies here in her cra - dle, She's sleep - ing so
2. Just see how her blue eyes will o - pen, Then see how they
calm and so sweet, But she will wake up in the
al - so will close, How dear to my heart is my
morn - ing, And with a sweet smile me she'll greet,
dol - ly, I'm sure that no one of you knows,
p
cresc.
poco a poco
Lul - la - by, Lul - la - by Sleep, lit-tle dol - ly of mine, of
p
mine, Don't cry, don't sigh, For your lit-tle mam-ma is near.

The Dustman

J. L. MOLLOY

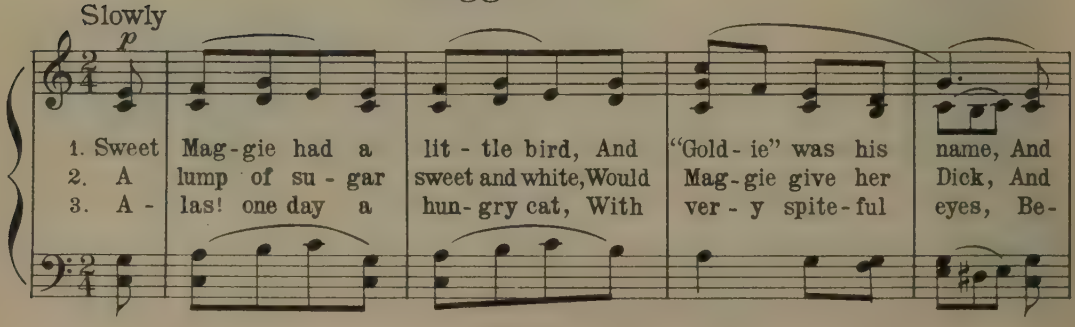
Slowly
p
1. When the toys are grow-ing wea-ry and the twi-light gath-ers
smiles the good old Dust-man, in their eyes the dust he
in, When the nur-s'ry still re-ech-oes to the chil-dren's mer-ry
throws, Till their lit-tle heads are fall-ing, and their mer-ry eyes must
din; Then un-heard, un-seen, un-no-ticed comes an old man up the
close; Then the Dust-man, ver-y gen-tly, takes each lit-tle dim-pled
stair, Light-ly to the chil-dren pass-es, Lays his hand up-on their
hand, Leads them through the sweet green for-ests, far a-way in slum-ber
1.
2.
hair. Soft-ly land, far a-way in slum-ber-land, far a-way in slumber-land.
rit.

Where Are You Going To, My Pretty Maid?

Gaily
mf
1. "Where are you go - ing to, my pret-ty maid? Where are you go - ing to
2. "Shall I go with you my pret-ty maid? Shall I go with you
3. "What is your for - tune, my pret-ty maid? What is your for - tune
my pret - ty maid?" "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said,
my pret - ty maid?" "Yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said,
my pret - ty maid?" "My face is my for - tune, Sir," she said,
"Sir" she said, "Sir" she said, "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said.
"Sir" she said, "Sir" she said, "Yes if you please, kind Sir," she said.
"Sir" she said, "Sir" she said, "My face is my for - tune, Sir," she said.

4. "Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid
Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, "Sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said.
"Nobody asked you, "Sir," she said.

Maggie's Pet

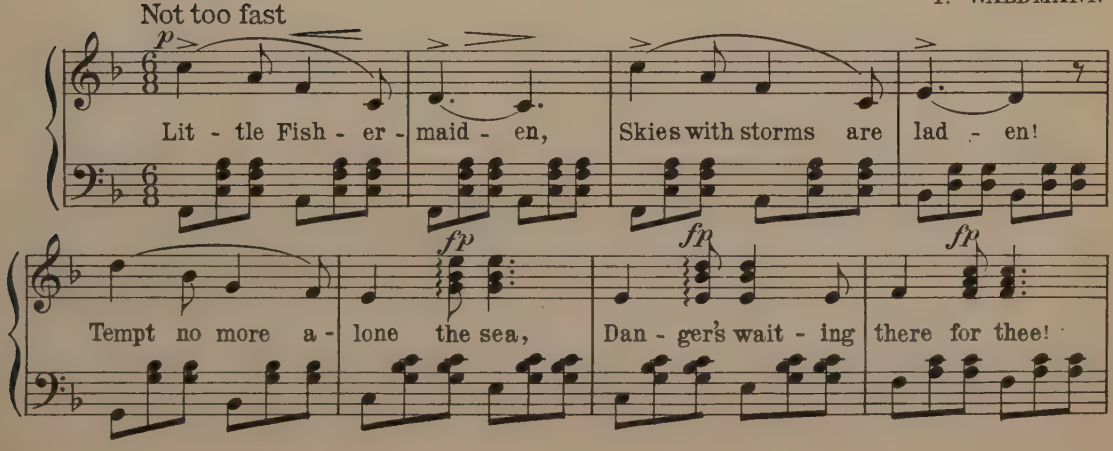

Slowly
p
1. Sweet Mag-gie had a lit - tle bird, And "Gold - ie" was his name, And
2. A lump of su - gar sweet and white, Would Mag-gie give her Dick, And
3. A - las! one day a hun-gry cat, With ver - y spite-ful eyes, Be-

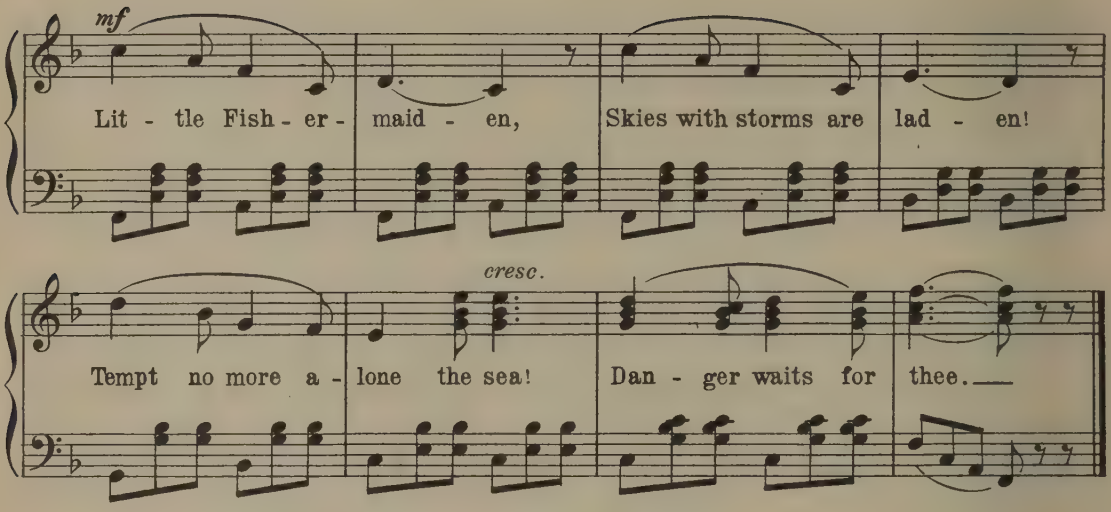
on her hand he used to sit, He was so ver - y tame. Her
then she'd watch how ea - ger - ly, He'd fly to it and peck; And
held poor Gold - ie's o - pen cage, Oh! what a glad sur - prise. So
cresc.
ro - sy lips he'd of - ten peck, Which meant a lov - ing kiss, Oh!
such a mer - ry song he'd sing, To thank her for the treat, For
mew - ing loud with cru - el glee, She spread her wick - ed claws, And
f
dim et rit.
would not you de - light to have a pret - ty bird like this.
lit - tle birds (like lit - tle girls) love some - thing nice to eat.
soon the ten - der lit - tle bird, was fixed with - in her paws.

4. I do not care to tell how much our darling Maggie cried,
Or how she kiss'd the empty cage the day poor birdie died.
One little golden feather, soft, I know she treasures yet,
'Twas all the cruel, spiteful cat did leave of Maggie's pet.

Little Fishermaiden

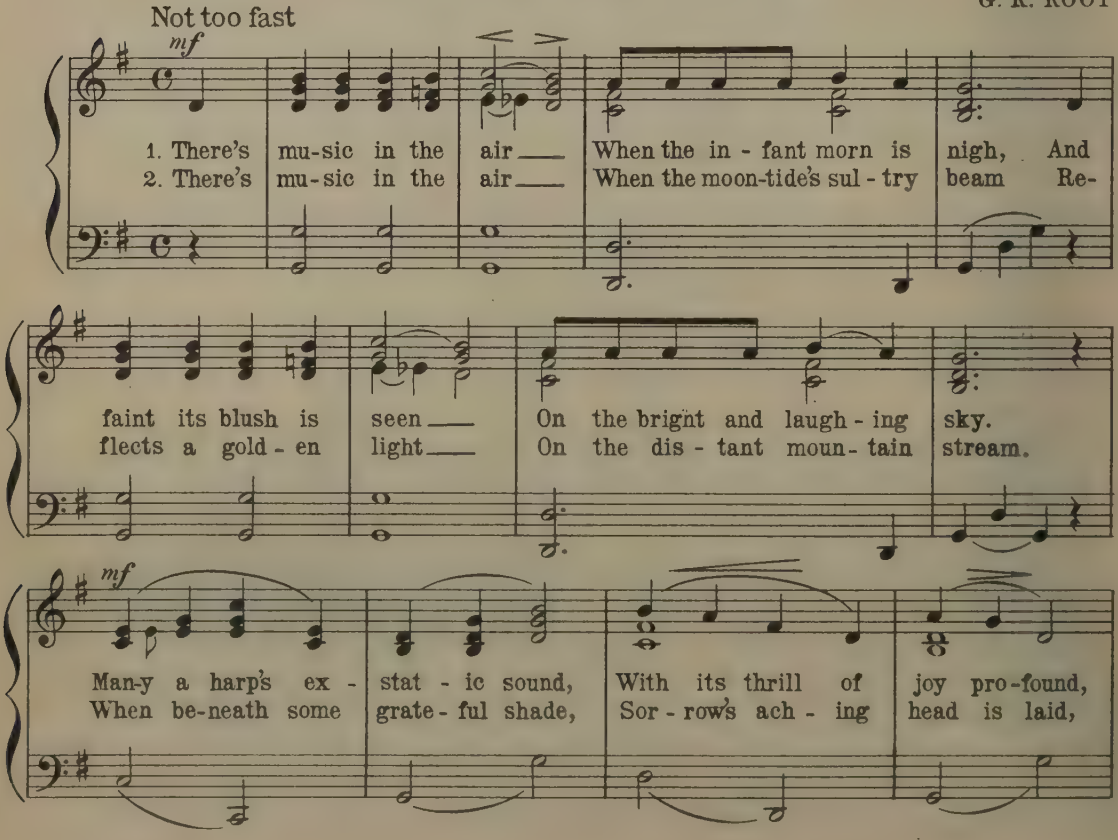
I. WALDMANN

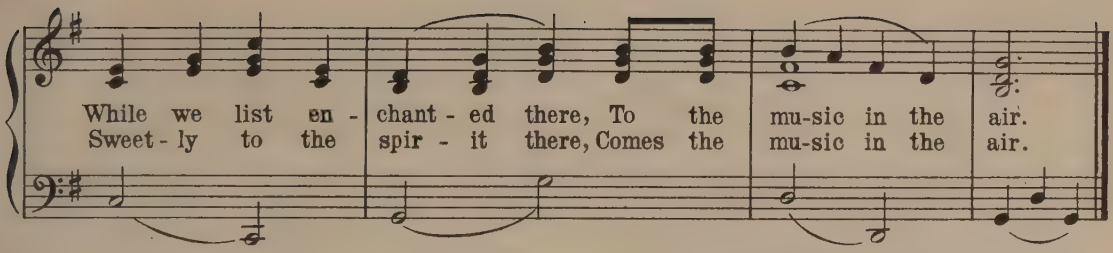

Not too fast
p
Lit - tle Fish - er - maid - en, Skies with storms are lad - en!
fp
fp
fp
Tempt no more a - lone the sea, Dan - ger's wait - ing there for thee!



There's Music In The Air

G. R. ROOT


Not too fast
mf
1. There's mu-sic in the air When the in - fant morn is nigh, And
2. There's mu-sic in the air When the moon-tide's sul - try beam Re-
faint its blush is seen On the bright and laugh - ing sky.
flects a gold - en light On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.
mf
Man-y a harp's ex - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro-found,
When be-neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid,

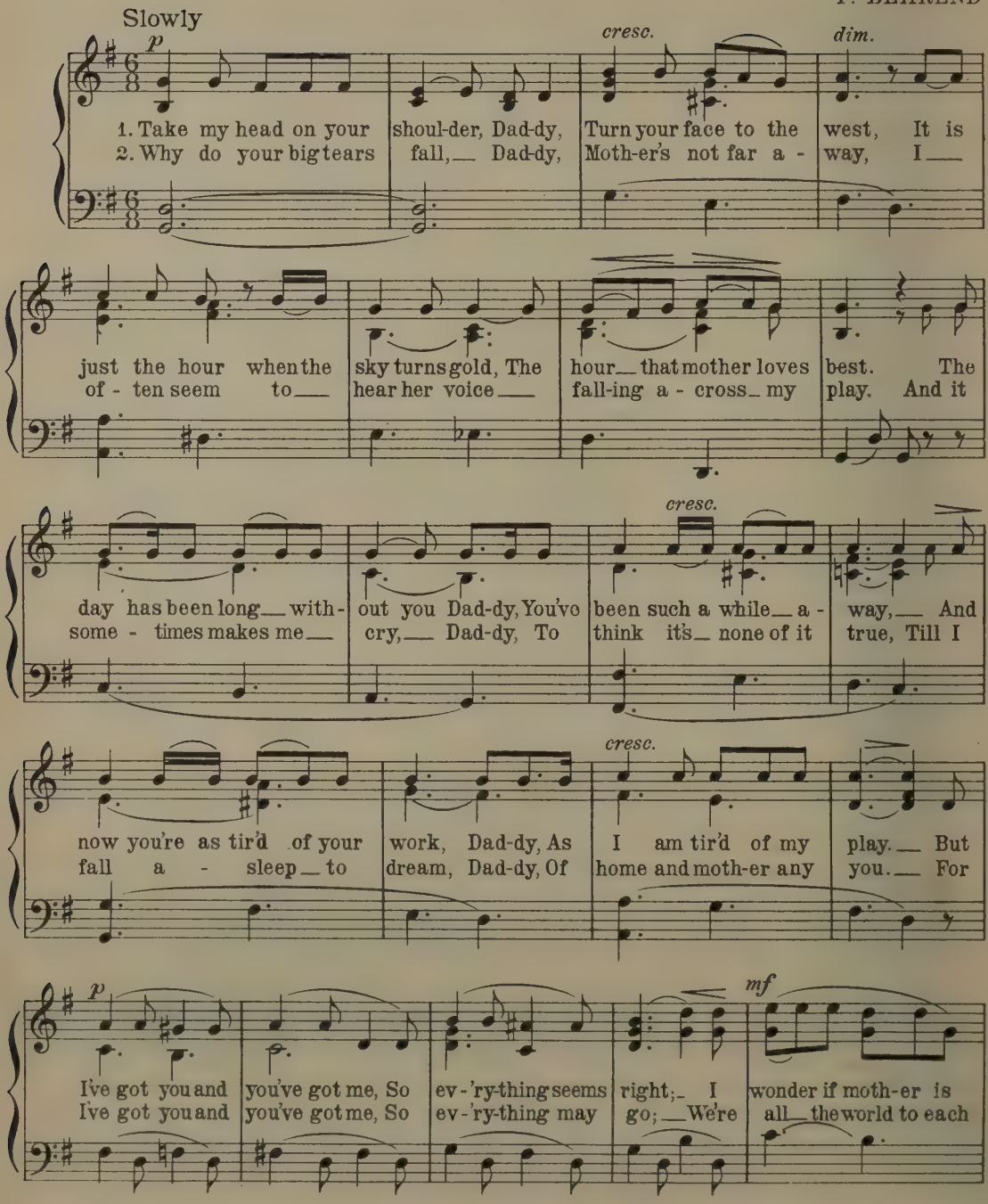


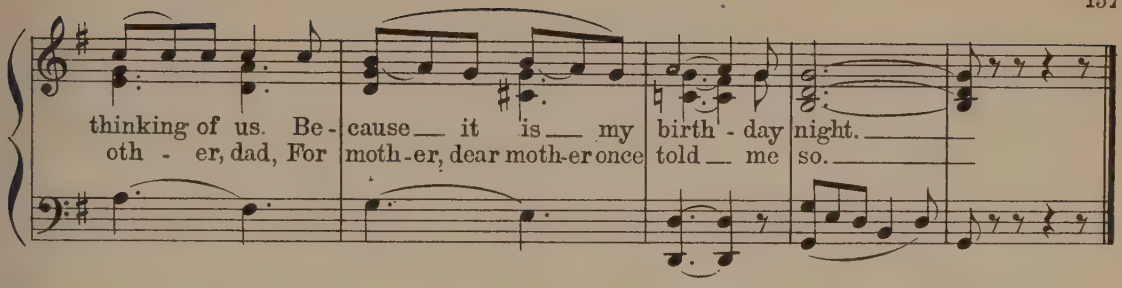
Brother So Fine

Lightly
1. Broth-er so fine, broth-er so gay, Come, do not be an-gry, I pray,
2. Broth-er so fine, broth-er so gay, Come, do not be an-gry, I pray,
Broth-er so fine, broth - er so gay, Don't be an - gry pray.
Broth-er so fine, broth - er so gay, Don't be an - gry pray.
Shines the sun — nev- er so clear, Some time must he dis - ap - pear,
Ah, for me you think no thought, When I'm gone you deem it nought,
Broth - er so fine, broth - er so gay, Don't be an - gry pray.
Broth - er so fine, broth - er so gay, Don't be an - gry pray.

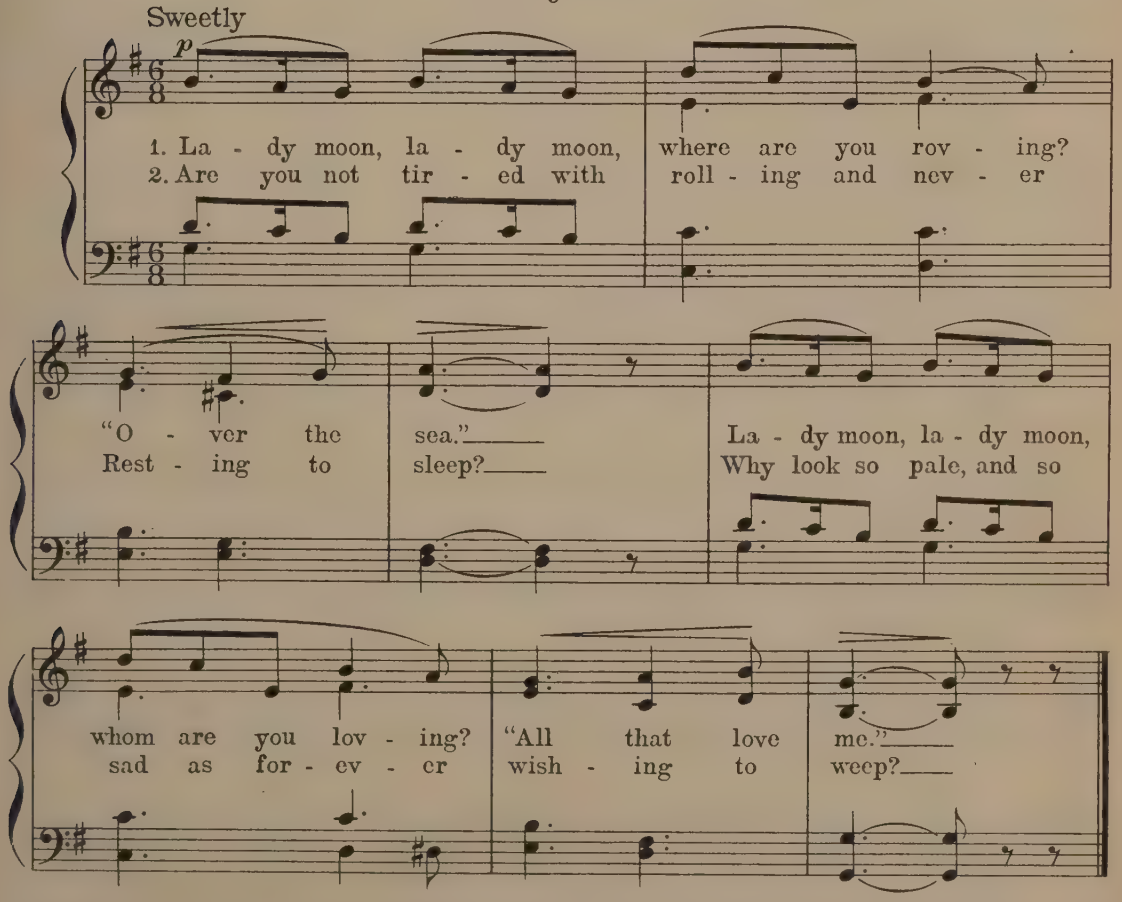
Daddy

F. BEHREND


Slowly
p
cresc.
dim.
1. Take my head on your shoul-der, Dad-dy, Turn your face to the west, It is
2. Why do your big tears fall, Dad-dy, Moth-er's not far a - way, I
just the hour when the sky turns gold, The hour that mother loves best. The
of - ten seem to hear her voice fall-ing a - cross my play. And it
cresc.
day has been long with- out you Dad-dy, You've been such a while a - way, And
some - times makes me cry, Dad-dy, To think it's none of it true, Till I
cresc.
now you're as tir'd of your work, Dad-dy, As I am tir'd of my play. But
fall a - sleep to dream, Dad-dy, Of home and moth-er any you. For
p
mf
I've got you and you've got me, So ev-'ry-thing seems right; I wonder if moth-er is
I've got you and you've got me, So ev-'ry-thing may go; We're all the world to each



Lady Moon

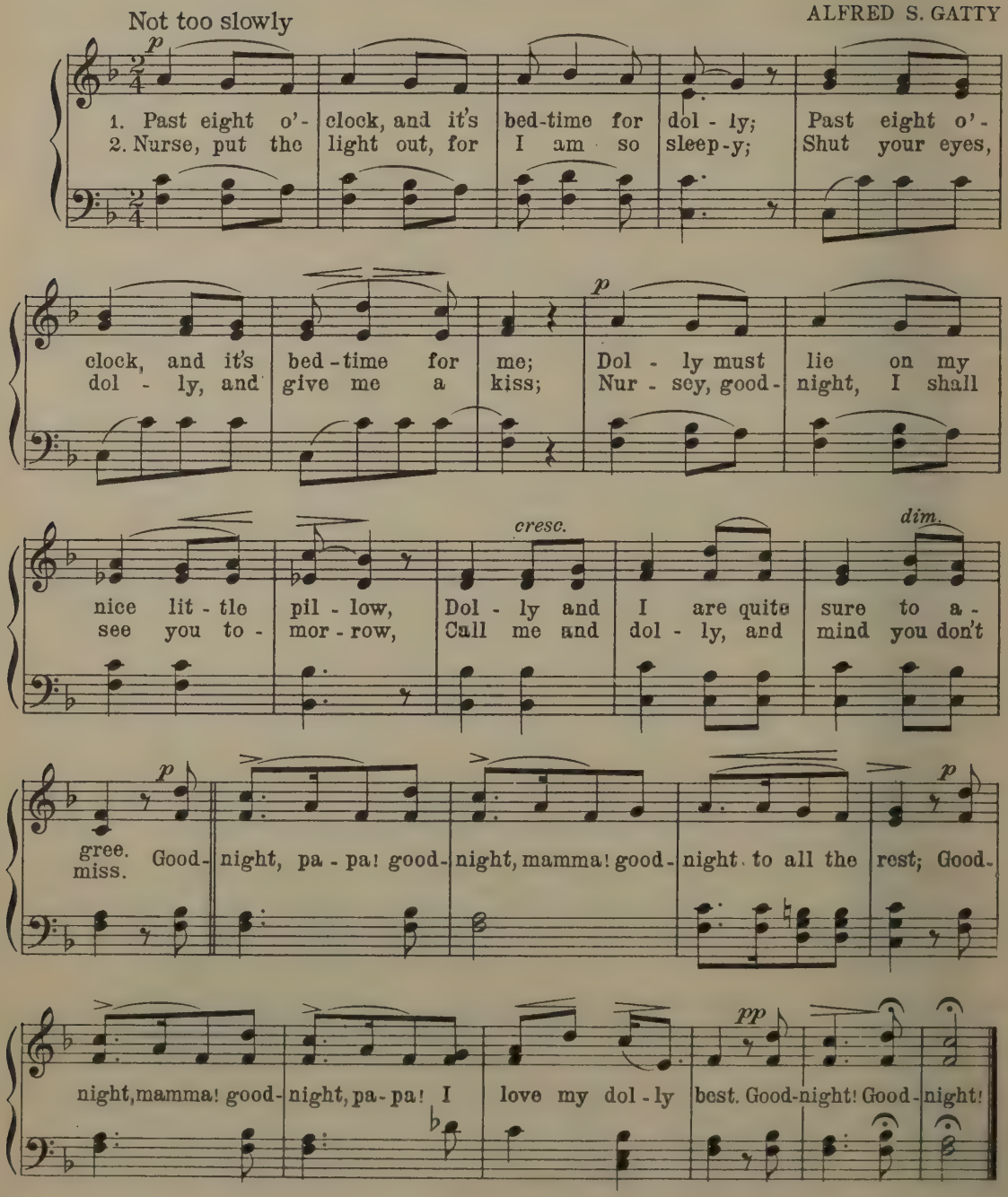

Sweetly
p
1. La - dy moon, la - dy moon, where are you rov - ing?
2. Are you not tir - ed with roll - ing and nev - er
"O - ver the sea."
Rest - ing to sleep?
La - dy moon, la - dy moon,
Why look so pale, and so
whom are you lov - ing?
sad as for - ev - er
"All that love me."
wish - ing to weep?

3. Ask me not this, little child! if you love me;
You are too bold;
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told.

4. Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea."
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

Little Girl's Good-Night

ALFRED S. GATTY


Not too slowly
p
1. Past eight o'- clock, and it's bed-time for dol - ly; Past eight o'-
2. Nurse, put the light out, for I am so sleep-y; Shut your eyes,
clock, and it's bed-time for me; Dol - ly must lie on my
dol - ly, and give me a kiss; Nur - sey, good- night, I shall
cresc.
dim.
nice lit - tle pil - low, Dol - ly and I are quite sure to a-
see you to - mor - row, Call me and dol - ly, and mind you don't
gree. miss. Good- night, pa - pa! good- night, mamma! good- night to all the rest; Good-
night, mamma! good- night, pa - pa! I love my dol - ly best. Good-night! Good- night!
pp

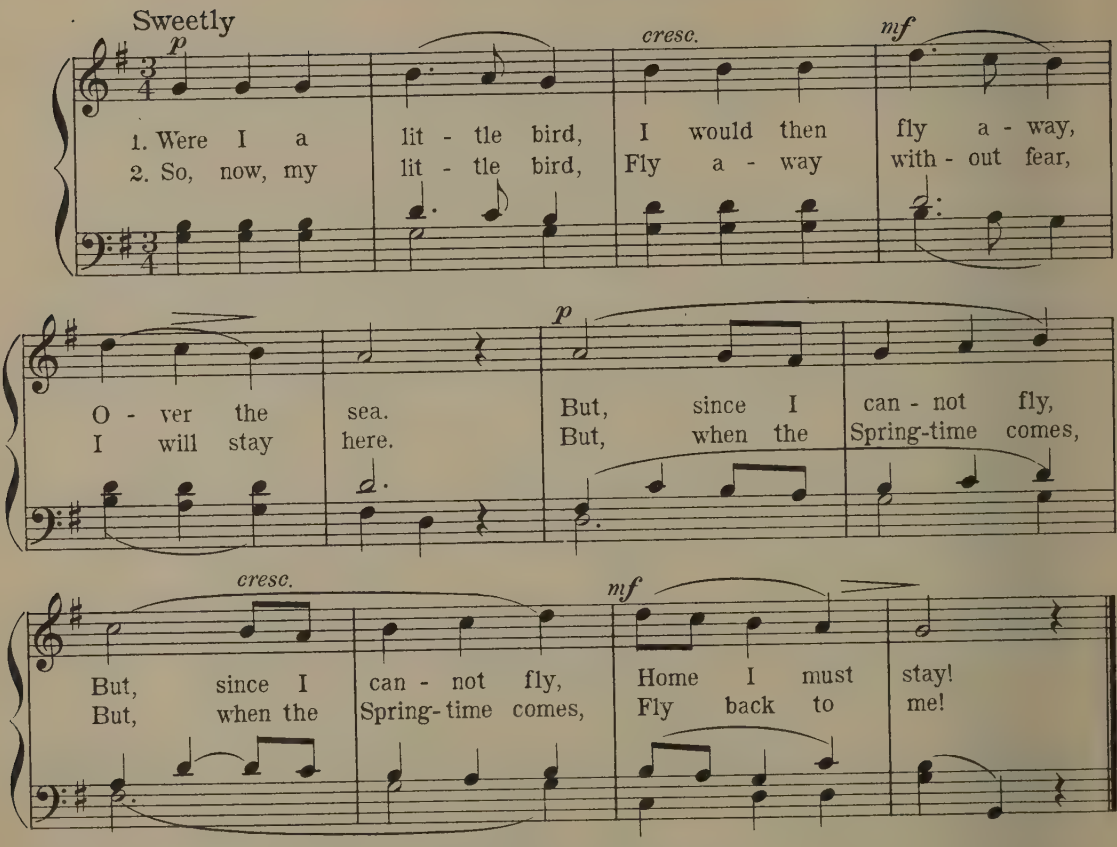
SONGS OF THE BIRDS

In the large cities where the children are hemmed in on all sides by great buildings and where they walk or play only on asphalt sidewalks they see little of the birds, and it is only through their school lessons and through these little songs that they may learn of the birds at all. You will find for their instruction as well as amusement, songs about the robin, the wren, the bluebird, and also such everyday feathered-folk as the sparrow and the crow, each of them teaching the necessary lesson of sympathy and kindness.

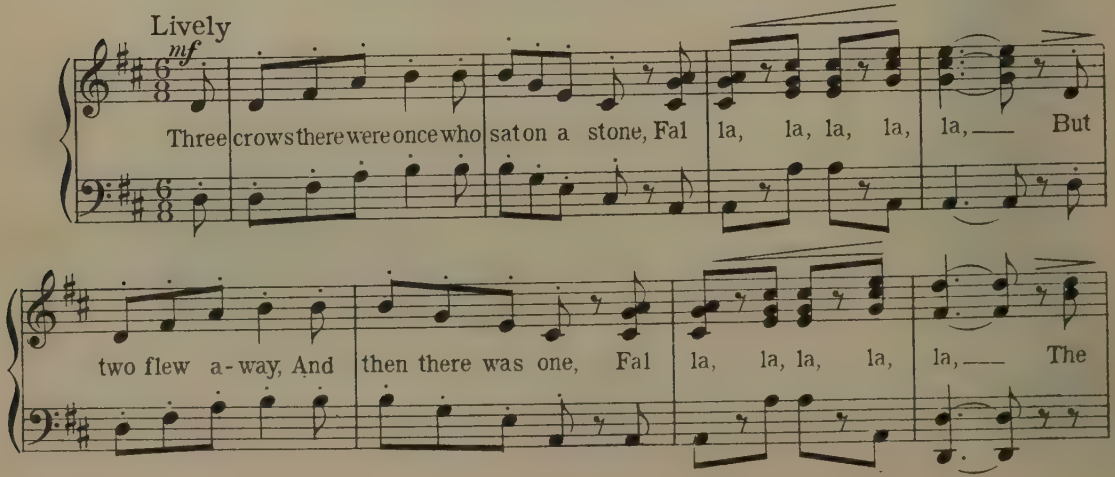
Little Robin Red-Breast

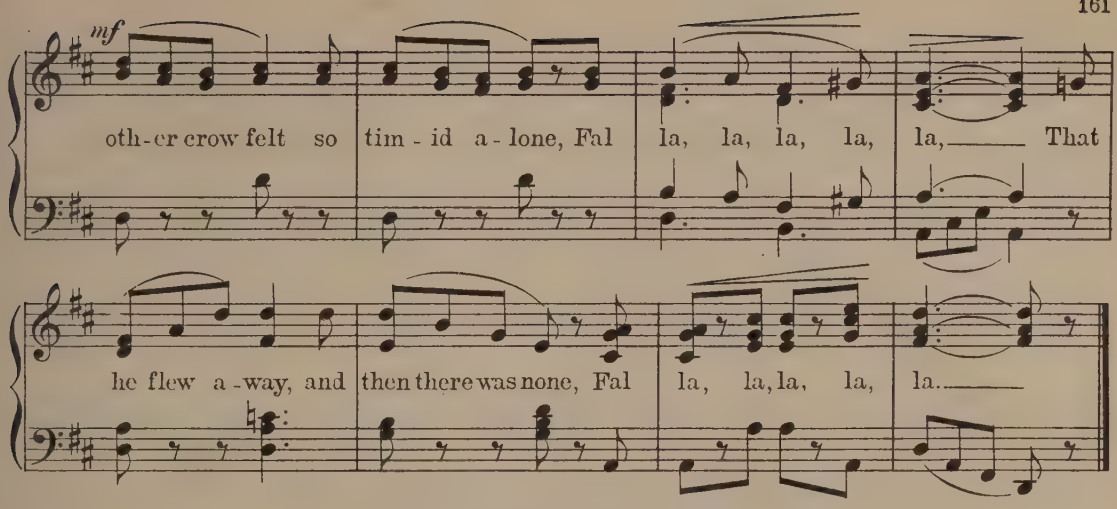
Lightly
mf
1. Lit - tle Rob - in Red - breast sat up - on a tree,
2. Lit - tle Rob - in Red - breast jump'd up - on a wall,
cresc.
dim.
Up went pus - sy - cat, and down went he;
Pus - sy - cat jump'd af - ter him and al - most got a fall;
Down came pus - sy - cat, a - way Rob - in ran; Says
Lit - tle Rob - in chirp'd and sang, and what did Pus - sy say?
cresc.
dim.
lit - tle Rob - in Red - breast, "Catch me if you can!"
Pus - sy - cat said "Mew! and Rob - in flew a - way!"

Were I A Little Bird

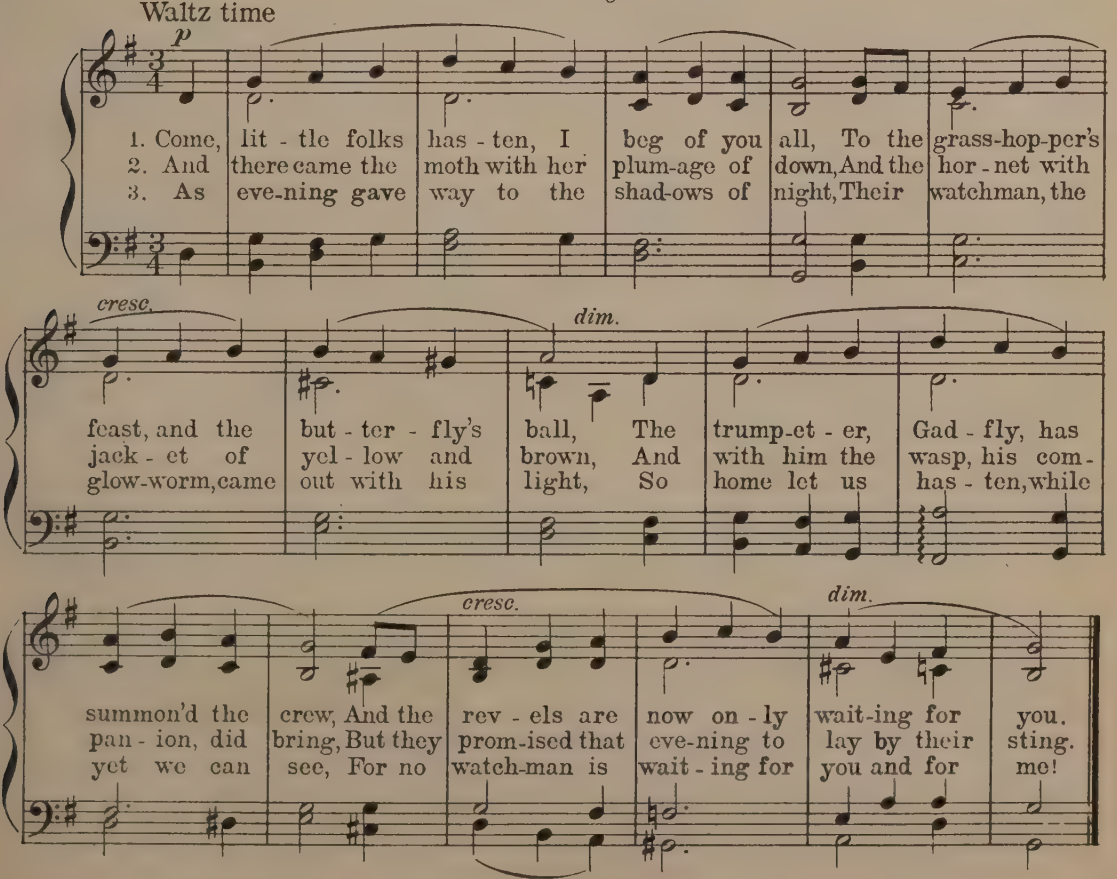

Sweetly
p
cresc.
mf
1. Were I a lit - tle bird, I would then fly a - way,
2. So, now, my lit - tle bird, Fly a - way with - out fear,
O - ver the sea. But, since I can - not fly,
I will stay here. But, when the Spring-time comes,
cresc.
mf
But, since I can - not fly, Home I must stay!
But, when the Spring-time comes, Fly back to me!

The Three Crows


Lively
mf
Three crows there were once who sat on a stone, Fal la, la, la, la, la, But
two flew a-way, And then there was one, Fal la, la, la, la, la, The



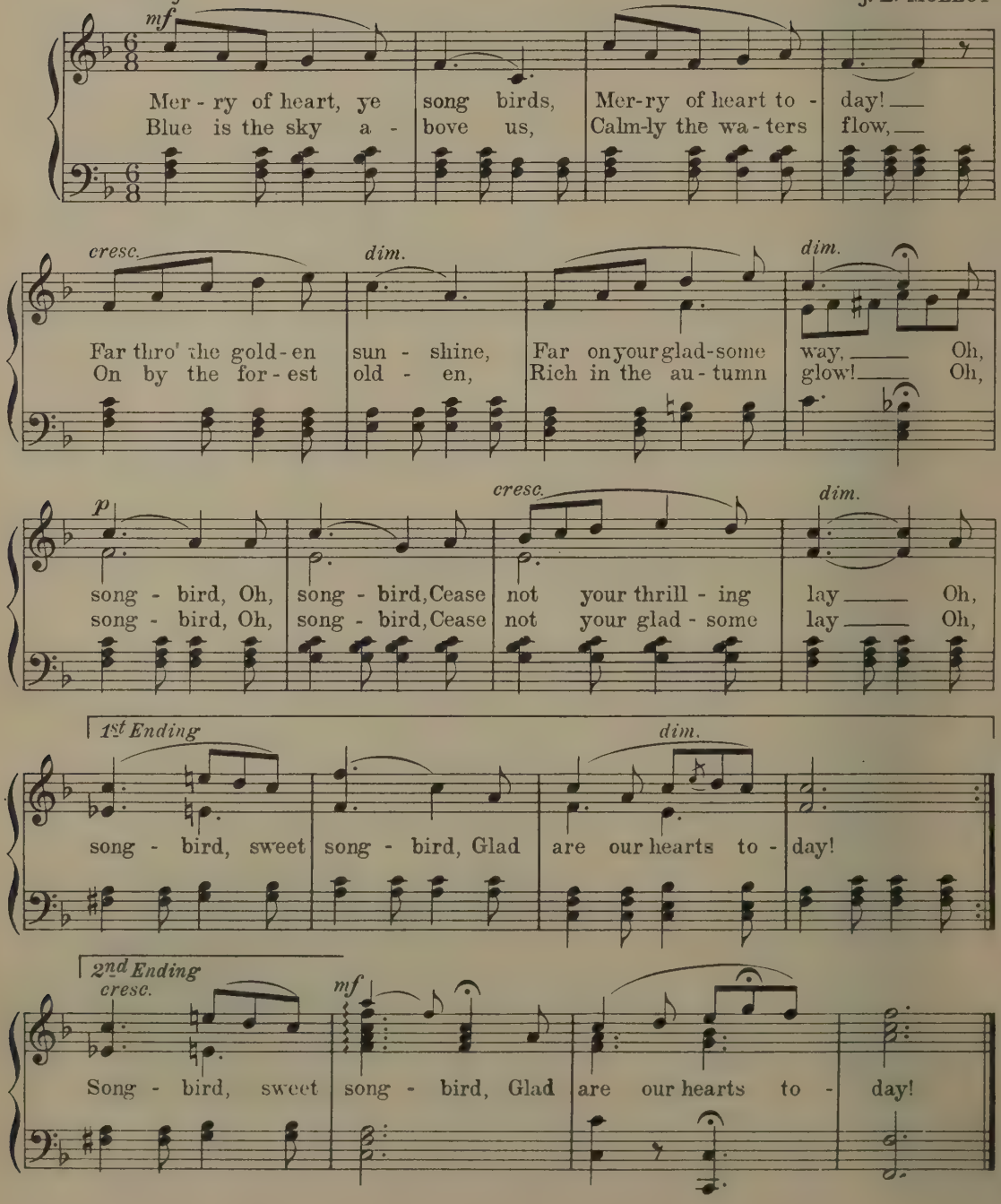
The Butterfly's Ball


Waltz time
p
1. Come, lit-tle folks has-ten, I beg of you all, To the grass-hop-per's
2. And there came the moth with her plum-age of down, And the hor-net with
3. As eve-ning gave way to the shad-ows of night, Their watchman, the
cresc.
dim.
feast, and the but-ter-fly's ball, The trump-et-er, Gad-fly, has
jack-et of yel-low and brown, And with him the wasp, his com-
glow-worm, came out with his light, So home let us has-ten, while
cresc.
dim.
summon'd the crew, And the rev-els are now on-ly wait-ing for you.
pan-ion, did bring, But they prom-ised that eve-ning to lay by their sting.
yet we can see, For no watch-man is wait-ing for you and for me!

Sweet Song-Bird

Gaily

J. L. MOLLOY


mf
Mer - ry of heart, ye song birds, Mer-ry of heart to - day!
Blue is the sky a - bove us, Calm-ly the wa - ters flow,
cresc.
dim.
dim.
Far thro' the gold-en sun - shine, Far on your glad-some way, Oh,
On by the for - est old - en, Rich in the au - tumn glow! Oh,
p
cresc.
dim.
song - bird, Oh, song - bird, Cease not your thrill - ing lay Oh,
song - bird, Oh, song - bird, Cease not your glad - some lay Oh,
1st Ending
dim.
song - bird, sweet song - bird, Glad are our hearts to - day!
2nd Ending
cresc.
mf
Song - bird, sweet song - bird, Glad are our hearts to - day!

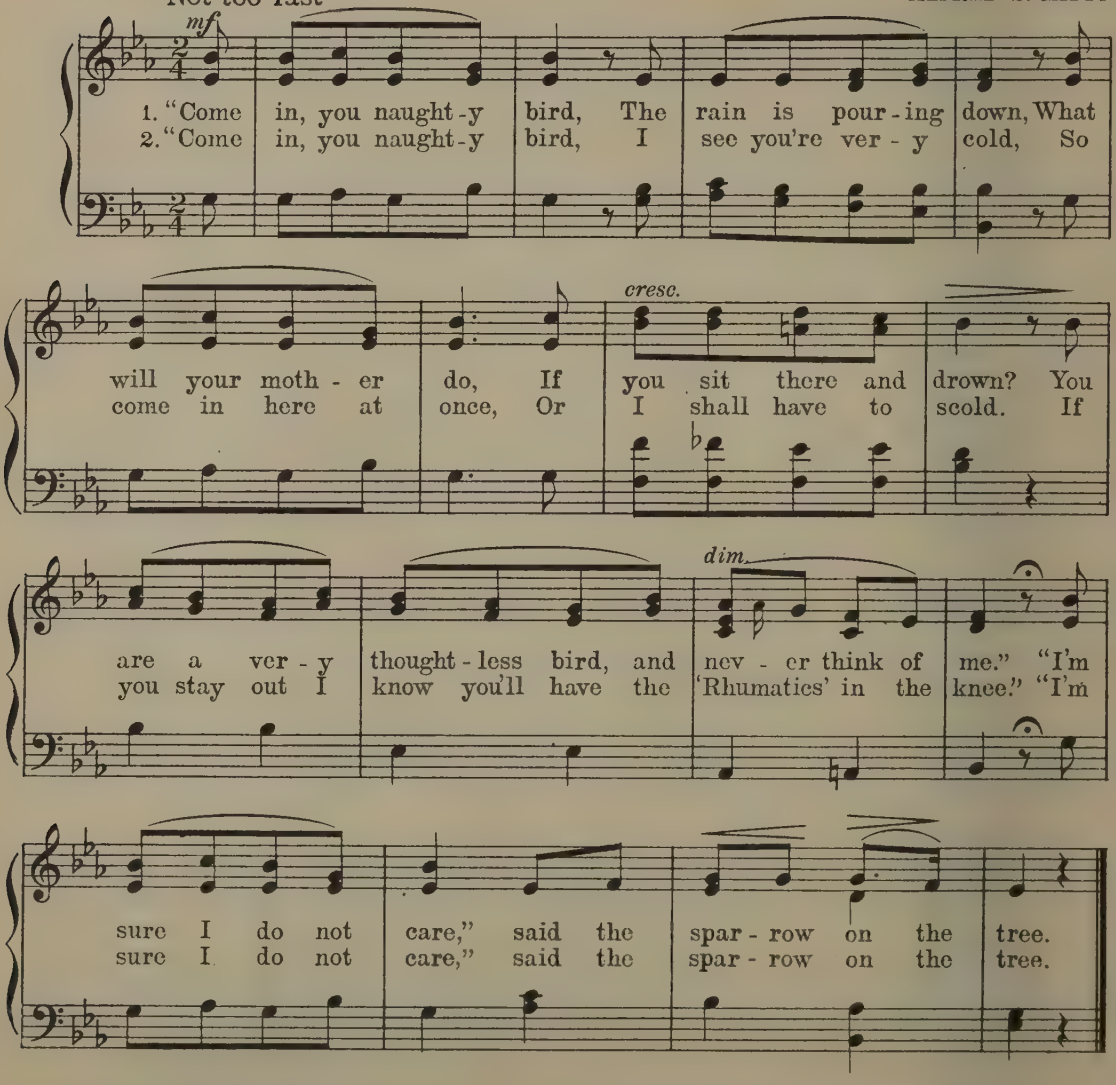
Singing In The Rain

Not too slow
mf
1. Where the elm-tree branch-es, By the rain are stirred, Care-less of the
2. From their heav-y frin-ges, Pour their drops a-main; Still the bird is
3. Cheer-ful sum-mer pro-phet! List'ning to thy song, How my faint-ing
show-er, Swings a lit-tle bird: Clouds may frown and dark-en;
sing-ing, Sing-ing in the rain. O thou hope-ful sing-er,
spir-it, Grow-eth glad and strong. Let the black clouds gath-er,
Drops may fall in vain; Lit-tle heeds the war-bler, Sing-ing in the
Whom my faith per-ceives To a dove trans-fig-ured, Bring-ing ol-ive
Let the sun-shine wane, If I may but join thee, Sing-ing in the
cresc.
rain. Dim-mer fall the shad-ows, Mist-ier grows the air,
leaves; Ol-ive leaves of prom-ise, Types of joy to be;
rain. Let the black clouds gath-er, Let the sun-shine wane,
Still the thick clouds gath-er, Dark-'ning here and there.
How in doubt and tri-al Learns my heart of thee,
If I may but join thee, Sing-ing in the rain.

The Sparrow On The Tree

Not too fast

ALFRED S. GATTY

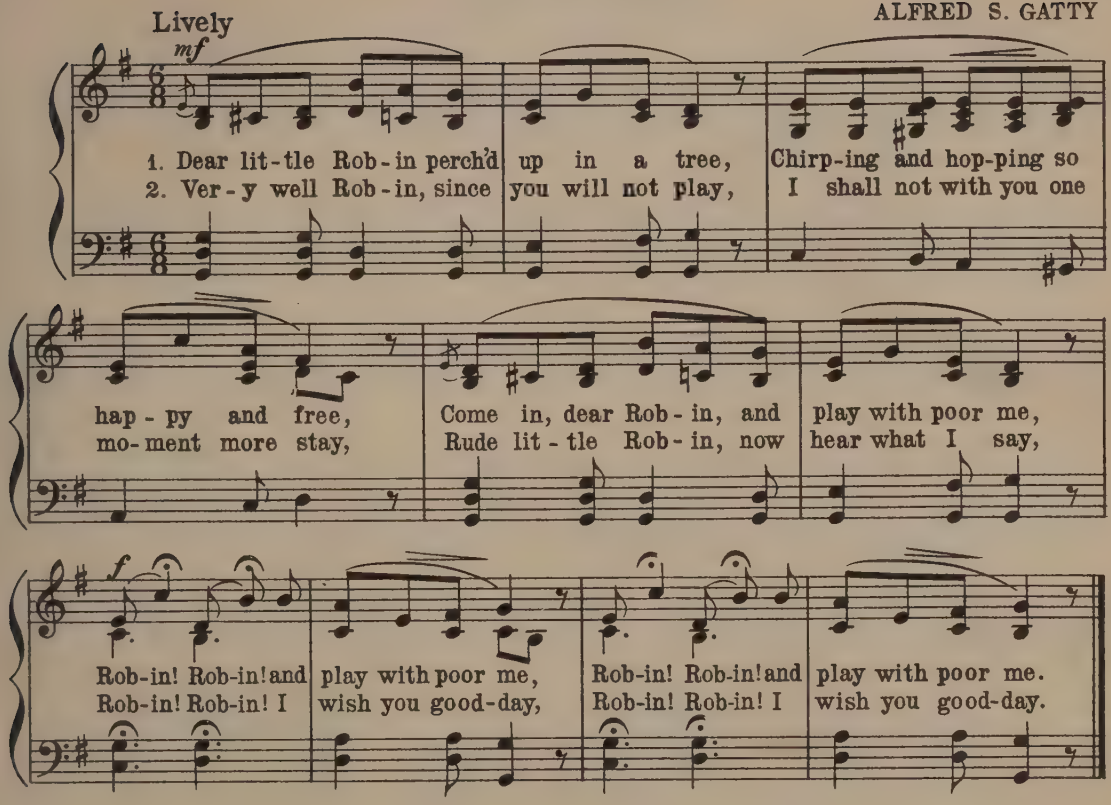

mf
1. "Come in, you naught-y bird, The rain is pour-ing down, What
2. "Come in, you naught-y bird, I see you're ver-y cold, So
cresc.
will your moth-er do, If you sit there and drown? You
come in here at once, Or I shall have to scold. If
dim.
are a ver-y thought-less bird, and nev-er think of me." "I'm
you stay out I know you'll have the 'Rhumatics' in the knee." "I'm
sure I do not care," said the spar-row on the tree.
sure I do not care," said the spar-row on the tree.

3. "Come in, my darling bird,
And sit by me in here,
I'll dry your little wings,
They must be wet, I fear;
Please come into this barn, my son,
And 'cuddle' close to me—"
But ne'er another word
Said the sparrow on the tree.

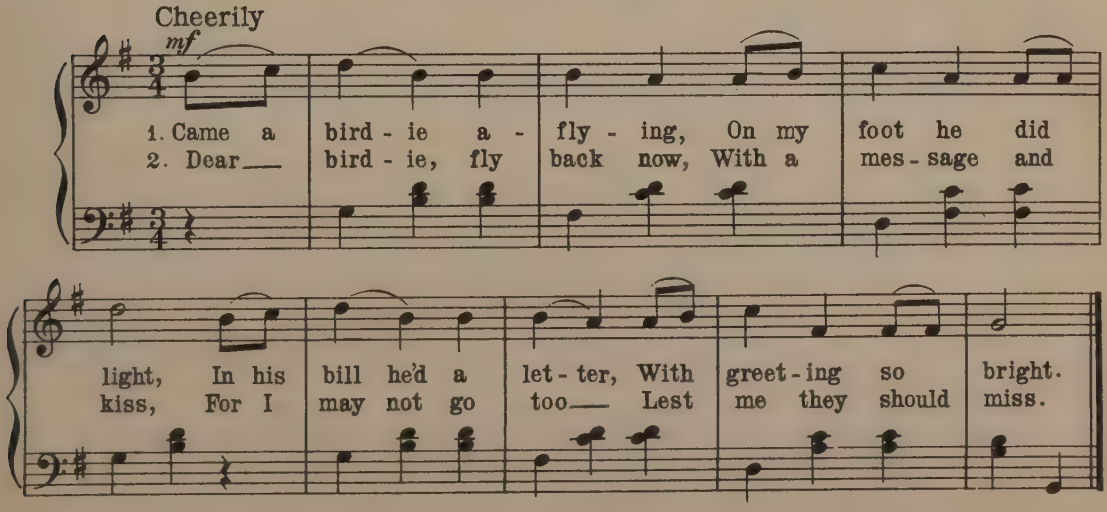
4. The little bird was drowned;
The mother hung her head;
Next morning, as I passed,
I found her lying dead,
So never say, "You do not care,"
For "don't care," as you see,
Is certain to be drowned,
Like the sparrow on the tree.

Robin! Robin!

ALFRED S. GATTY


Lively
mf
1. Dear lit-tle Rob-in perch'd up in a tree, Chirp-ing and hop-ping so
2. Ver-y well Rob-in, since you will not play, I shall not with you one
hap-py and free, Come in, dear Rob-in, and play with poor me,
mo-ment more stay, Rude lit-tle Rob-in, now hear what I say,
f
Rob-in! Rob-in! and play with poor me, Rob-in! Rob-in! and play with poor me.
Rob-in! Rob-in! I wish you good-day, Rob-in! Rob-in! I wish you good-day.

The Little Bird


Cheerily
mf
1. Came a bird-ie a-fly-ing, On my foot he did
2. Dear___ bird-ie, fly back now, With a mes-sage and
light, In his bill he'd a let-ter, With greet-ing so bright.
kiss, For I may not go too___ Lest me they should miss.

Cock Robin And Jenny Wren

Gaily
mf
1. 'Twas in a mer-ry time, When Jen-ny Wren was young, So
2. "My dear-est Jen-nie Wren, If you will but be mine, You shall
neat-ly as she danc'd And so sweet-ly as she sung, Rob-in
dine on cher-ry pie, And drink nice cur-rant wine; I'll
cresc.
Red-breast lost his heart, He was a gal-lant bird, He
dress you like a gold-finch, Or like a pea-cock gay, So
mf
doff'd his cap to Jen-ny Wren, re-quest-ing to be heard.
if you'll have me Jen-ny, dear, Let us ap-point the day."

3. Jenny blush'd behind her fan and thus declared her mind,
"So let it be to-morrow, Rob, I'll take your offer kind
Cherry pie is very good and so is currant wine,
But I will wear my plain brown gown, and never dress up fine."

4. Robin Redbreast got up early, all at the break of day,
He flew to Jenny Wren's house, and sang a roundelay;
He sang of Robin Redbreast and pretty Jenny Wren,
And when he came unto the end, he then began again.

Cuckoo!

ALFRED S. GATTY

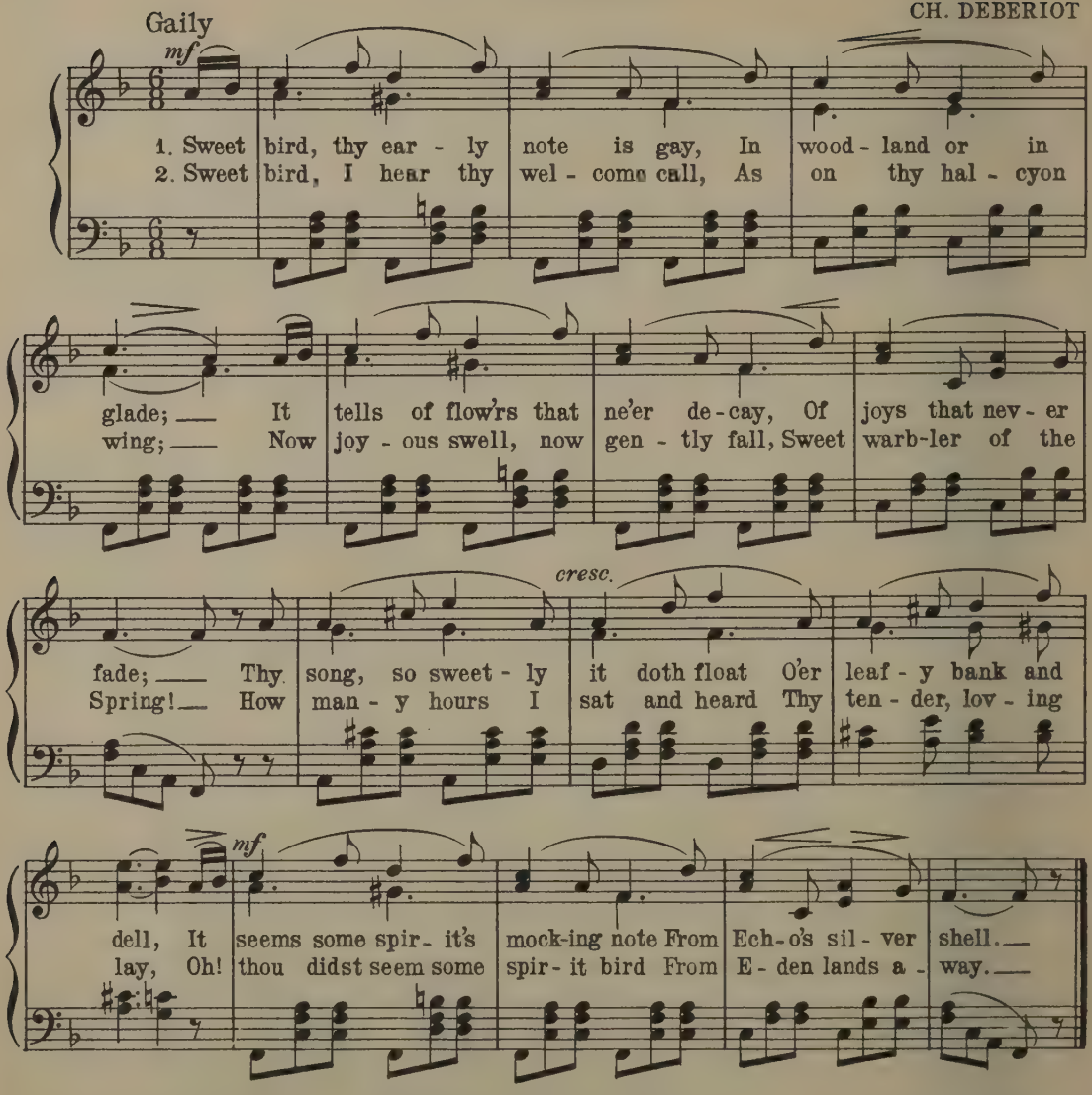
Not too fast
mf
mf
1. Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo!
2. Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo!
cresc.
Pret - ty bird, say; Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! Pri - thee, so gay?
Pray, Mis - tress Spring, Cuc - koo! Cuc - koo! What do you bring?
Cuc-koo! Cuc-koo! I loud - ly sing, The near ap - proach of our
Cuc-koo! Cuc-koo! Sweet scent - ed May, Sun-shine to glad - den the
p
friend Mis - tress Spring. Ah! dear mis - tress Spring.
chil - dren at play. Ah! chil - dren at play.

3. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! You at the best,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Are but a guest,
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! No sooner here
Than you are gone, till the following year.
Ah! gone till next year.

4. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! We almost cry
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Saying good-bye!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Promise, dear, do,
Not to forget us, we shan't forget you!
Ah! Cuckoo, Adieu!

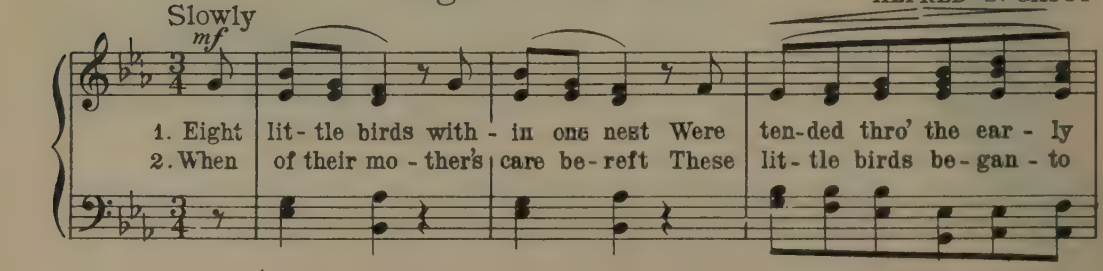
The Bluebird

CH. DEBERIOT


Gaily
mf
1. Sweet bird, thy ear - ly note is gay, In wood - land or in
2. Sweet bird, I hear thy wel - come call, As on thy hal - cyon
glade; It tells of flow'rs that ne'er de - cay, Of joys that nev - er
wing; Now joy - ous swell, now gen - tly fall, Sweet warb-ler of the
cresc.
fade; Thy song, so sweet - ly it doth float O'er leaf - y bank and
Spring! How man - y hours I sat and heard Thy ten - der, lov - ing
mf
dell, It seems some spir - it's mock-ing note From Ech - o's sil - ver shell.
lay, Oh! thou didst seem some spir - it bird From E - den lands a - way.

Eight Little Birds

ALFRED S. GATTY


Slowly
mf
1. Eight lit - tle birds with - in one nest Were ten-ded thro' the ear - ly
2. When of their mo - ther's care be - reft These lit - tle birds be - gan - to

Spring By her who knew their wants the best, And
roam, Some flew a - way to dis - tant lands, While
mf
taught them how to fly and sing. As time went on, these
oth - ers clung to their old home. They all could sing, but
cresc.
cresc.
lit-tle birds Then saw their lov - ing moth-er die: But e'er she left her
one there was Who sang so sweet-ly and so clear, That when she raised her
rit.
f
lit - tle brood, She taught them one and all to fly.
love-ly voice, The oth - ers ceased, and came to hear.

3. One day she soared, and soaring sang
A song that sounded far and wide;
But as she reached the last long note,
This little songstress drooped and died.
They mourn her loss, these little birds,
As to their work they saddened fly;
But this they know, tho' she is dead,
The songs she sang will never die.

The Burial Of The Robin

ALFRED S. GATTY

Slowly
cresc.
1. Found in the gar - den, dead in his beau - ty.
2. Bur - y him kind - ly up in the cor - ner;
Ah! that a rob - in should die in the Spring! Oh,
Bird, beast and gold - fish are se - pul - chered there. Oh,
cresc.
bu - ry him now in pi - ti - ful du - ty,
bid the black kit - ten march as chief mourn - er,
Muf - fle the din - ner bell, So - lemn - ly ring.
Wav - ing her tail like a plume in the air.

3. Bury him nobly - next to the donkey;
Fetch the old banner, and wave it about;
Bury him deeply - think of the monkey:
Shallow his grave, and the dogs got him out.

4. Bury him softly - white wool around him,
Kiss his poor feathers - the first kiss and last;
Tell his poor widow kind friends have found him,
Plant his poor grave with whatever grows fast.

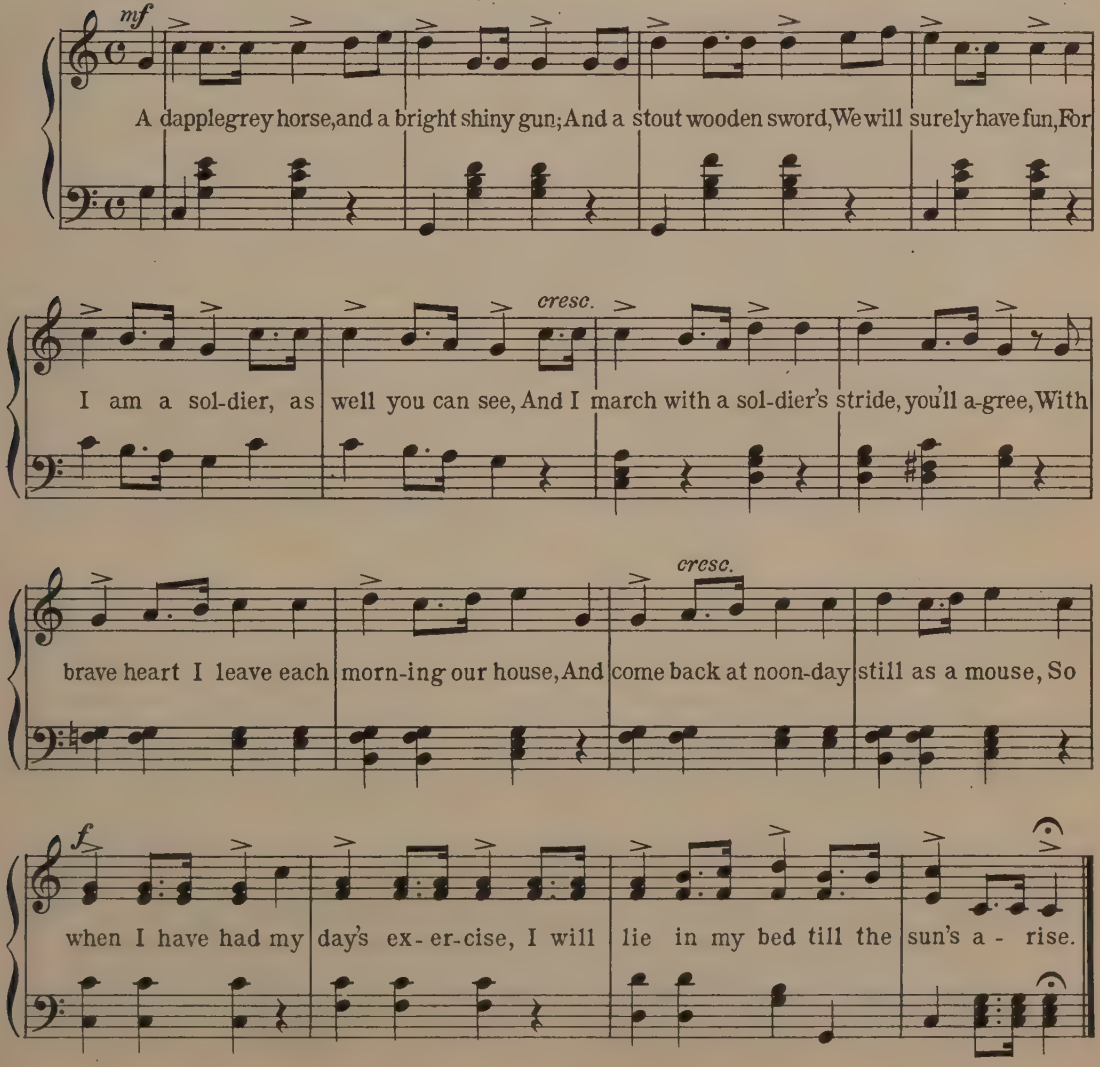
5. Farewell, sweet singer! dead in thy beauty,
Silent through summer, though other birds sing
Bury him, comrades, in pitiful duty,
Muffle the dinner - bell, mournfully ring

This section of "Songs the Children Love to Sing" includes a number of songs about matters dear to boys' hearts. There are songs about hunters and soldiers; about horses and ponies; about sail-boats and humming tops – in fact they are all on subjects in which boys take an active and enthusiastic interest. Aside from the fact that singing is good and healthful for our little ones, it will undoubtedly be found that they themselves will like to sing these songs, and it would be difficult to imagine a prettier picture than one or more sturdy youngsters singing them.

Soldier Song

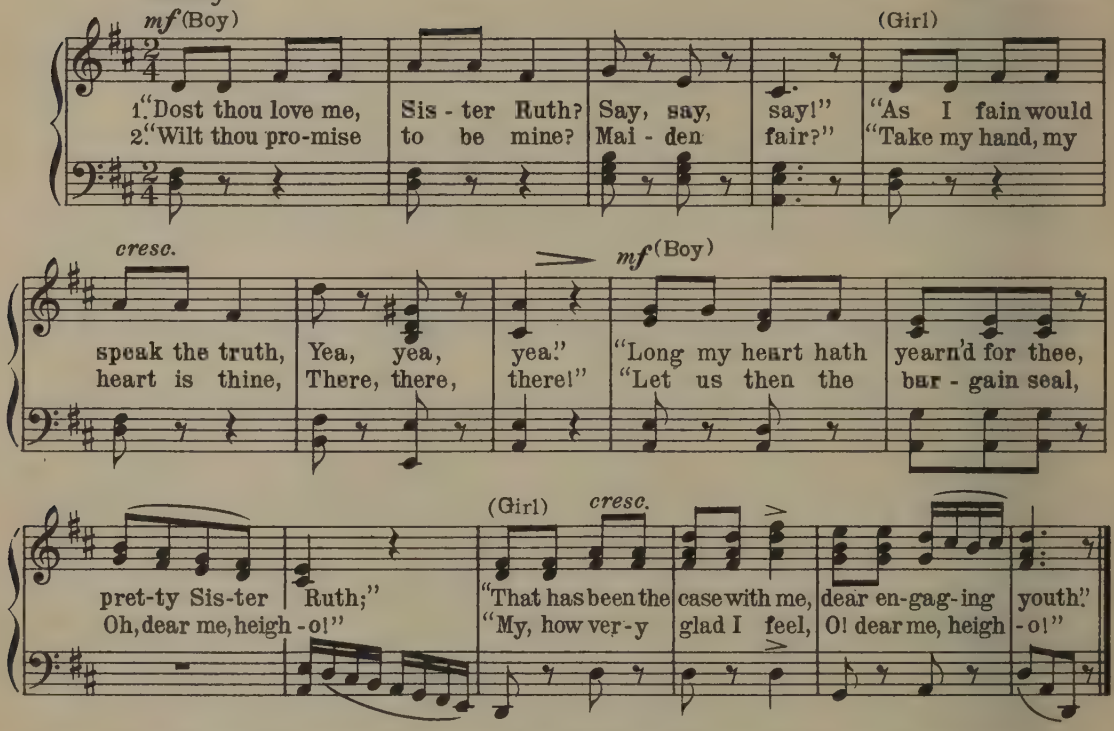
March time

R. SCHUMANN


mf
A dapplegrey horse, and a bright shiny gun; And a stout wooden sword, We will surely have fun, For
cresc.
I am a sol-dier, as well you can see, And I march with a sol-dier's stride, you'll a-gree, With
cresc.
brave heart I leave each morn-ing our house, And come back at noon-day still as a mouse, So
f
when I have had my day's ex-er-cise, I will lie in my bed till the sun's a - rise.

Sister Ruth

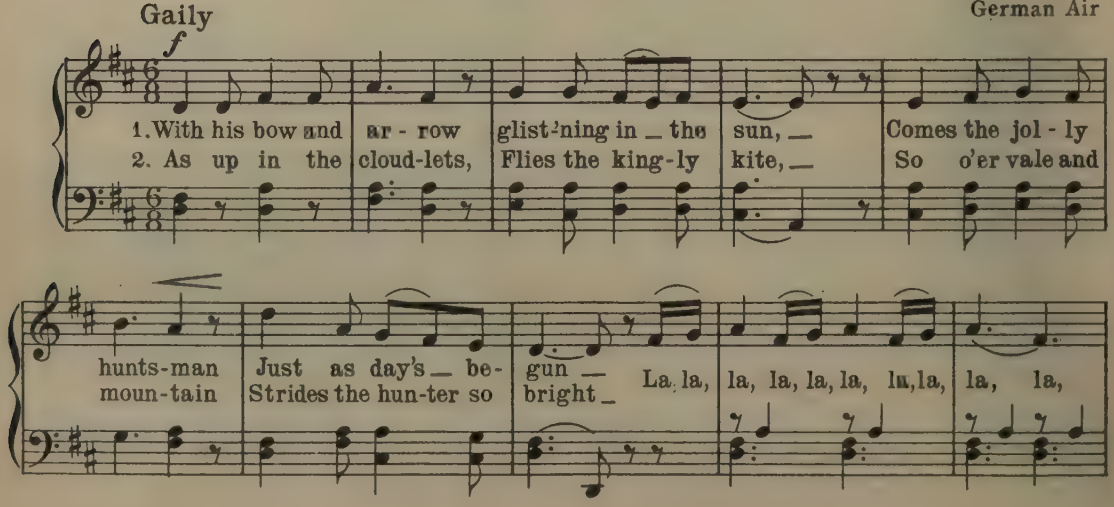
Melody by JOS. HAYDN

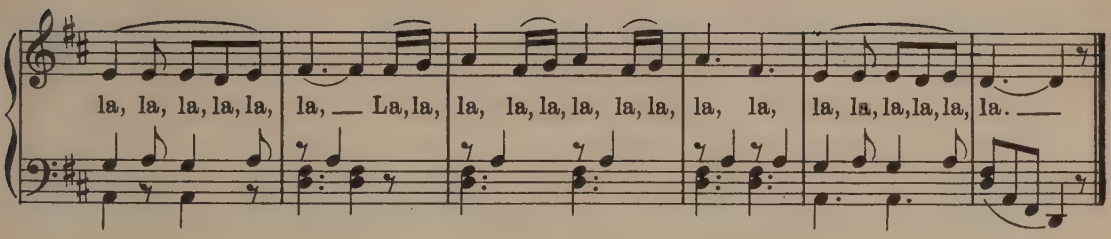

Slowly
mf (Boy)
(Girl)
1. "Dost thou love me, Sis - ter Ruth? Say, say, say!" "As I fain would
2. "Wilt thou pro-mise to be mine? Mai - den fair?" "Take my hand, my
cresc.
mf (Boy)
speak the truth, Yea, yea, yea!" "Long my heart hath yearn'd for thee,
heart is thine, There, there, there!" "Let us then the bar - gain seal,
(Girl)
cresc.
pret-ty Sis-ter Ruth;" "That has been the case with me, dear en-gag-ing youth."
Oh, dear me, heigh - o!" "My, how ver-y glad I feel, O! dear me, heigh - o!"

Note: This makes a charming duet for a little boy and a little girl in Quaker costume.

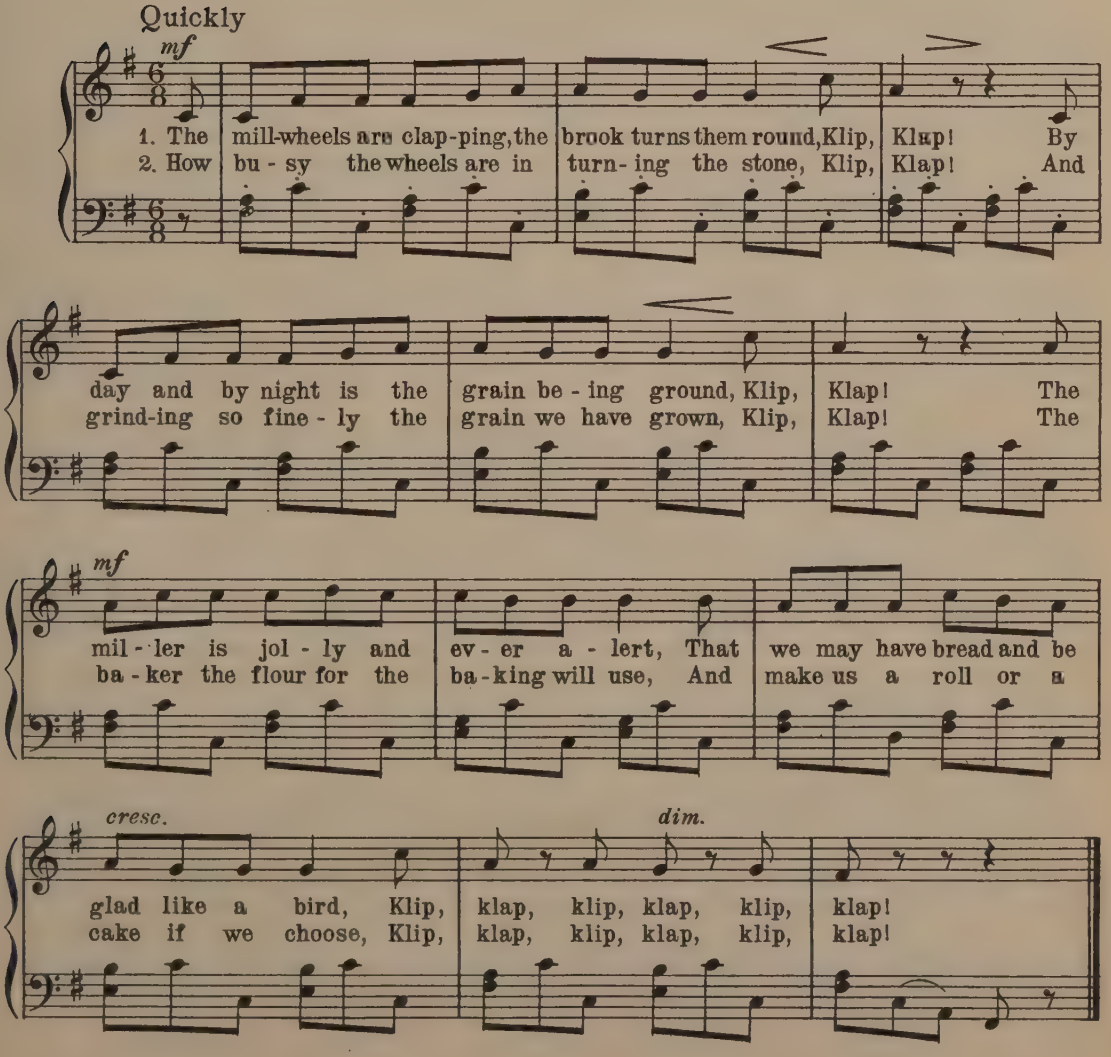
Hunter's Song

German Air


Gaily
f
1. With his bow and ar - row glist'ning in the sun, Comes the jol - ly
2. As up in the cloud-lets, Flies the king-ly kite, So o'er vale and
hunts-man Just as day's be- gun La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
moun-tain Strides the hun-ter so bright



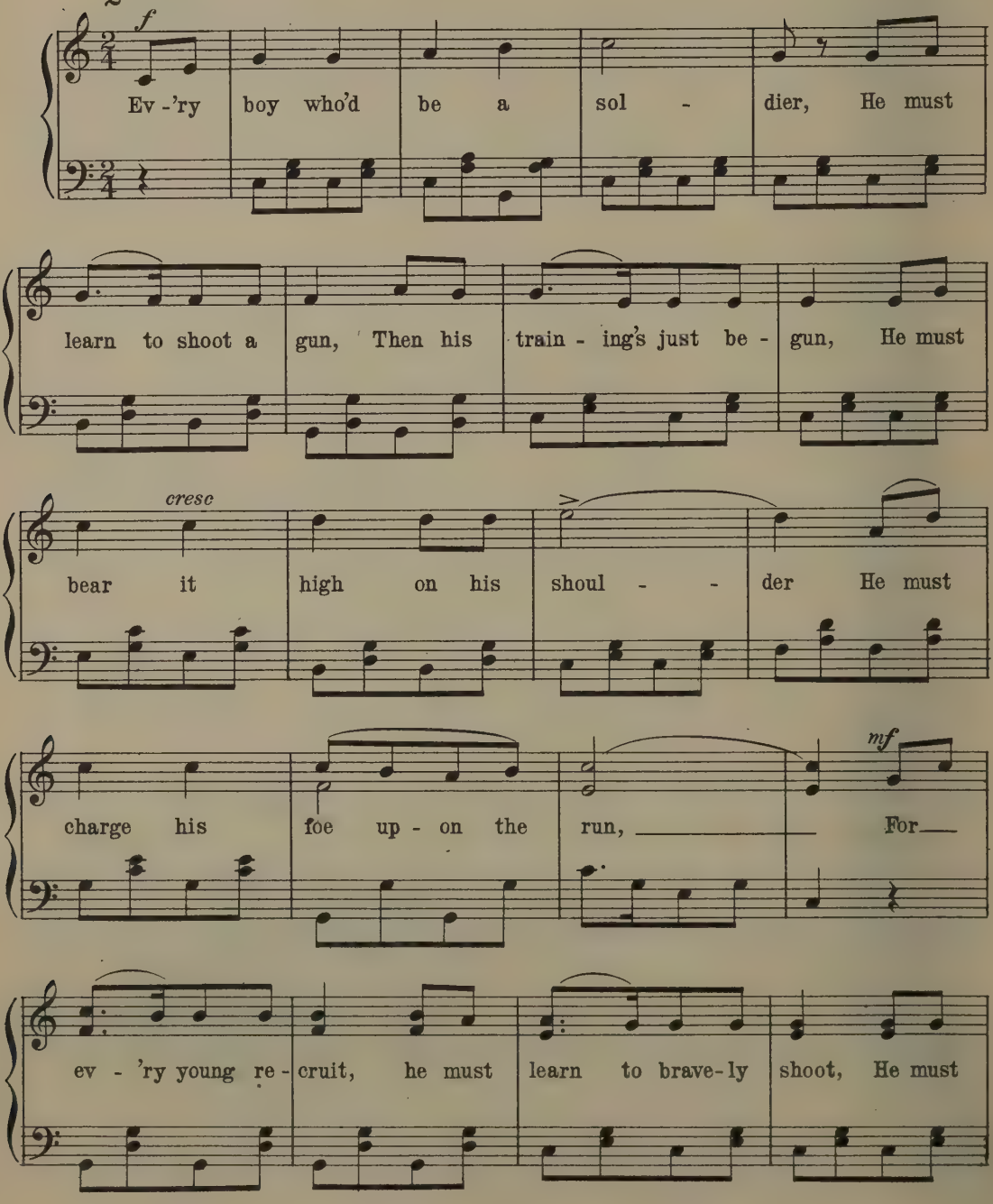
The Mill-Wheel

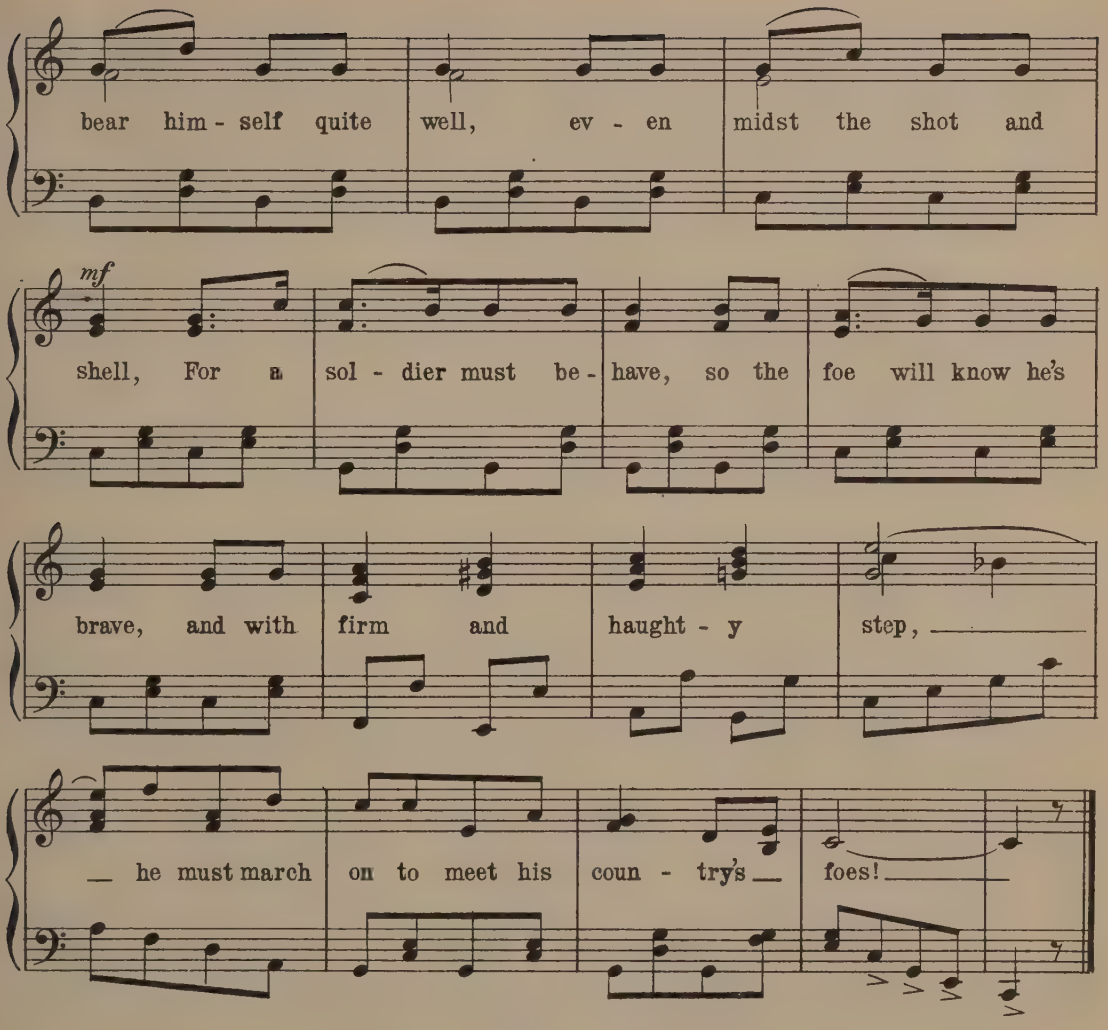

Quickly
mf
1. The mill-wheels are clap-ping, the brook turns them round, Klip, Klap! By
2. How bu - sy the wheels are in turn - ing the stone, Klip, Klap! And
day and by night is the grain be - ing ground, Klip, Klap! The
grind-ing so fine - ly the grain we have grown, Klip, Klap! The
mf
mil - ler is jol - ly and ev - er a - lert, That we may have bread and be
ba - ker the flour for the ba - king will use, And make us a roll or a
cresc.
dim.
glad like a bird, Klip, klap, klip, klap, klip, klap!
cake if we choose, Klip, klap, klip, klap, klip, klap!

The Young Recruit

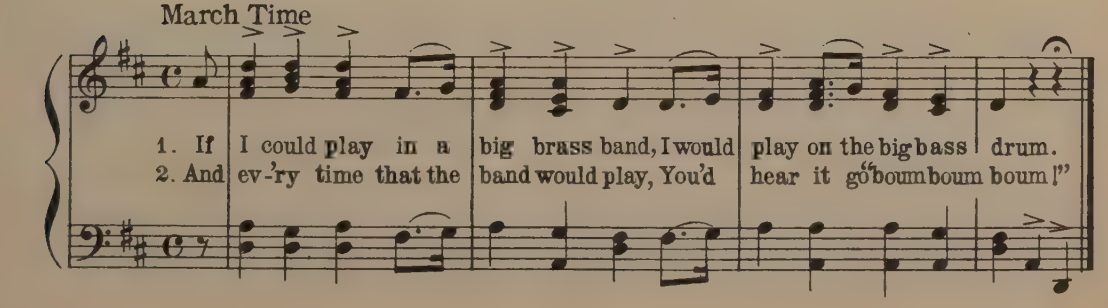
Quick March Time

F. W. KÜCKEN

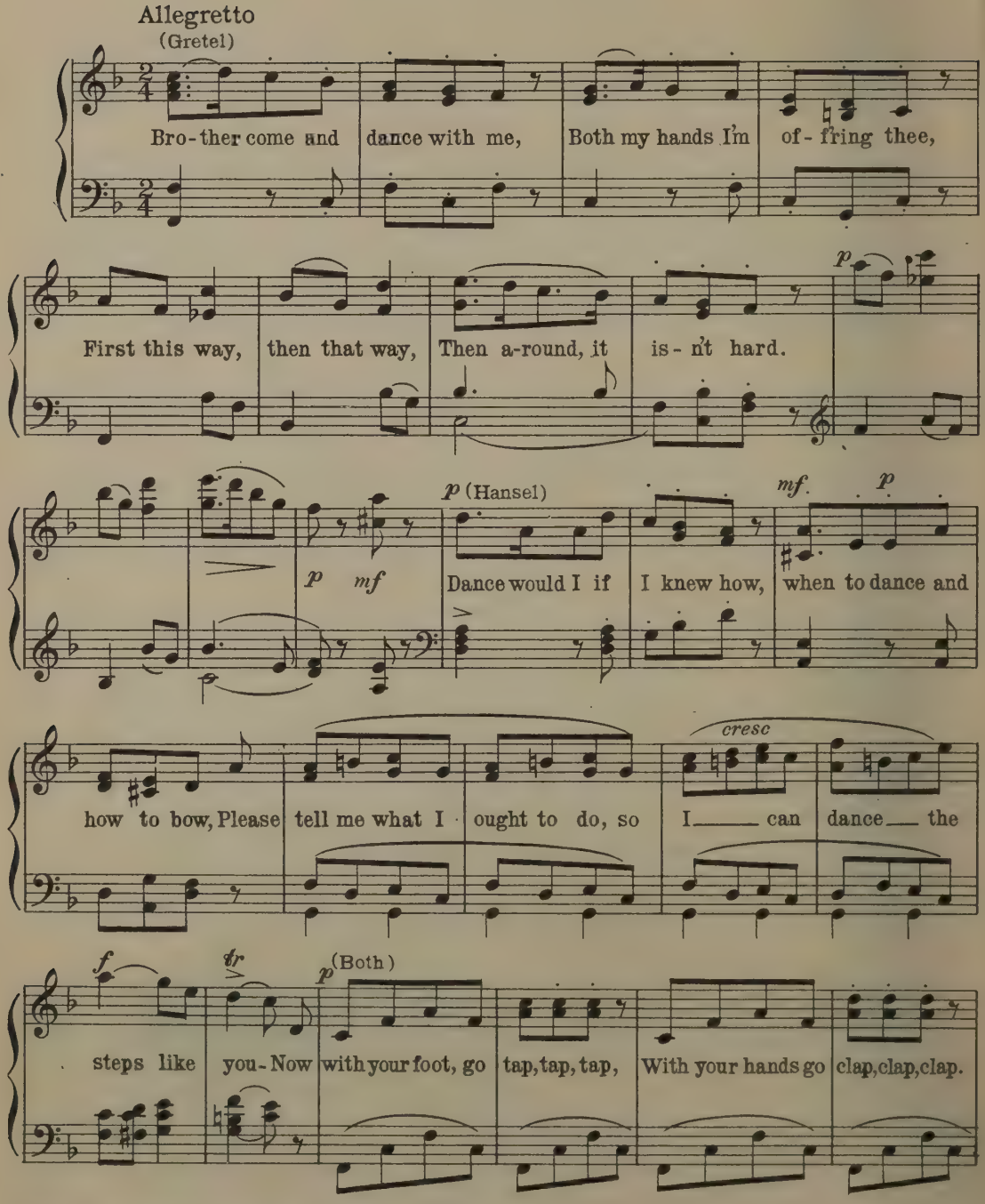

f
Ev -'ry boy who'd be a sol - dier, He must
learn to shoot a gun, Then his train - ing's just be - gun, He must
cresc
bear it high on his shoul - - der He must
charge his foe up - on the run, For
mf
ev - 'ry young re - cruit, he must learn to brave-ly shoot, He must


bear him - self quite well, ev - en midst the shot and
mf
shell, For a sol - dier must be - have, so the foe will know he's
brave, and with firm and haught - y step,
he must march on to meet his coun - try's foes!

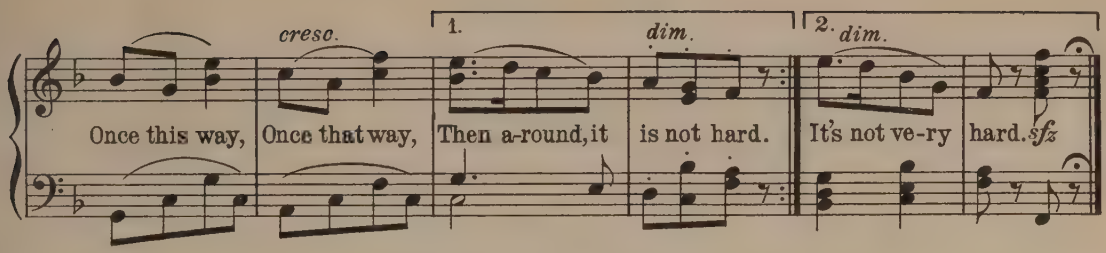
The Little Drummer


March Time
1. If I could play in a big brass band, I would play on the big bass drum.
2. And ev-'ry time that the band would play, You'd hear it go "boum boum boum!"

The Dancing Lesson


Allegretto
(Gretel)
Bro-ther come and dance with me, Both my hands I'm of-fring thee,
First this way, then that way, Then a-round, it is-n't hard.
p (Hansel)
mf
p
p mf
Dance would I if I knew how, when to dance and
how to bow, Please tell me what I ought to do, so
cresc
I can dance the
f
tr
p (Both)
steps like you-Now with your foot, go tap, tap, tap, With your hands go clap, clap, clap.

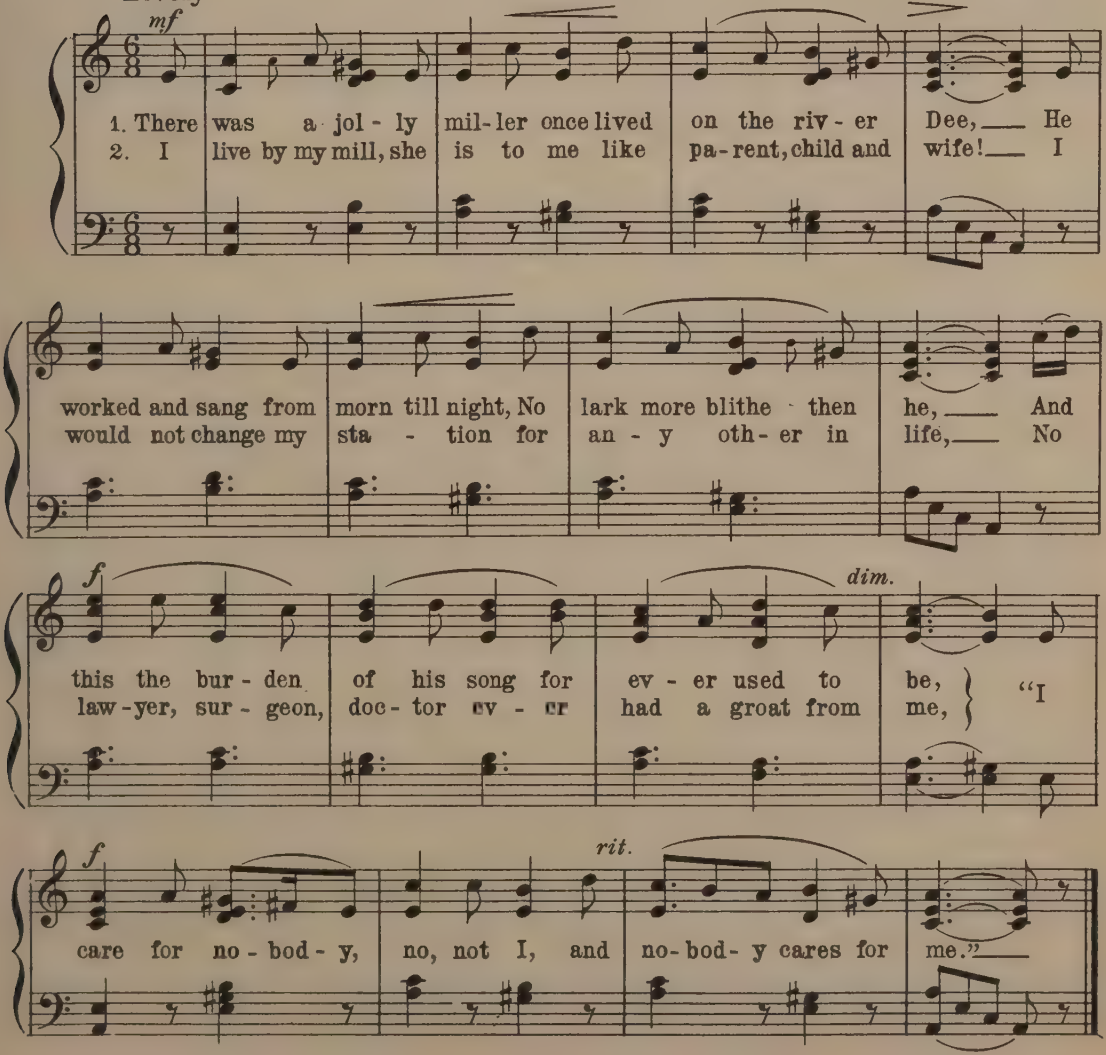
Note: This makes a very nice duet for a boy and a girl.



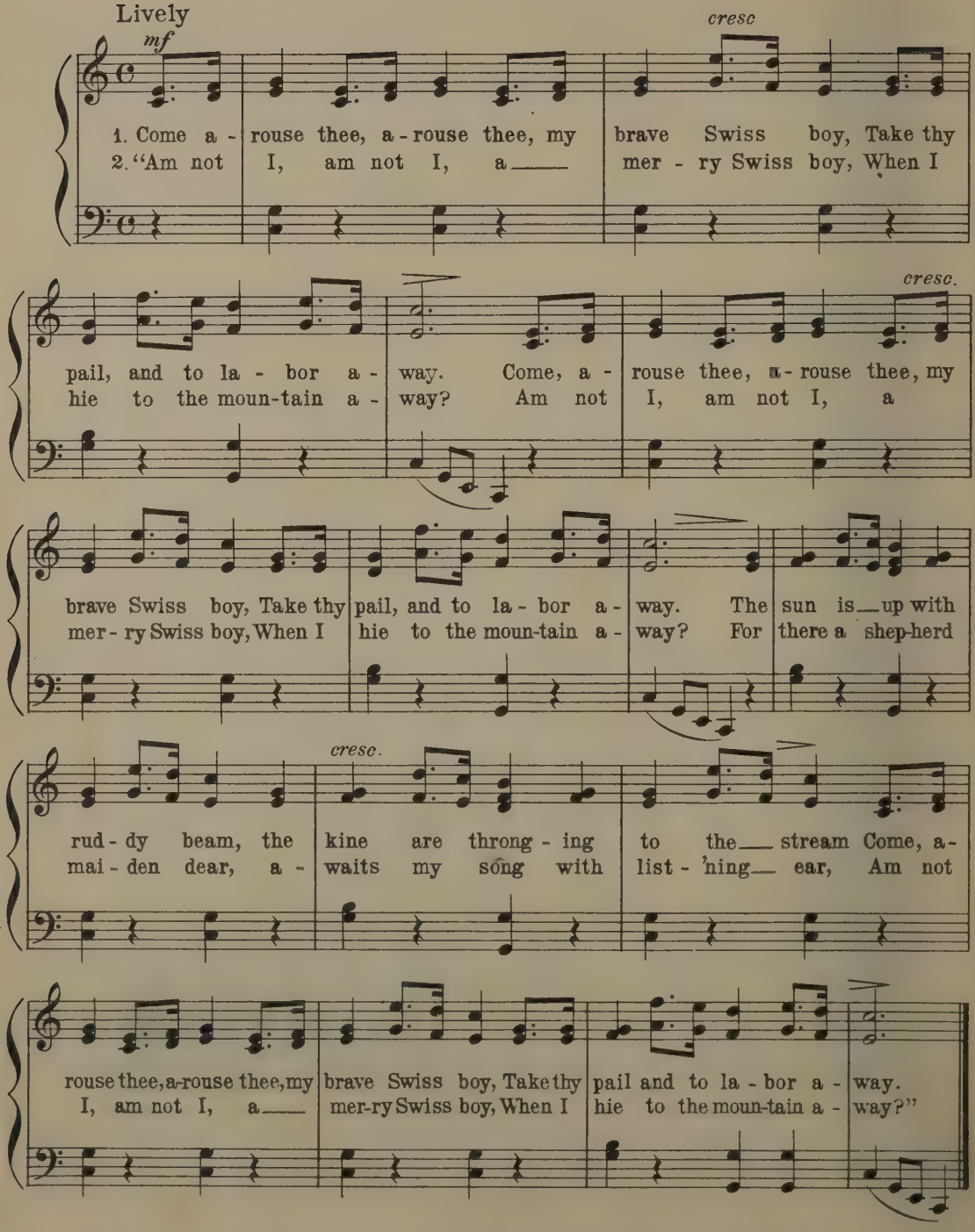
The Jolly Miller

Lively

Old English


mf
1. There was a jol - ly mil-ler once lived on the riv - er Dee, He
2. I live by my mill, she is to me like pa-rent, child and wife! I
worked and sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe then he, And
would not change my sta - tion for an - y oth-er in life, No
f
dim.
this the bur - den of his song for ev - er used to be,
law-yer, sur - geon, doc - tor ev - er had a groat from me,
"I
f
rit.
care for no - bod - y, no, not I, and no-bod- y cares for me."

The Merry Swiss Boy


Lively
mf
cresc
1. Come a - rouse thee, a - rouse thee, my brave Swiss boy, Take thy
2. "Am not I, am not I, a mer - ry Swiss boy, When I
pail, and to la - bor a - way. Come, a - rouse thee, a - rouse thee, my
hie to the moun-tain a - way? Am not I, am not I, a
cresc.
brave Swiss boy, Take thy pail, and to la - bor a - way. The sun is up with
mer - ry Swiss boy, When I hie to the moun-tain a - way? For there a shep-herd
cresc.
rud - dy beam, the kine are throng - ing to the stream Come, a -
mai - den dear, a - waits my song with list - 'ning ear, Am not
rouse thee, a-rouse thee, my brave Swiss boy, Take thy pail and to la - bor a - way.
I, am not I, a mer-ry Swiss boy, When I hie to the moun-tain a - way?"

The Hobby Horse

Quickly

f

1. Hop, hop, hop! Nim-ble as a top, Where'tis smooth and where'tis ston-y,
2. Whoa, whoa, whoa! How like fun you go, Ve - ry well, my lit - tle po-ny,

trudge a-long, my lit-tle po-ny, Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop! Nim-ble as a top.
safe's our jaunt tho' rough and ston-y, Spare, spare, spare spare, spare! Sure e-nough we're there.

The Sail-Boat

Smoothly

D. E. AUBER

f

1. Up - on our lit - tle lake — the ti - ny sail - boat skims a-long,
2. We'll load it up with gold, — and send it o - ver for - eign seas,

cresc. *dim.*

With its sails — so full of air, Tho'— the tide be strong.—
Soon it will — come back a-gain, With— the friend - ly breeze.—

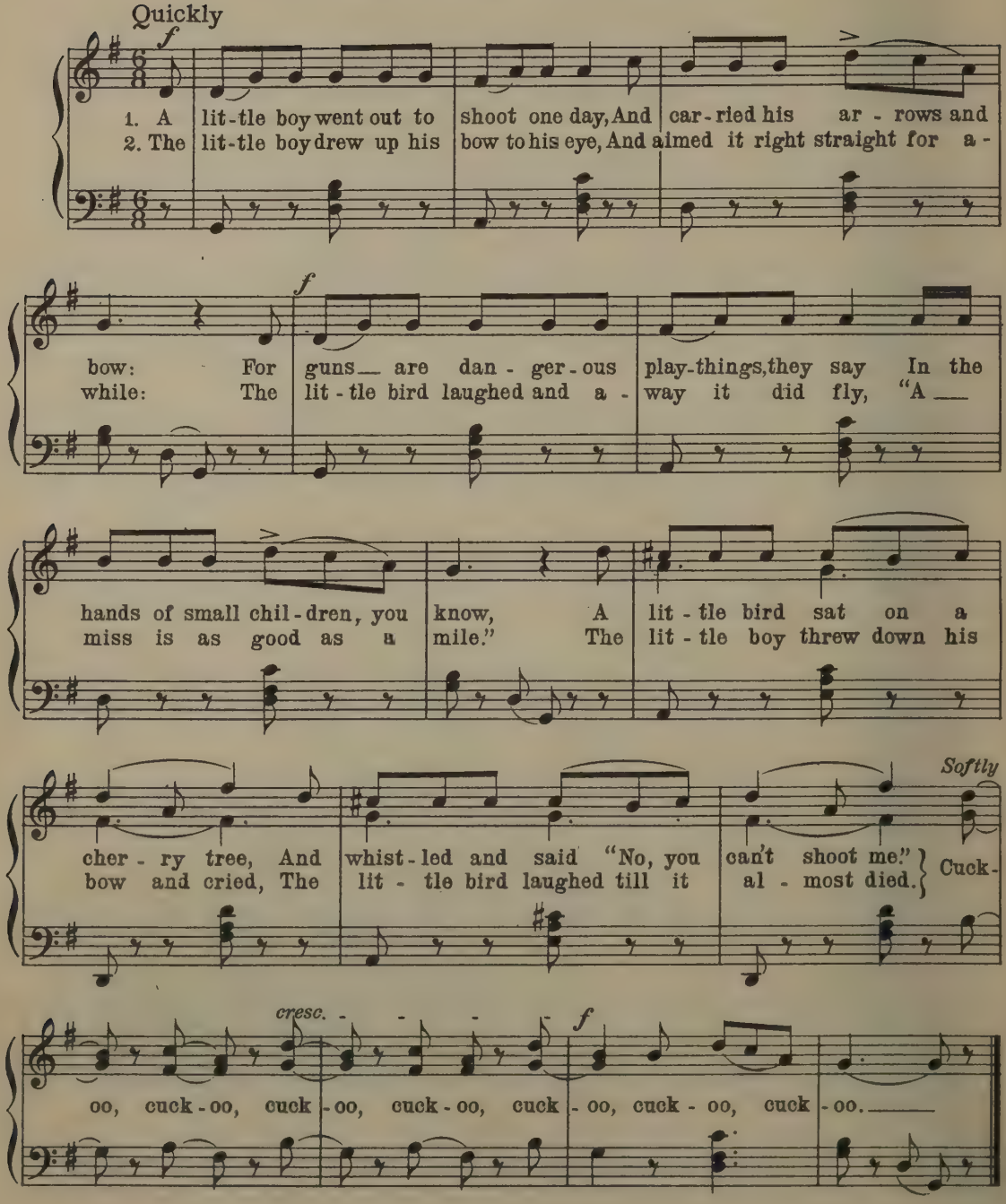
The Humming Top

Merrily

mf Close the lips.

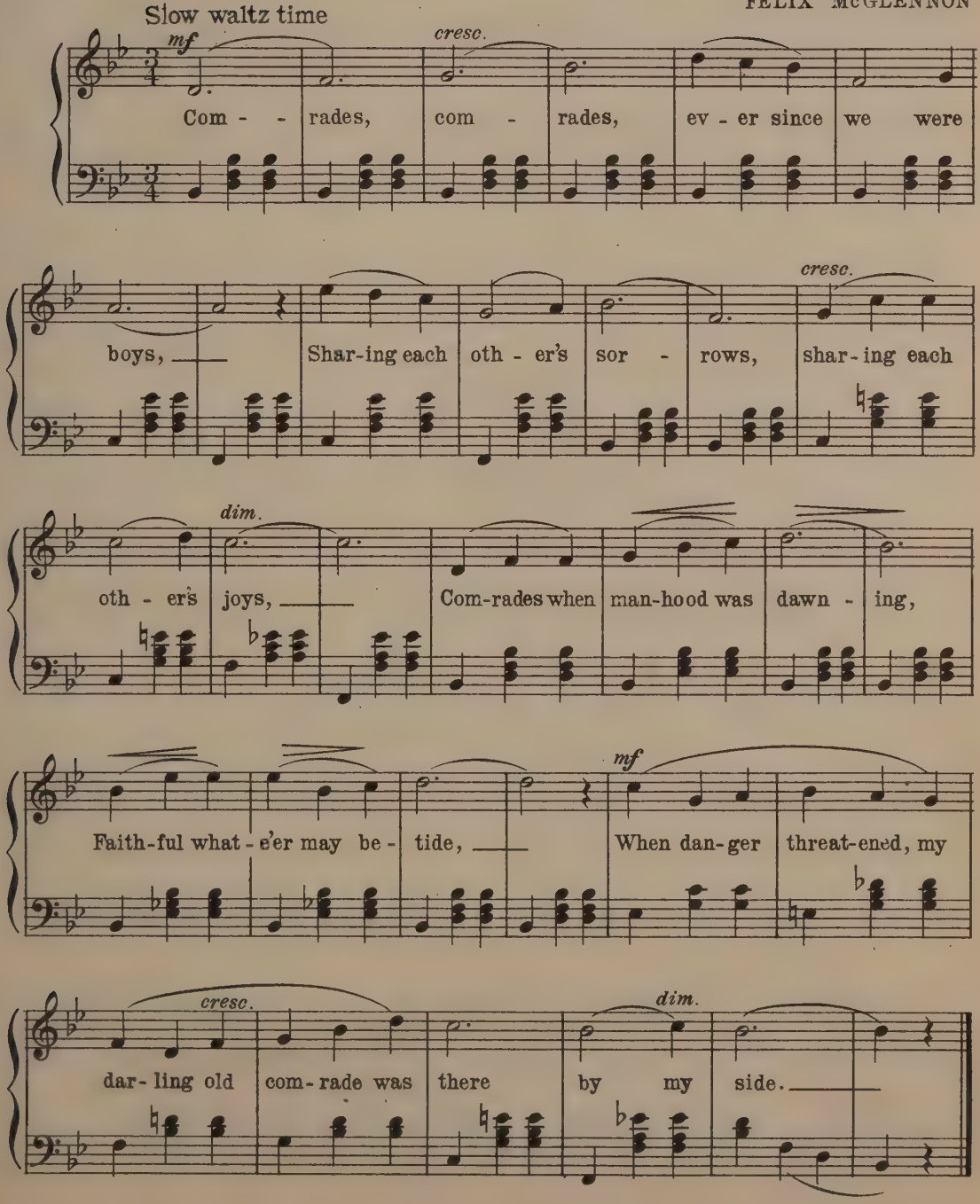
1. Hum, Hum, goes my top, when on the ground I let it drop.
2. Hum, Hum, goes my top, seems — as tho' 'twould nev - er stop!

The Boy And The Cuckoo


Quickly
f
1. A lit-tle boy went out to shoot one day, And car-ried his ar - rows and
2. The lit-tle boy drew up his bow to his eye, And aimed it right straight for a -
f
bow: For guns are dan - ger - ous play-things, they say In the
while: The lit - tle bird laughed and a - way it did fly, "A
hands of small chil - dren, you know, A lit - tle bird sat on a
miss is as good as a mile." The lit - tle boy threw down his
Softly
cher - ry tree, And whist - led and said "No, you can't shoot me."
bow and cried, The lit - tle bird laughed till it al - most died.
Cuck-
cresc.
f
oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo, cuck - oo.

Comrades

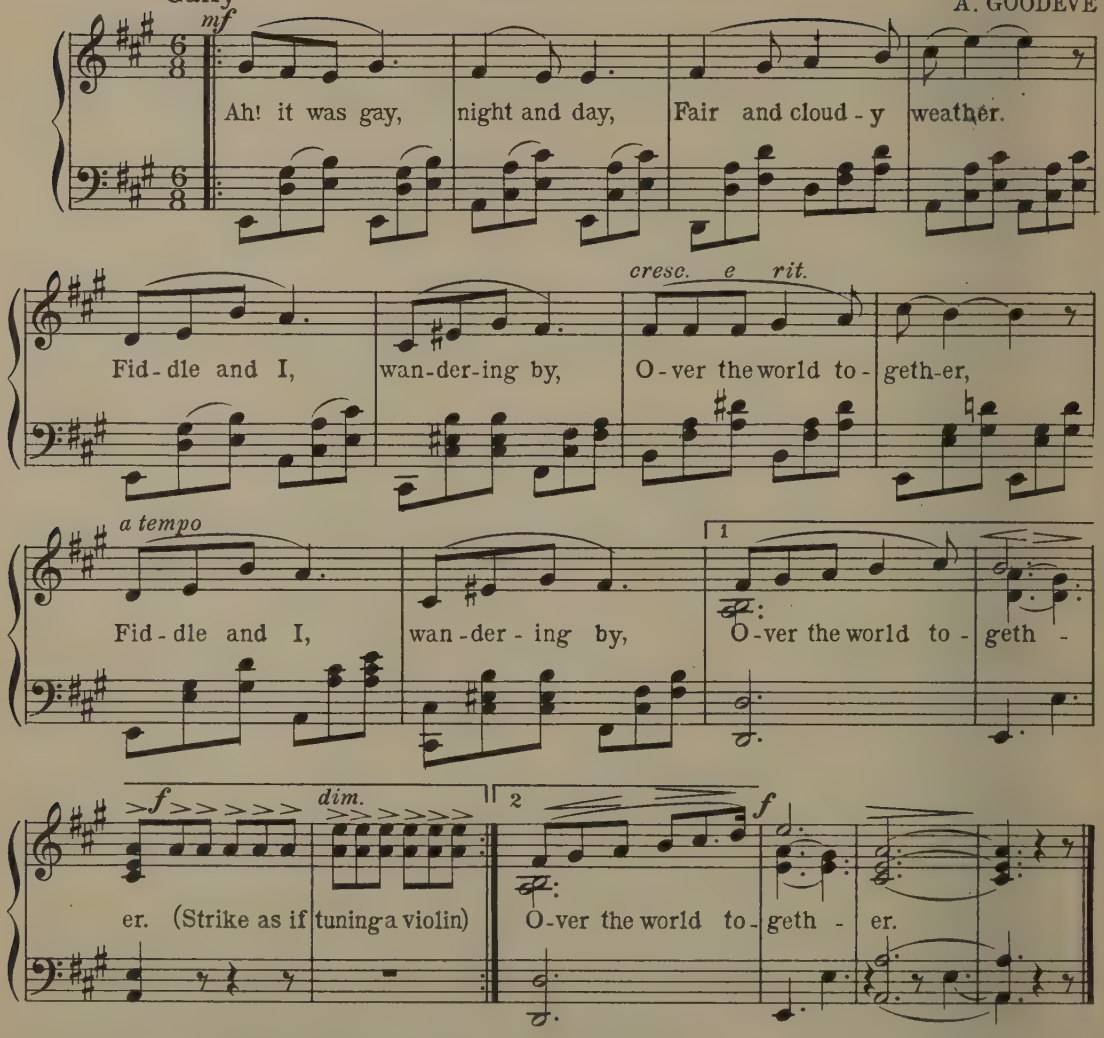
FELIX McGLENNON


Slow waltz time
mf
cresc.
Com - - rades, com - rades, ev - er since we were
boys, Shar-ing each oth - er's sor - rows, shar - ing each
cresc.
dim.
oth - er's joys, Com-rades when man-hood was dawn - ing,
mf
Faith-ful what - e'er may be - tide, When dan-ger threat-ened, my
cresc.
dim.
dar - ling old com - rade was there by my side.

Fiddle And I

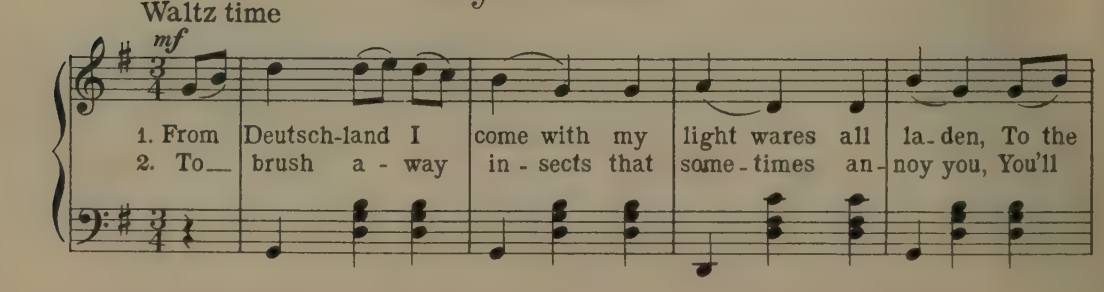
Gaily

A. GOODEVE


mf
Ah! it was gay, night and day, Fair and cloud - y weather.
cresc. e rit.
Fid - dle and I, wan - der - ing by, O - ver the world to - geth - er,
a tempo
Fid - dle and I, wan - der - ing by, O - ver the world to - geth -
1
er. (Strike as if tuning a violin)
dim.
2
O - ver the world to - geth - er.

Buy A Broom

Waltz time



land where the bless - ing of free - dom doth bloom; Then
find it quite hand - y to use night and day; And

lis - ten, fair la - dy, and young pret - ty maid - en, Oh,
what bet - ter ex - er - cise pray can em - ploy you, Than to

buy of the wand - 'ring Ba - va - rian a broom.
sweep all vex - a - tious in - tru - ders a - way?

The Faithful Comrade

March time

German Song

mf *cresc.*

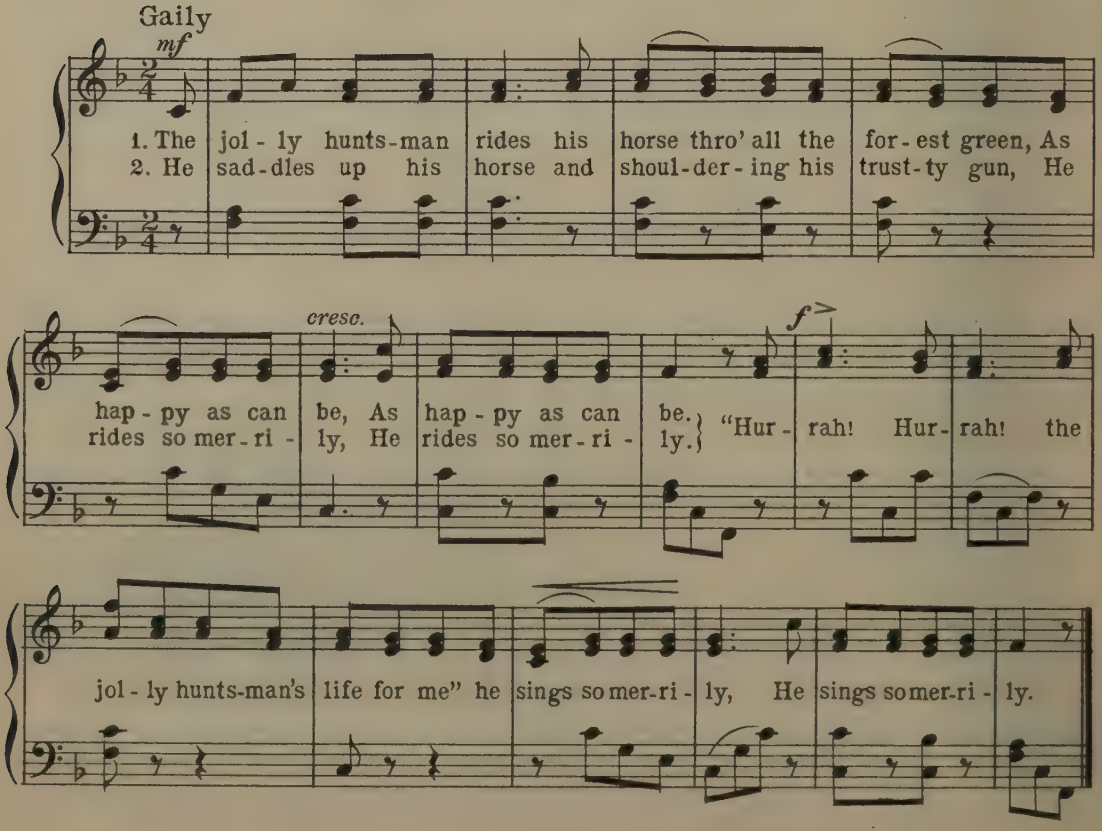
1. I had a faith - ful com - rade, One bet - ter you'd ne'er
2. A bul - let came a - fly - ing, Un - de - cid - ed whom 'twould

p

find, And when the drum - beats called to war, with
hit, Then my faith - ful com - rade fell to earth, sore

cresc.
mf
me he gai - ly— march'd be - fore, With me he gai - ly—
wound - ed at my— ver - y feet, As if he were a -
f
march'd, yes, gai - ly march'd be - fore.
part of me, a part of— me.

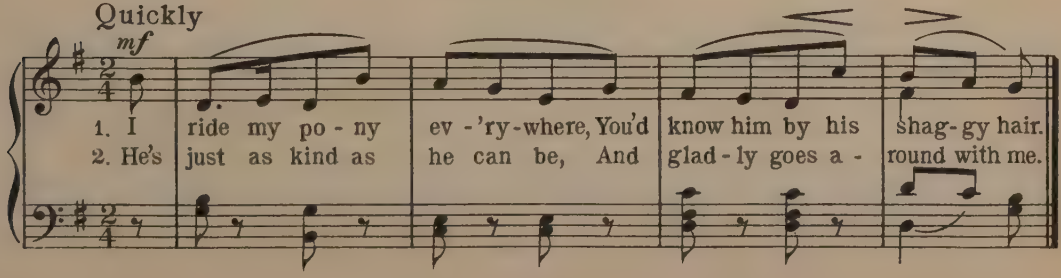
The Jolly Huntsman


Gaily
mf
1. The jol - ly hunts-man rides his horse thro' all the for - est green, As
2. He sad - dles up his horse and shoul - der - ing his trust - ty gun, He
cresc.
f
hap - py as can be, As hap - py as can be.
rides so mer - ri - ly, He rides so mer - ri - ly.
"Hur - rah! Hur - rah! the
jol - ly hunts-man's life for me" he sings so mer-ri - ly, He sings so mer-ri - ly.

Robinson Crusoe

Lively
mf
1.When I was a lad, I had cause to be sad, A — ver-y good friend I did
2. He saved from a-board an old gun and a sword, And an- oth-er odd mat-ter or
lose, O! I war-rant you, Dan, you have heard of this man, His name it was Rob-in-son
two, so by dint of his thrift, he just man-aged to shift, And keep a-live Rob-in-son
f CHORUS
Cru-soe. Oh, Rob-in-son Cru-soe! Oh, poor Rob-in-son Cru-soe! He —
Cru-soe. Oh, Rob-in-son Cru-soe! Oh, poor Rob-in-son Cru-soe! Whether
went off to sea and be- tween you and me, Old Nep-tune wreck'd Rob-in-son Cru-soe.
tem-pest or Turk, — or wild man or work, No mat-ter to Rob-in-son Cru-soe.

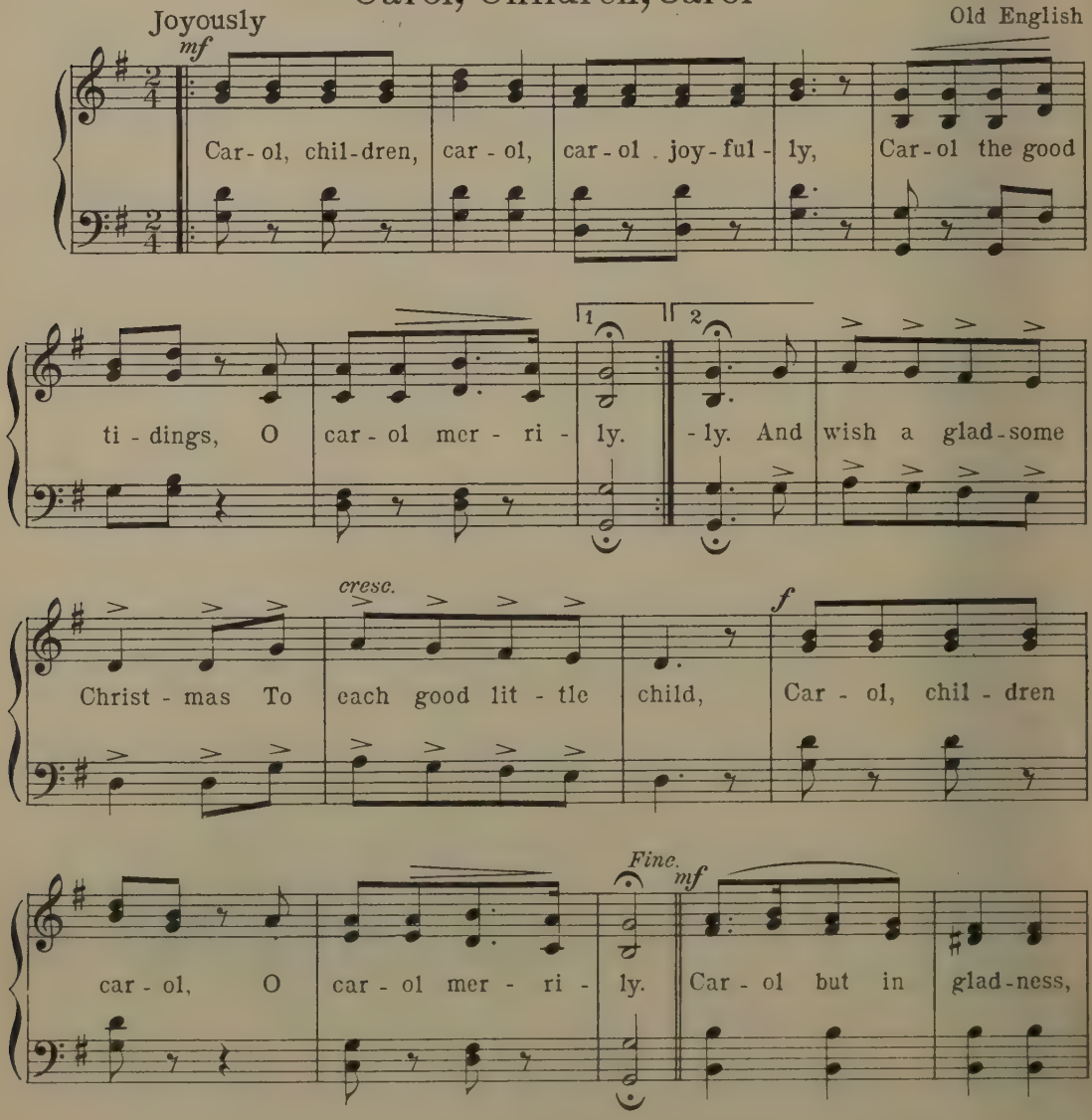
My Pony

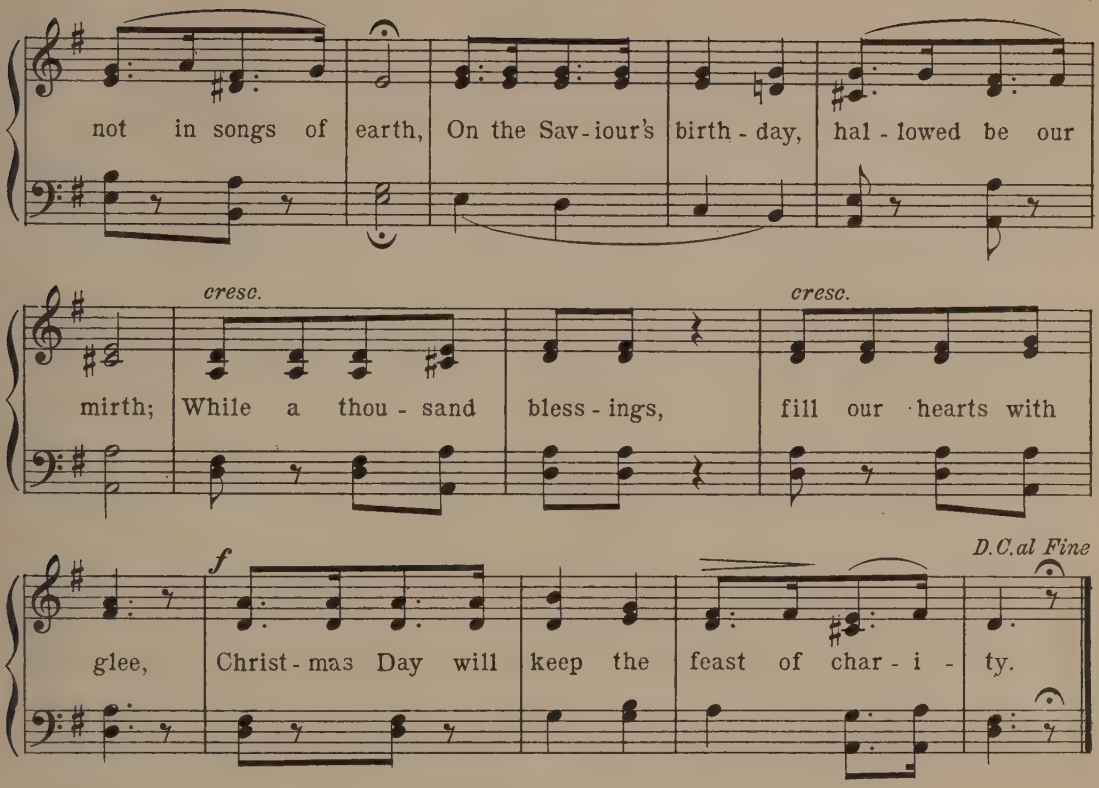

Quickly
mf
1. I ride my po-ny ev-'ry-where, You'd know him by his shag-gy hair.
2. He's just as kind as he can be, And glad-ly goes a- round with me.

SONGS OF CHRISTMAS

Of all the year's holidays, Christmas is undoubtedly the dearest and most eagerly looked forward to by every child. The advent of Christmastide brings forth their finest feelings and emotions—the pleasure of giving and of receiving; the joy of wishing and being wished all of the good things which life can give us. So it is that this section of our book contains joyous songs in the form of Christmas carols, Yuletide hymns and songs celebrating each festive incident of this greatest of days. For little ones to sing these songs is to instill in them a greater reverence and a deeper knowledge of the day's meaning.

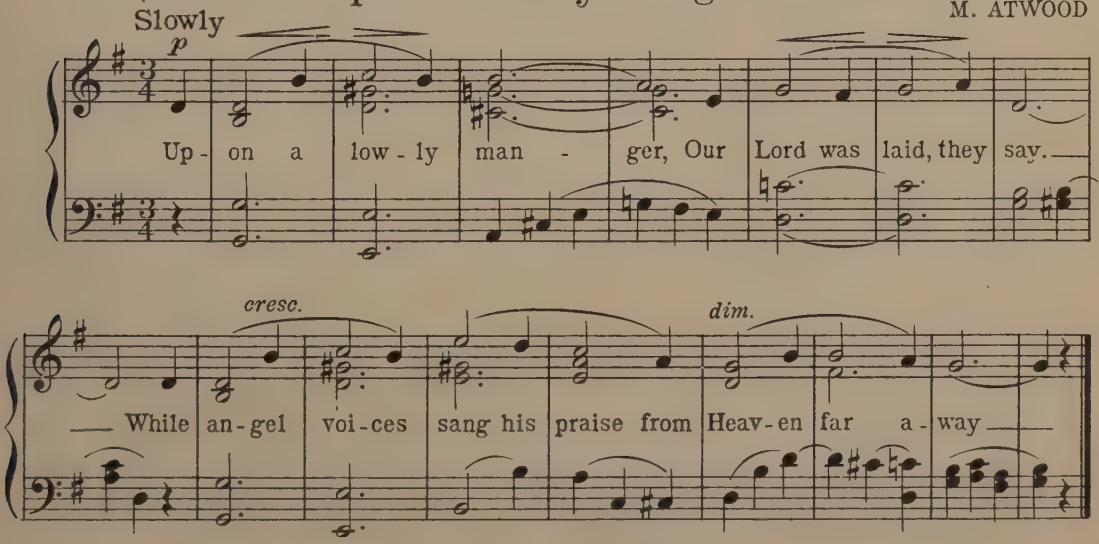
Carol, Children, Carol


Joyously
mf
Old English
Car - ol, chil - dren, car - ol, car - ol joy - ful - ly, Car - ol the good
ti - dings, O car - ol mer - ri - ly. - ly. And wish a glad - some
cresc.
Christ - mas To each good lit - tle child,
f
Car - ol, chil - dren
Fine.
mf
car - ol, O car - ol mer - ri - ly.
Car - ol but in glad - ness,


not in songs of earth, On the Sav-iour's birth-day, hal-lowed be our
cresc.
cresc.
mirth; While a thou-sand bless-ings, fill our hearts with
D.C.al Fine
f
glee, Christ-mas Day will keep the feast of char-i-ty.

Upon A Lowly Manger

M. ATWOOD



Holy Night! Peaceful Night!

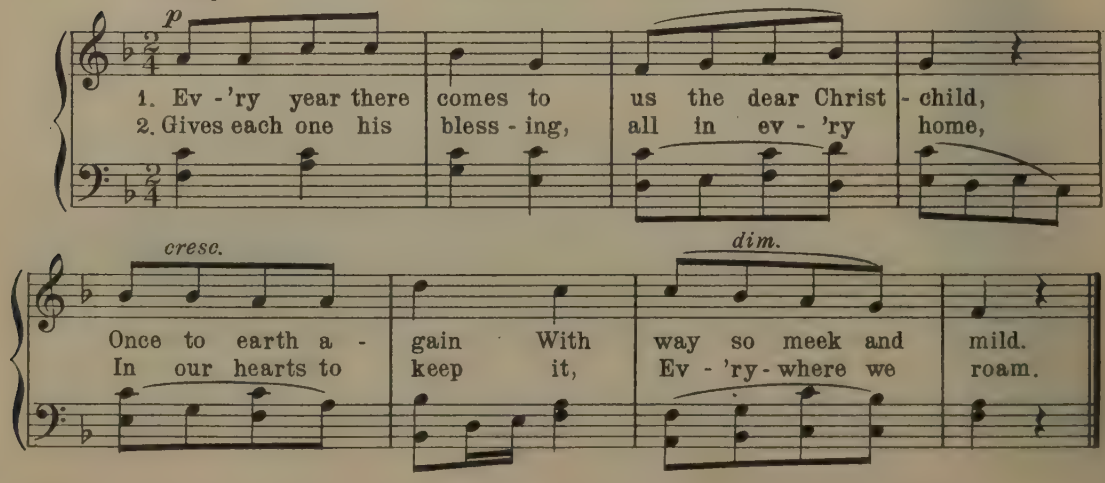
Slowly

FRANZ GRUBER

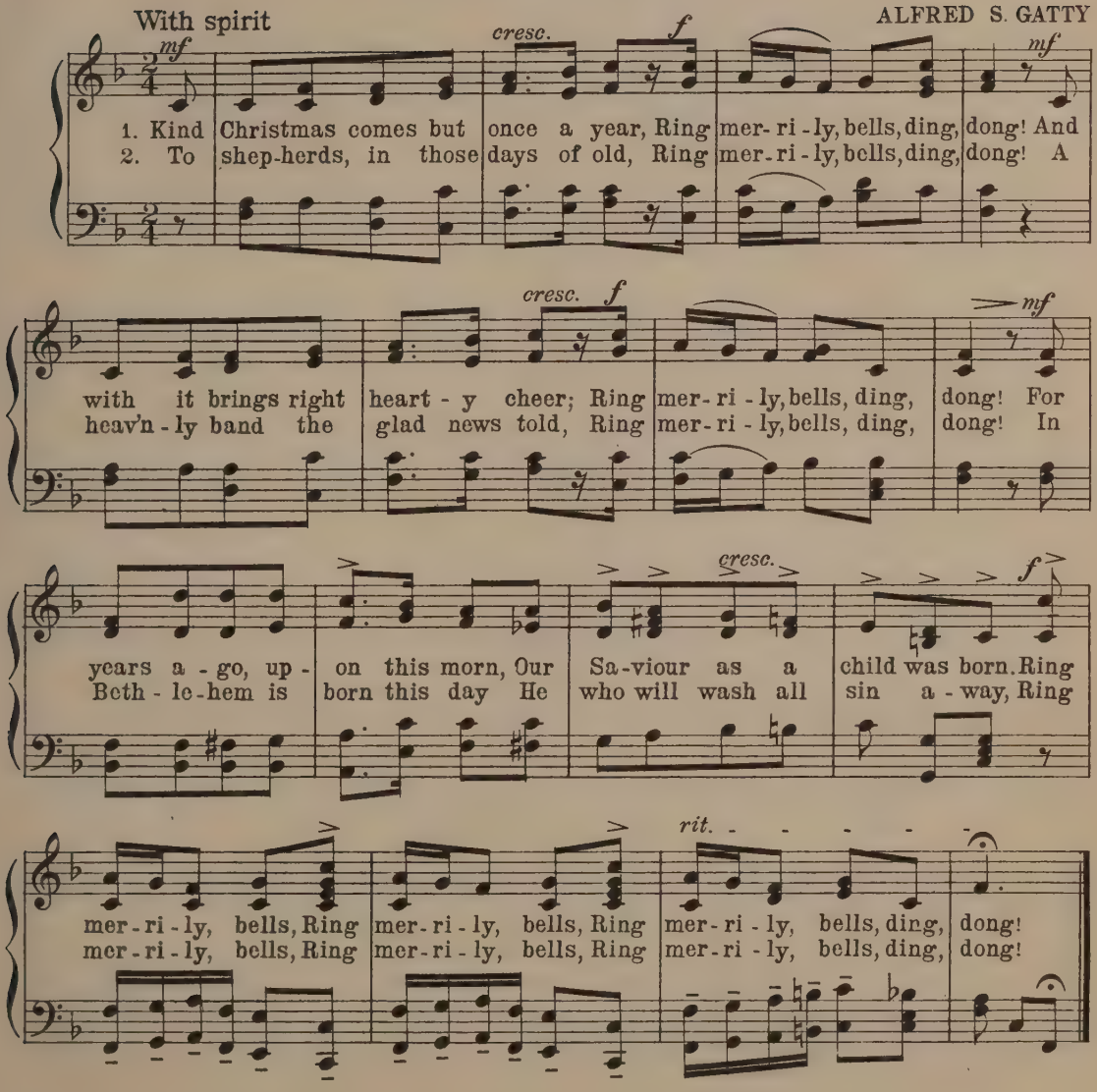
p
1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Thro' the dark-ness beams a light,
2. Si - lent night! ho - li-est night! Dark-ness flies and all is light!
3. Si - lent night! ho - li-est night! Guid - ing Star, O lend thy light!
Yon-der where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep,
Shep-herds hear the an - gels sing: Hal - le - lu - jah! hail the King!
See the East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
cresc.
dim.
Rests in heav-en - ly peace, Rests in heav-en - ly peace.
Je - sus the Sav - iour is here! Je - sus the Sav - iour is here!
Je - sus the Sav - iour is here! Je - sus the Sav - iour is here!

Christmas Song

Gladly


p
1. Ev -'ry year there comes to us the dear Christ - child,
2. Gives each one his bless - ing, all in ev - 'ry home,
cresc.
dim.
Once to earth a - gain With way so meek and mild.
In our hearts to keep it, Ev - 'ry - where we roam.

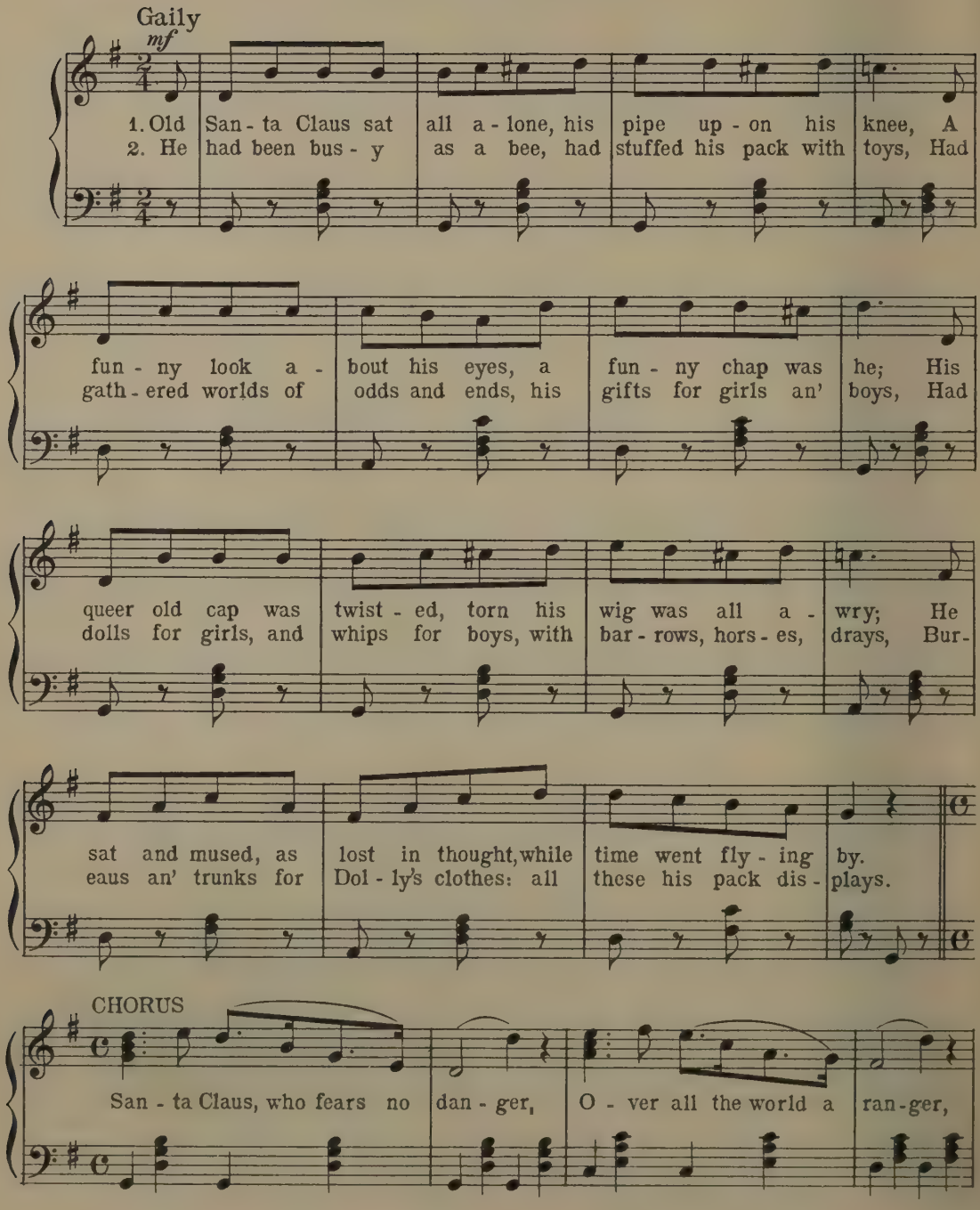
A Christmas Carol

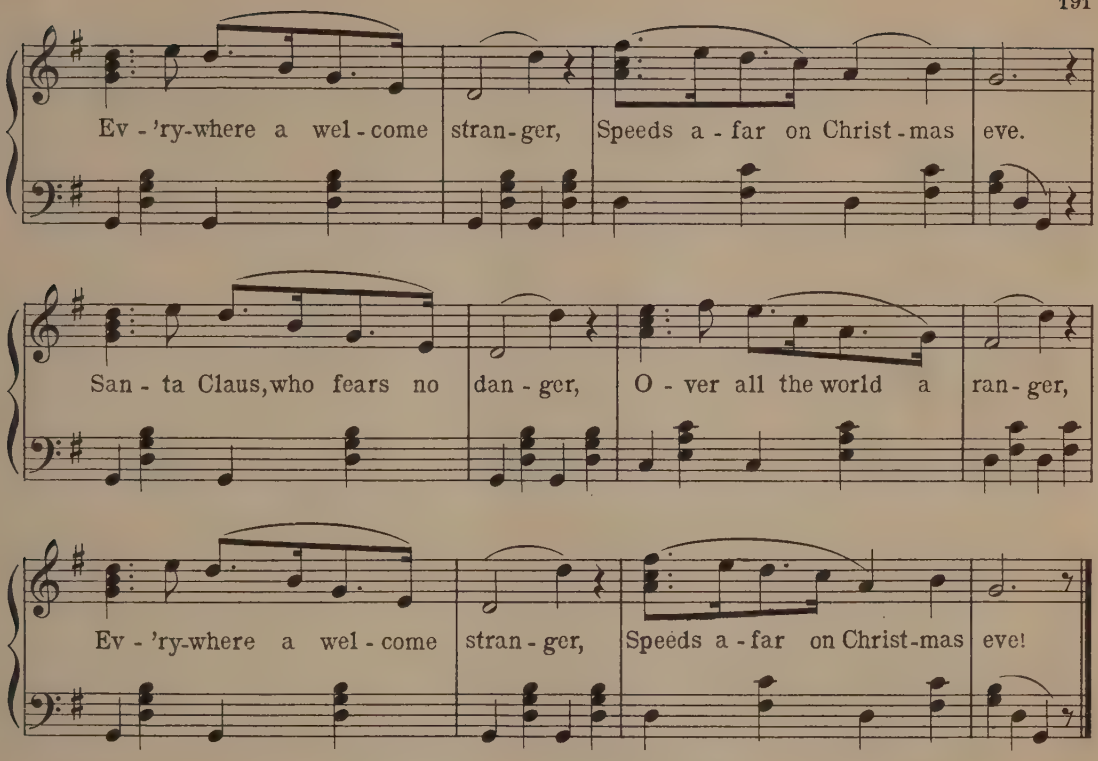

With spirit
ALFRED S. GATTY
mf
cresc.
f
mf
1. Kind Christmas comes but once a year, Ring mer-ri-ly, bells, ding, dong! And
2. To shep-herds, in those days of old, Ring mer-ri-ly, bells, ding, dong! A
cresc. f
mf
with it brings right heart-y cheer; Ring mer-ri-ly, bells, ding, dong! For
heav'n-ly band the glad news told, Ring mer-ri-ly, bells, ding, dong! In
cresc.
f
years a-go, up- on this morn, Our Sa-viour as a child was born. Ring
Beth-le-hem is born this day He who will wash all sin a-way, Ring
rit.
mer-ri-ly, bells, Ring mer-ri-ly, bells, Ring mer-ri-ly, bells, ding, dong!
mer-ri-ly, bells, Ring mer-ri-ly, bells, Ring mer-ri-ly, bells, ding, dong!

3. This new-born Babe to children brings,
Ring merrily, bells, ding, dong!
A message from the King of Kings,
Ring merrily, bells, ding, dong!
"Peace and Good-will, Good-will and Peace,"
And on this earth may love increase!
Ring merrily, bells, etc.

4. So in the future as the past,
Ring merrily, bells, ding, dong!
It will be, while this world shall last,
Ring merrily, bells, ding, dong!
That Christmas coming once a year,
Brings peace, and love, and right good cheer!
Ring merrily, bells, etc.

Old Santa Claus


Gaily
mf
1. Old San - ta Claus sat all a - lone, his pipe up - on his knee, A
2. He had been bus - y as a bee, had stuffed his pack with toys, Had
fun - ny look a - bout his eyes, a fun - ny chap was he; His
gath - ered worlds of odds and ends, his gifts for girls an' boys, Had
queer old cap was twist - ed, torn his wig was all a - wry; He
dolls for girls, and whips for boys, with bar - rows, hors - es, drays, Bur-
sat and mused, as lost in thought, while time went fly - ing by.
eaus an' trunks for Dol - ly's clothes: all these his pack dis - plays.
CHORUS
San - ta Claus, who fears no dan - ger, O - ver all the world a ran - ger,


Ev - 'ry-where a wel - come stran - ger, Speeds a - far on Christ - mas eve.
San - ta Claus, who fears no dan - ger, O - ver all the world a ran - ger,
Ev - 'ry-where a wel - come stran - ger, Speeds a - far on Christ - mas eve!

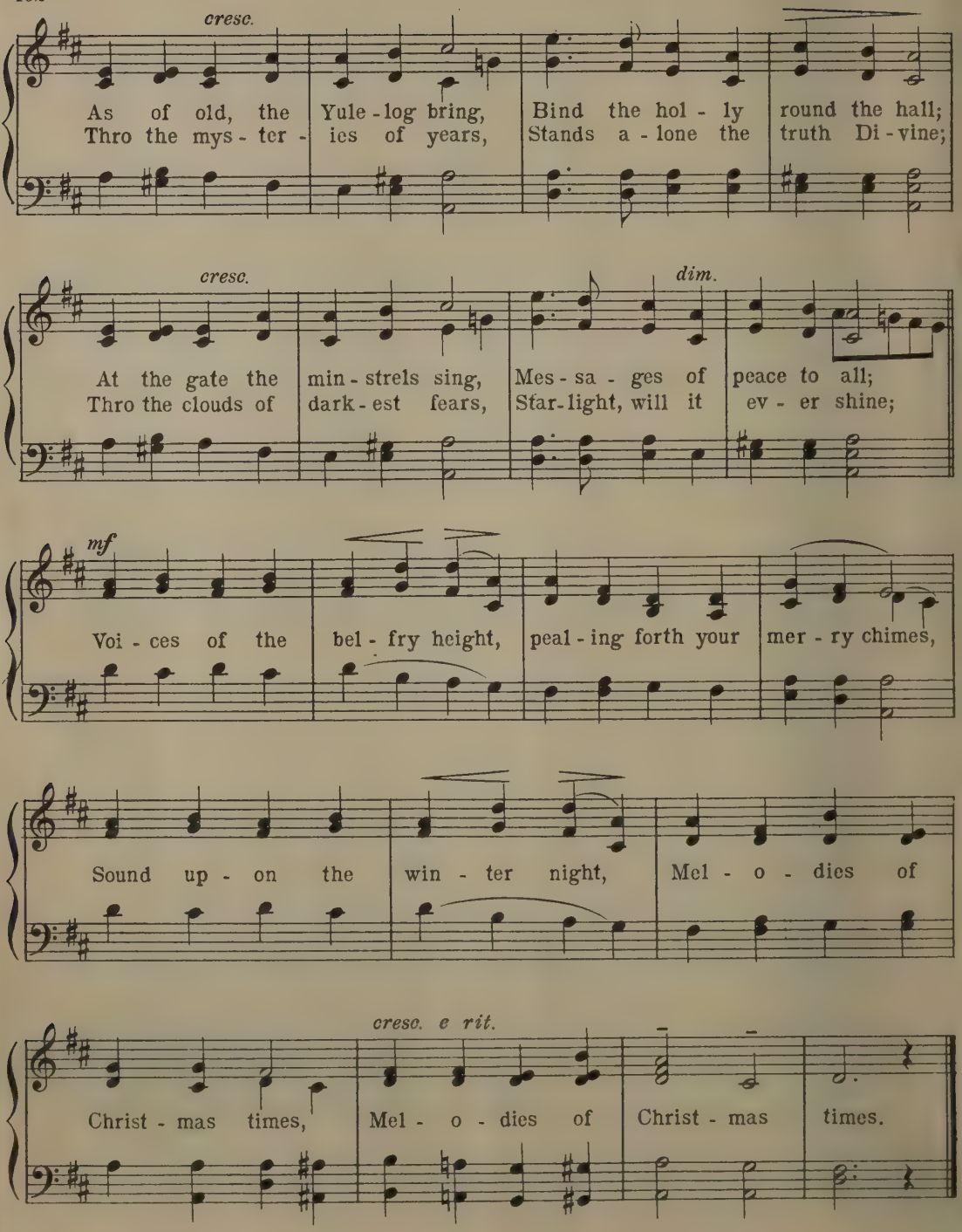
Christmas Voices

Gaily

mf

ALFRED S. GATTY

1. Voi - ces of the bel - fry height, peal - ing forth your mer - ry chimes,
2. Voi - ces of the Christ - mas day, may your e - choes nev - er cease,
Sound up - on the win - ter night, Mel - o - dies of Christ - mas time;
As the sea - sons pass a - way, Her - ald - ing a world's in - crease.


cresc.
As of old, the Yule-log bring, Bind the hol-ly round the hall;
Thro the mys-ter-ies of years, Stands a-lone the truth Di-vine;
cresc.
dim.
At the gate the min-strels sing, Mes-sa-ges of peace to all;
Thro the clouds of dark-est fears, Star-light, will it ev-er shine;
mf
Voi-ces of the bel-fry height, peal-ing forth your mer-ry chimes,
Sound up-on the win-ter night, Mel-o-dies of
cresc. e rit.
Christ-mas times, Mel-o-dies of Christ-mas times.

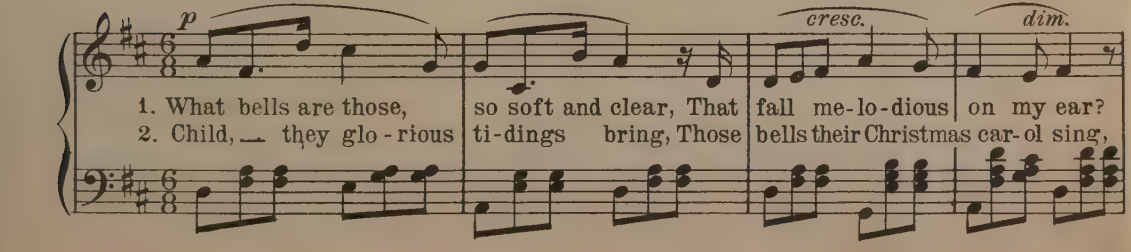
O Thou Joyful Day

B. M. SMUCKER

Slowly
p
cresc.
1. O thou joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day, Ho - ly, peace-ful
2. O thou joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day, Ho - ly, peace-ful
3. O thou joy-ful day, O thou bless-ed day, Ho - ly, peace-ful
dim.
p
Christ - mas - tide! O thou joy - ful day, O thou bless-ed day,
Christ - mas - tide! O thou joy - ful day, O thou bless-ed day,
Christ - mas - tide! O thou joy - ful day, O thou bless-ed day,
cresc.
dim.
Ho - ly, peace-ful Christ - mas - tide! Earth's hopes a - wak - en,
Ho - ly, peace-ful Christ - mas - tide! Christ's light is beam - ing
Ho - ly, peace-ful Christ - mas - tide! King of all glo - ry,
cresc.
poco a
poco
mf
Christ life has tak - en, Laud Him, O laud Him on ev - 'ry side.
Our souls re - deem - ing, Laud Him, O laud Him on ev - 'ry side!
We bow be - fore Thee, Laud Him, O laud Him on ev - 'ry side!

Christmas Chimes

BRINLEY RICHARDS

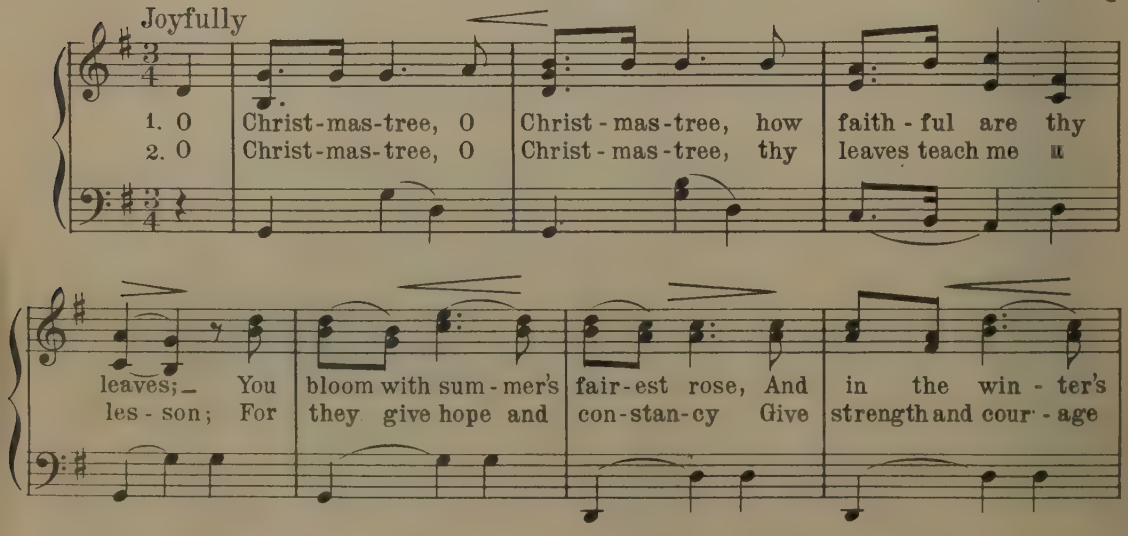

Not too Slow
p
cresc.
dim.
1. What bells are those, so soft and clear, That fall me-lo-dious on my ear?
2. Child, they glo - rious ti-dings bring, Those bells their Christmas car-ol sing,

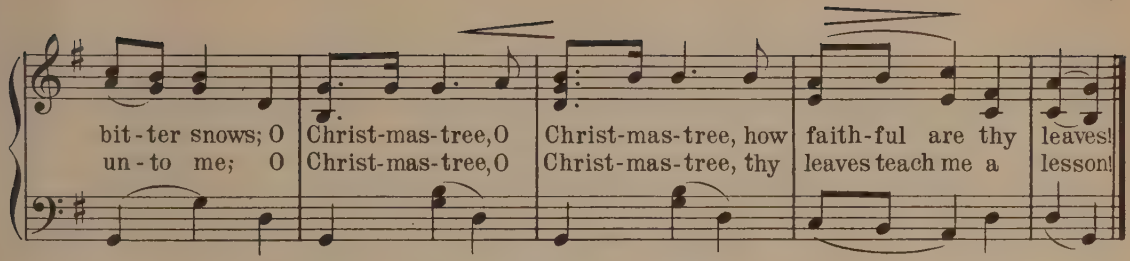
cresc.
dim.
Say, moth-er say, the whole night long, E'en in my dreams I heard their song And
Joy to us, a child is born, a Son is giv'n, Hail Christmas morn! The
mf
cresc.
dim.
wak - ing in the morn - ing time, A - gain I heard their joy - ous chimes,
star - ry hosts that line the sky, Sing "Glo-ry to God, to God on High,"
cresc.
mf
What bells are those? Say, moth-er, say, What bells are those, say, moth-er say!
"Glo - ry to God, on earth be peace, To men sal - va - tion and re - lease!"

The Christmas Tree

(Der Tannenbaum)

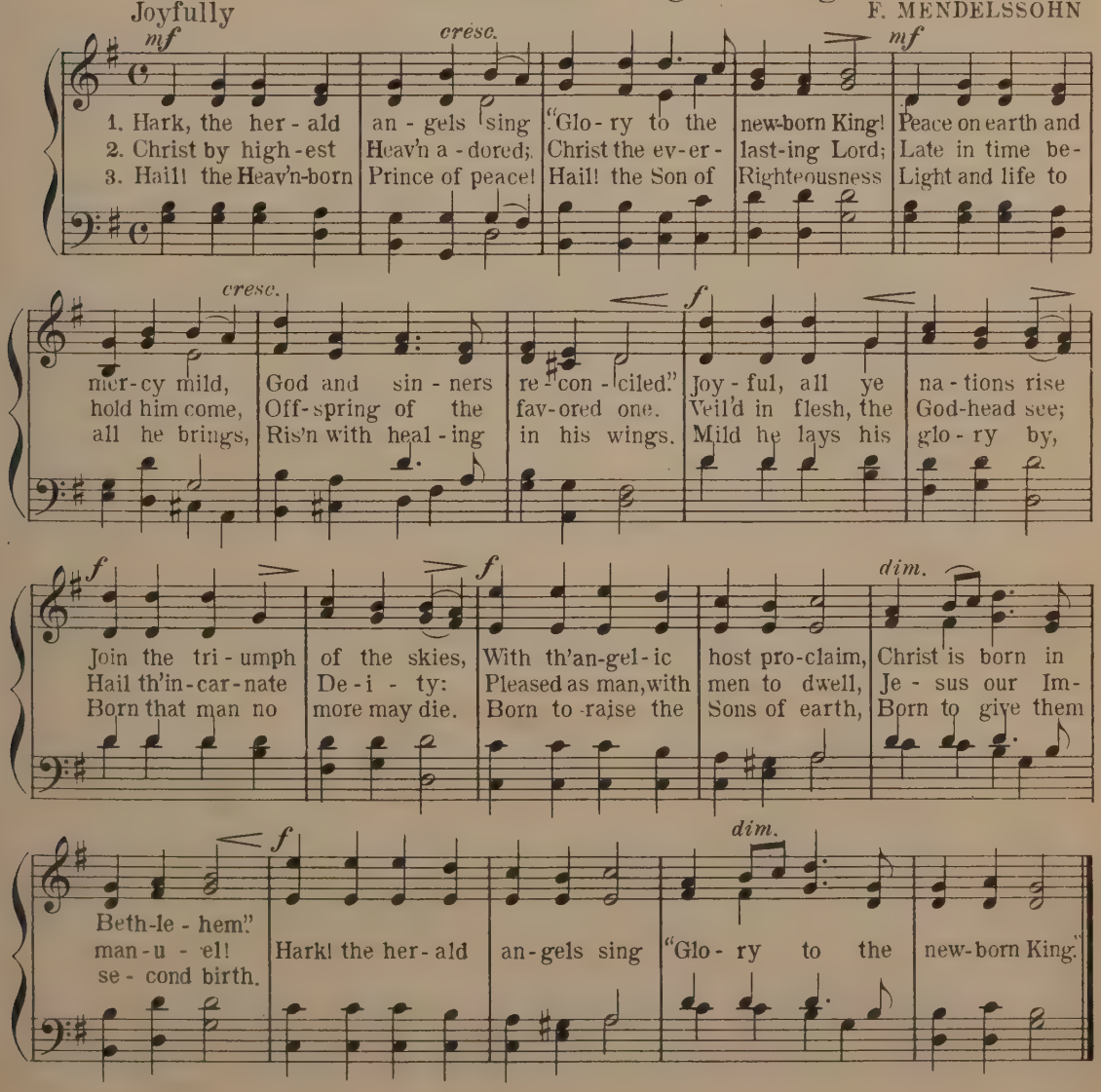
German Song


Joyfully
1. O Christ-mas-tree, O Christ - mas-tree, how faith - ful are thy
2. O Christ-mas-tree, O Christ - mas-tree, thy leaves teach me u
leaves; You bloom with sum - mer's fair-est rose, And in the win - ter's
les - son; For they give hope and con-stan-cy Give strength and cour - age


bit-ter snows; O Christ-mas-tree, O Christ-mas-tree, how faith-ful are thy leaves!
un-to me; O Christ-mas-tree, O Christ-mas-tree, thy leaves teach me a lesson!

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

F. MENDELSSOHN

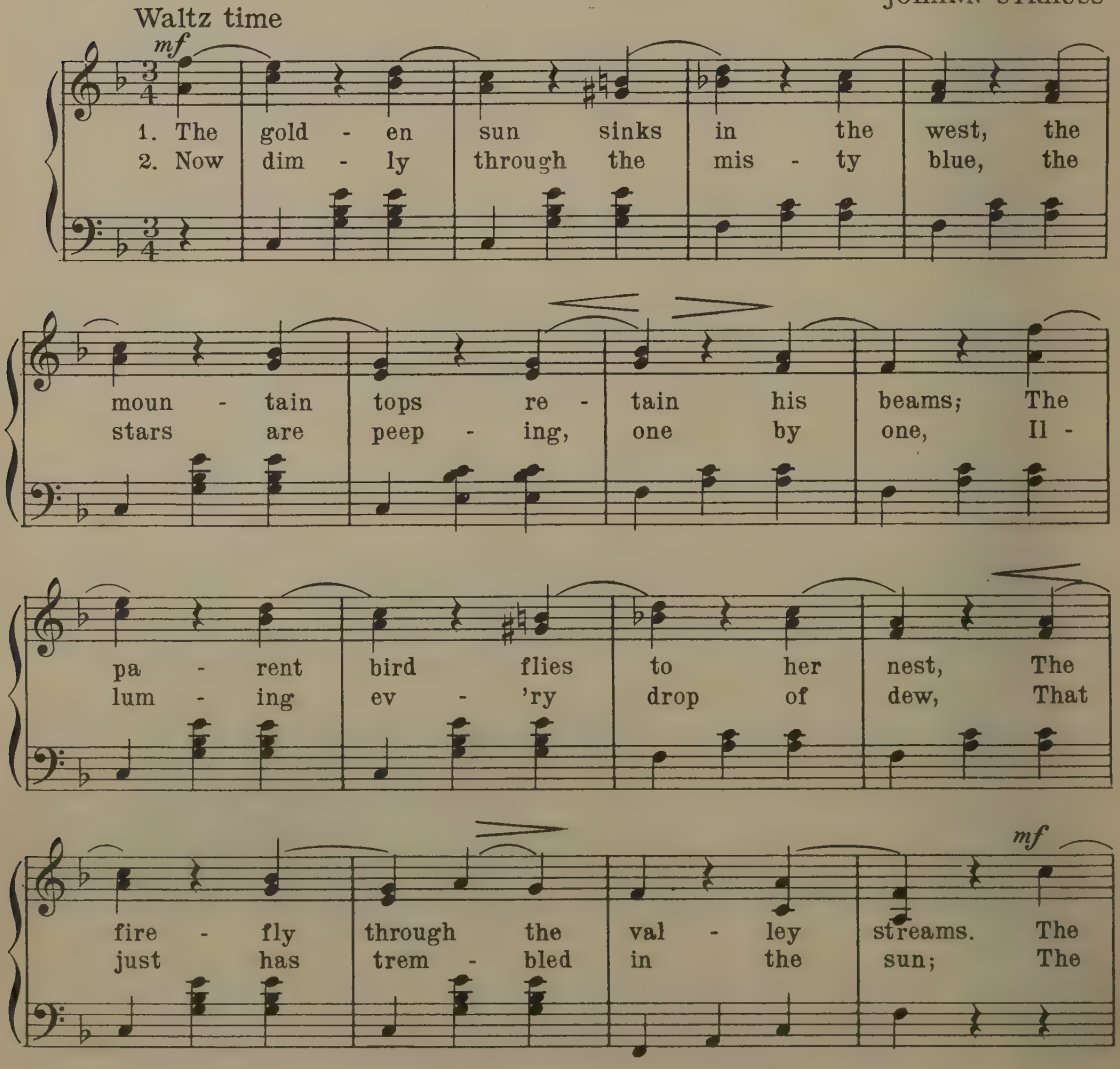

Joyfully
mf
cresc.
mf
1. Hark, the her-ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth and
2. Christ by high-est Heav'n a-dored; Christ the ev-er- last-ing Lord; Late in time be-
3. Hail! the Heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail! the Son of Righteousness Light and life to
cresc.
f
mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled." Joy-ful, all ye na-tions rise
hold him come, Off-spring of the fav-ored one. Veil'd in flesh, the God-head see;
all he brings, Ris'n with heal-ing in his wings. Mild he lays his glo-ry by,
f
f
dim.
Join the tri-umph of the skies, With th'an-gel-ic host pro-claim, Christ is born in
Hail th'in-car-nate De-i-ty: Pleased as man, with men to dwell, Je-sus our Im-
Born that man no more may die. Born to raise the Sons of earth, Born to give them
f
dim.
Beth-le-hem."
man-u-el!
se-cond birth.
Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King."

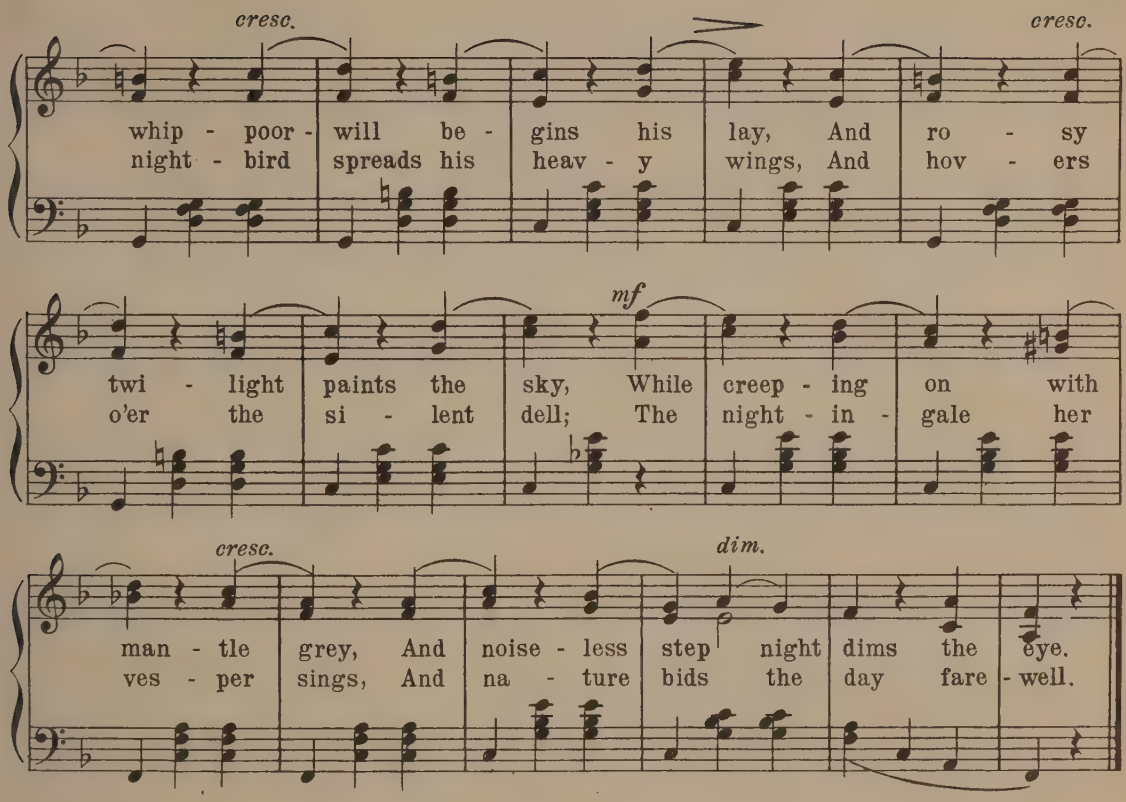
SONGS OF NATURE

It is not until the advanced stage of their school days that children imbibe any appreciable amount of knowledge regarding the forces of nature which are daily at work around them, and therefore the instruction which will come to them through this little group of nature songs, though worded in a fanciful way, cannot be other than helpful and elevating. There are songs of the stars, the sun, the winds, the snow, the moon and the trees, all with skillful lyrics which paint pretty word-pictures of these forces of nature which do their appointed tasks silently but surely each day.

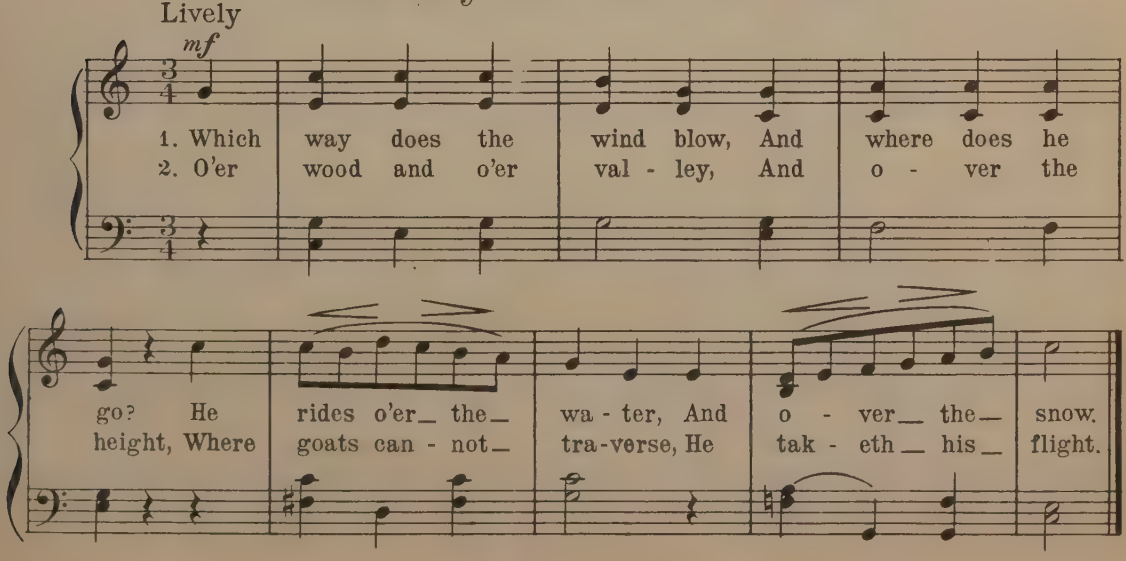
The Golden Sun

JOHANN STRAUSS

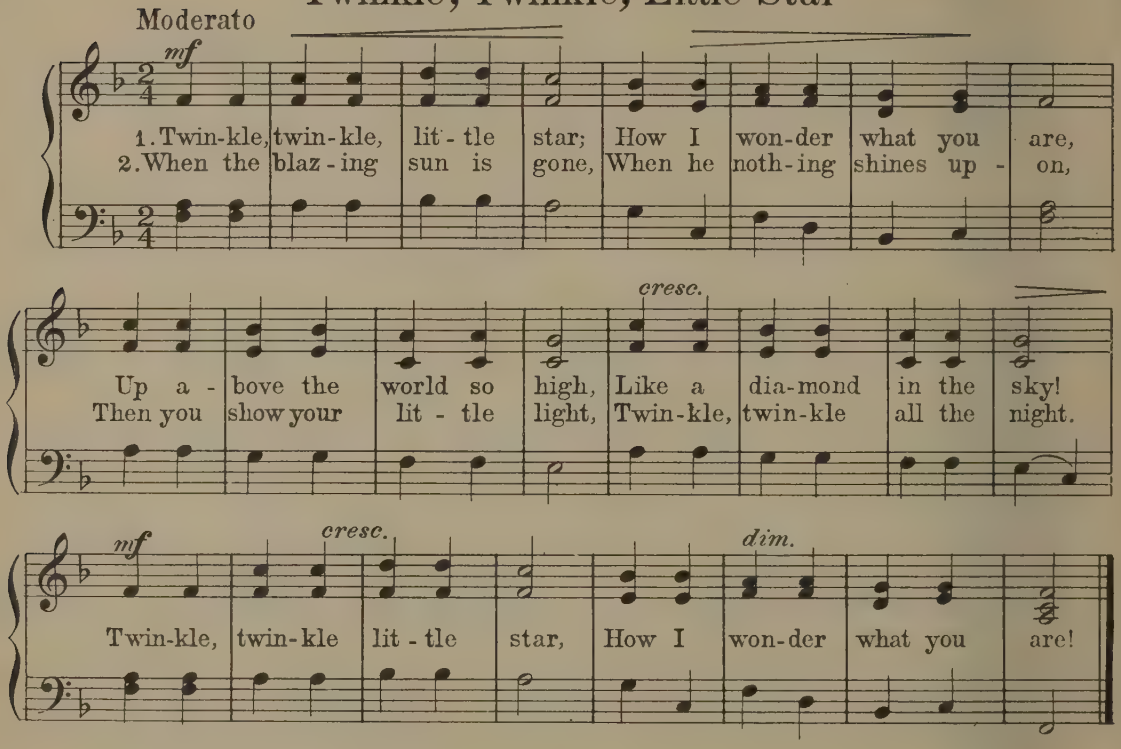

Waltz time
mf
1. The gold - en sun sinks in the west, the
2. Now dim - ly through the mis - ty blue, the
moun - tain tops re - tain his beams; The
stars are peep - ing, one by one, Il -
pa - rent bird flies to her nest, The
lum - ing ev - 'ry drop of dew, That
fire - fly through the val - ley streams. The
just has trem - bled in the sun; The
mf


cresc.
cresc.
whip - poor - will be - gins his lay, And ro - sy
night - bird spreads his heav - y wings, And hov - ers
mf
twi - light paints the sky, While creep - ing on with
o'er the si - lent dell; The night - in - gale her
cresc.
dim.
man - tle grey, And noise - less step night dims the eye.
ves - per sings, And na - ture bids the day fare - well.

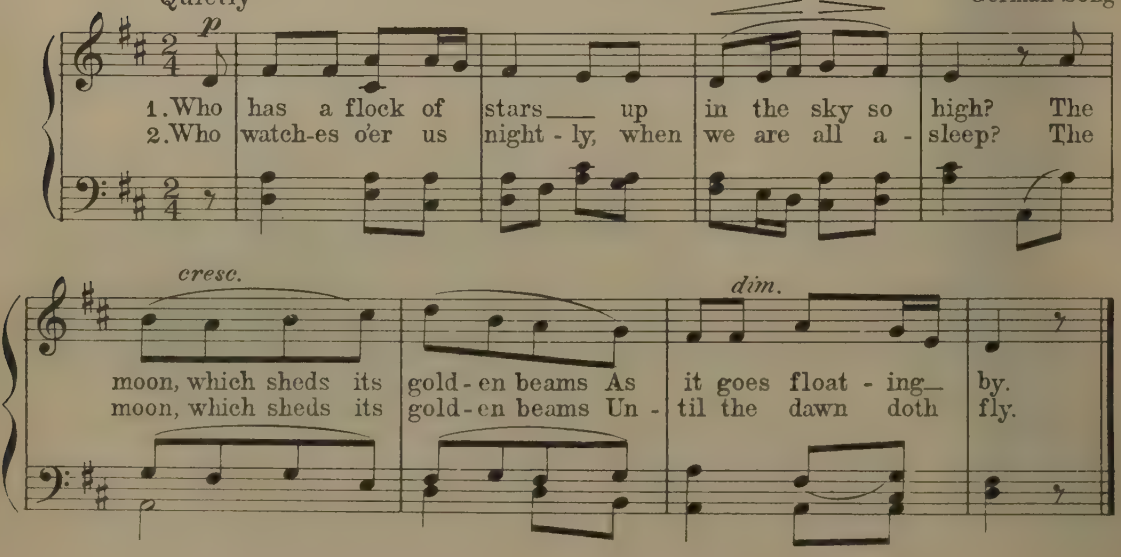
Which Way Does the Wind Blow?


Lively
mf
1. Which way does the wind blow, And where does he
2. O'er wood and o'er val - ley, And o - ver the
go? He rides o'er_ the_ wa - ter, And o - ver_ the_ snow.
height, Where goats can - not_ tra-verse, He tak - eth_ his_ flight.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star


Moderato
mf
1. Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star; How I won-der what you are,
2. When the blaz - ing sun is gone, When he noth-ing shines up - on,
Up a - bove the world so high, Like a dia-mond in the sky!
Then you show your lit - tle light, Twin-kle, twin-kle all the night.
cresc.
mf
Twin-kle, twin-kle lit - tle star, How I won-der what you are!
cresc.
dim.

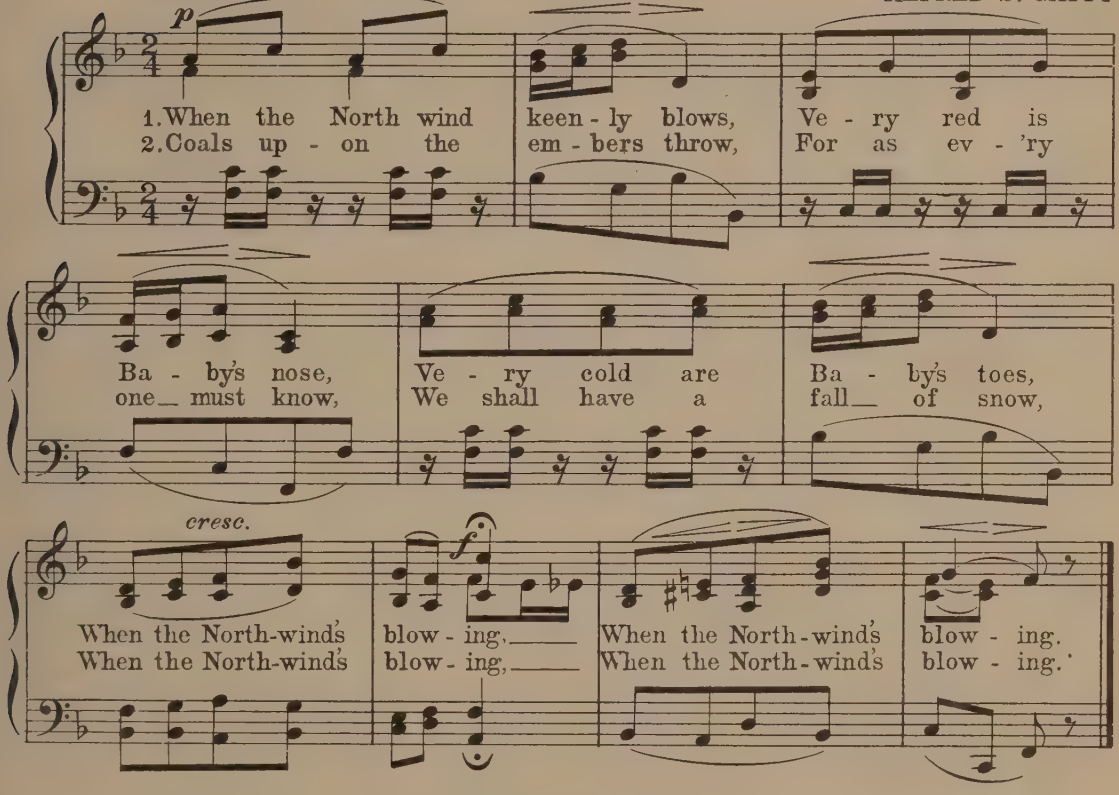
Song of the Moon


Quietly
p
German Song
1. Who has a flock of stars up in the sky so high? The
2. Who watch-es o'er us night - ly, when we are all a - sleep? The
moon, which sheds its gold - en beams As it goes float - ing by.
moon, which sheds its gold - en beams Un - til the dawn doth fly.
cresc.
dim.

The North Wind

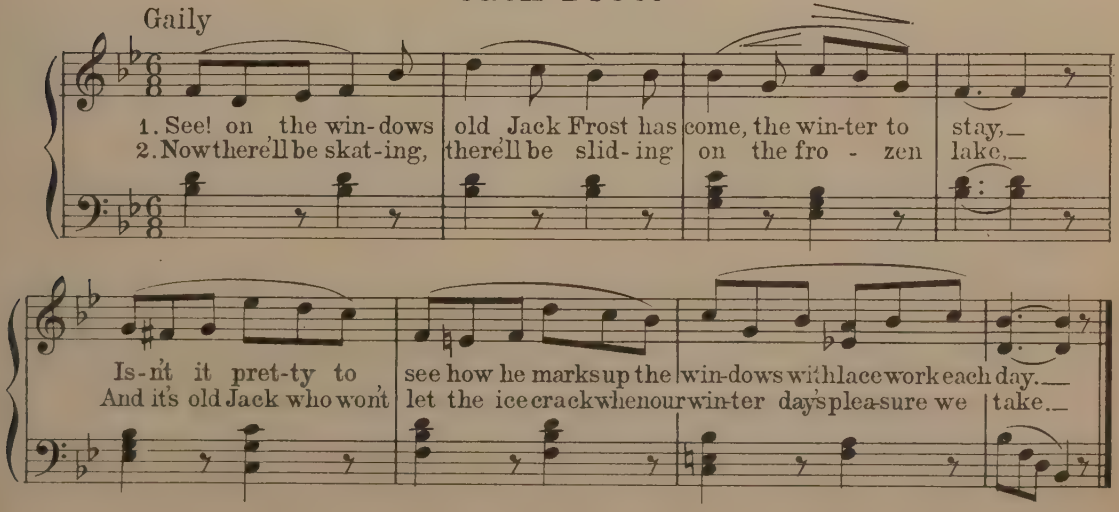
Slowly

ALFRED S. GATTY

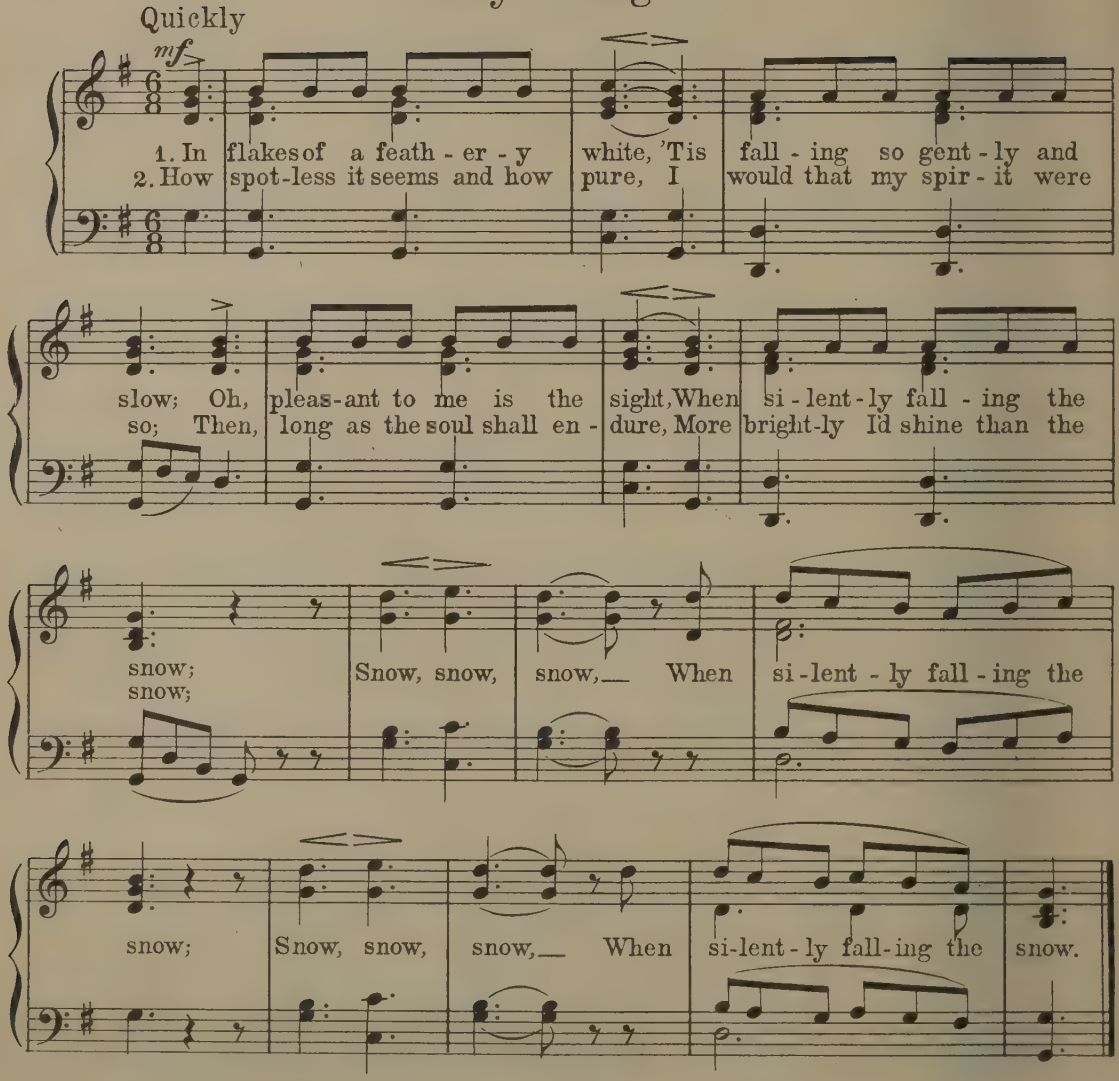

p
1. When the North wind keen - ly blows, Ve - ry red is
2. Coals up - on the em - bers throw, For as ev - 'ry
Ba - by's nose, one must know,
Ve - ry cold are We shall have a
Ba - by's toes, fall of snow,
cresc.
f
When the North-wind's blow - ing,
When the North-wind's blow - ing,
When the North - wind's blow - ing.
When the North - wind's blow - ing.

Jack Frost

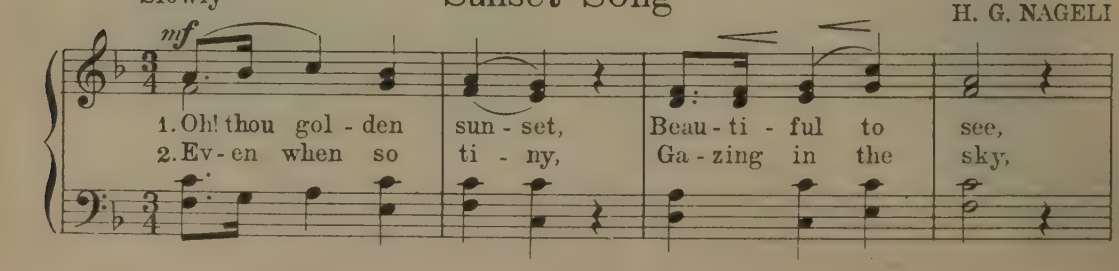
Gaily

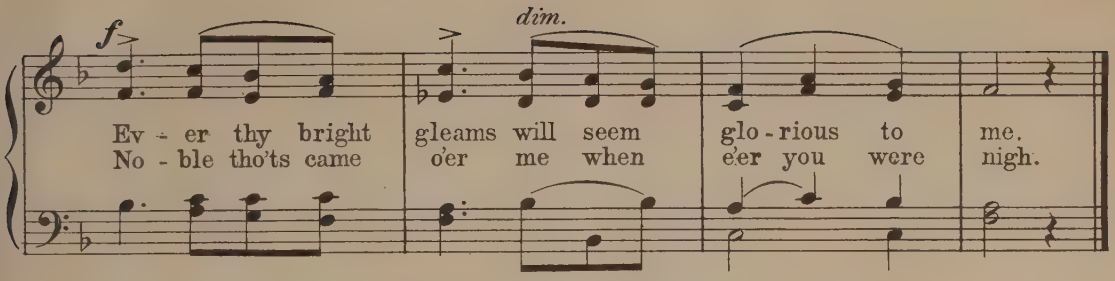

1. See! on the win-dows old Jack Frost has come, the win-ter to stay,
2. Now there'll be skat-ing, there'll be slid-ing on the fro - zen lake,
Is-n't it pret-ty to see how he marks up the win-dows with lace work each day.
And it's old Jack who won't let the ice crack when our win-ter day's plea-sure we take.

Silently Falling Snow


Quickly
mf
1. In flakes of a feath - er - y white, 'Tis fall - ing so gent - ly and
2. How spot-less it seems and how pure, I would that my spir - it were
slow; Oh, pleas-ant to me is the sight, When si - lent - ly fall - ing the
so; Then, long as the soul shall en - dure, More bright-ly I'd shine than the
snow;
snow;
Snow, snow, snow, When si - lent - ly fall - ing the
snow;
Snow, snow, snow, When si-lent - ly fall-ing the snow.

Sunset Song



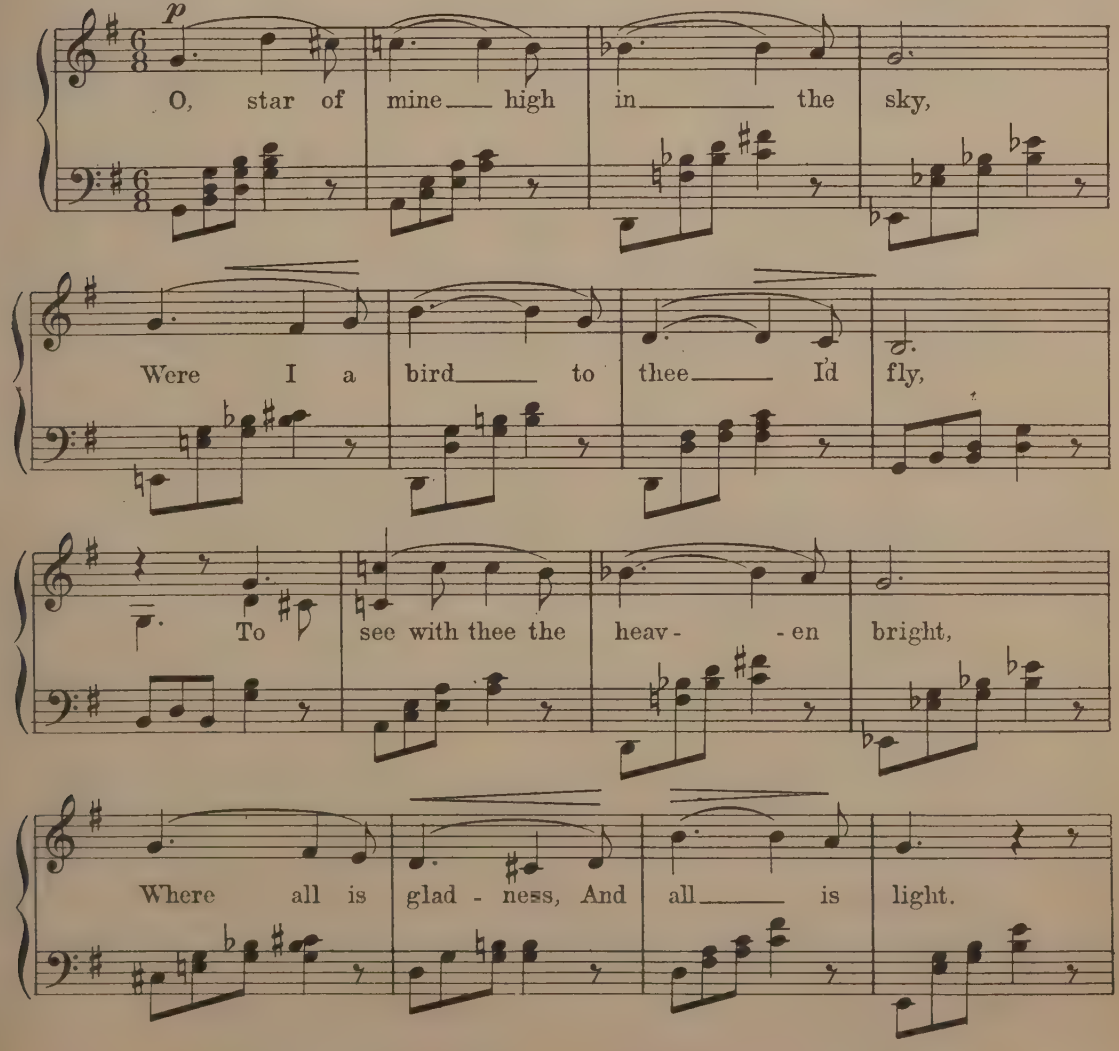


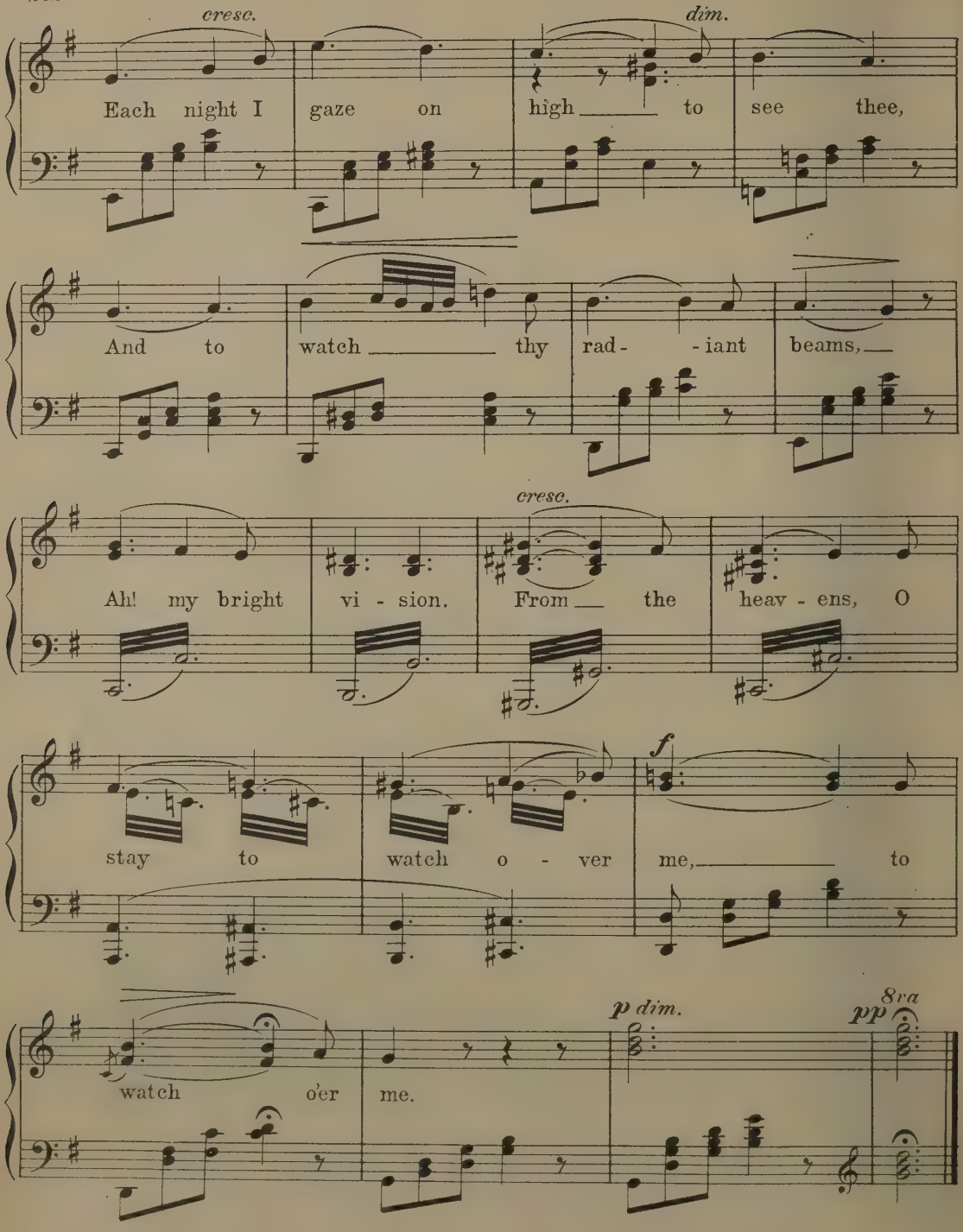
The Evening Star

Words Adapted

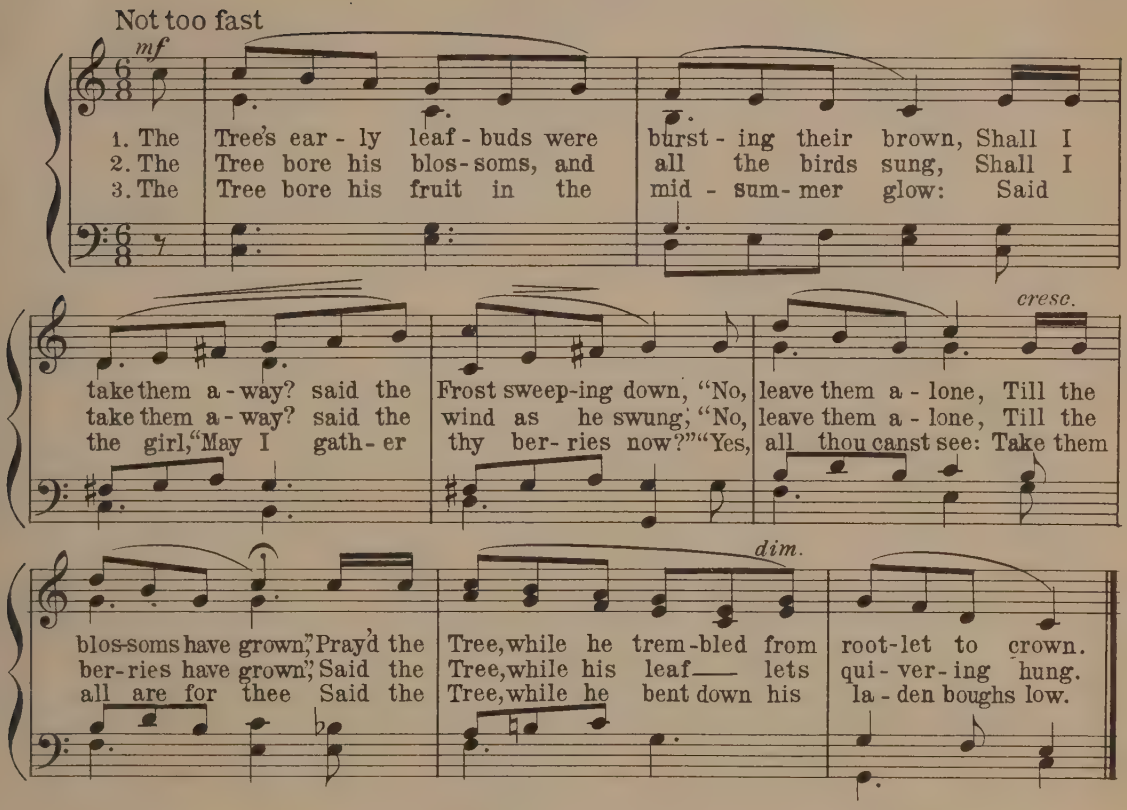
Slowly

From "Tannhäuser"

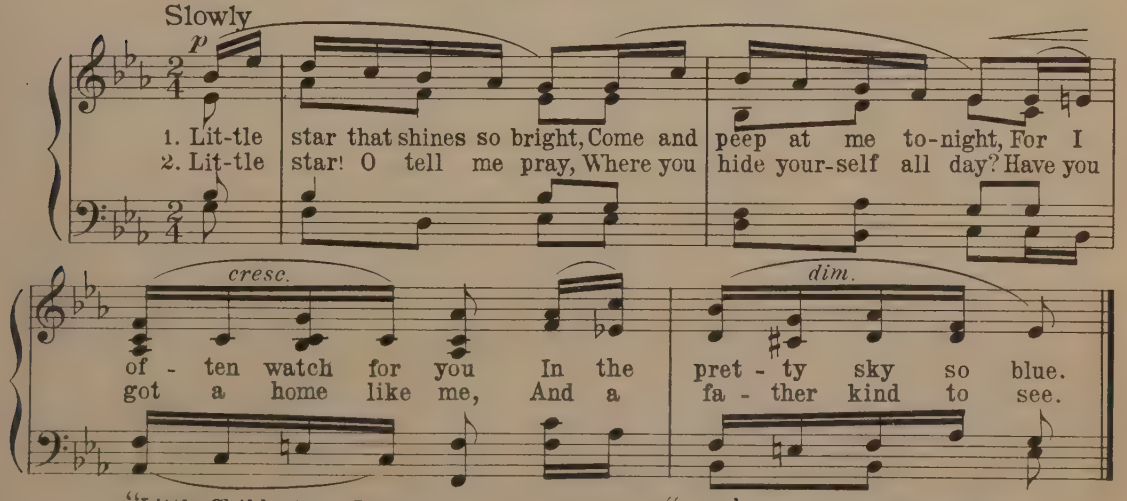

p
O, star of mine high in the sky,
Were I a bird to thee I'd fly,
To see with thee the heav - en bright,
Where all is glad - ness, And all is light.


cresc.
dim.
Each night I gaze on high to see thee,
And to watch thy rad - iant beams,
cresc.
Ah! my bright vi - sion. From the heav - ens, O
f
stay to watch o - ver me, to
p dim.
8va
pp
watch o'er me.

The Tree


Not too fast
mf
1. The Tree's ear - ly leaf - buds were burst - ing their brown, Shall I
2. The Tree bore his blos - soms, and all the birds sung, Shall I
3. The Tree bore his fruit in the mid - sum - mer glow: Said
take them a - way? said the Frost sweep-ing down, "No, leave them a - lone, Till the
take them a - way? said the wind as he swung, "No, leave them a - lone, Till the
the girl, "May I gath - er thy ber - ries now?" "Yes, all thou canst see: Take them
cresc.
blos-soms have grown," Pray'd the Tree, while he trem-bled from root-let to crown.
ber-ries have grown," Said the Tree, while his leaf—— lets qui - ver - ing hung.
all are for thee Said the Tree, while he bent down his la - den boughs low.
dim.

The Child And The Star


Slowly
p
1. Lit-tle star that shines so bright, Come and peep at me to-night, For I
2. Lit-tle star! O tell me pray, Where you hide your-self all day? Have you
of - ten watch for you In the pret - ty sky so blue.
got a home like me, And a fa - ther kind to see.
cresc.
dim.

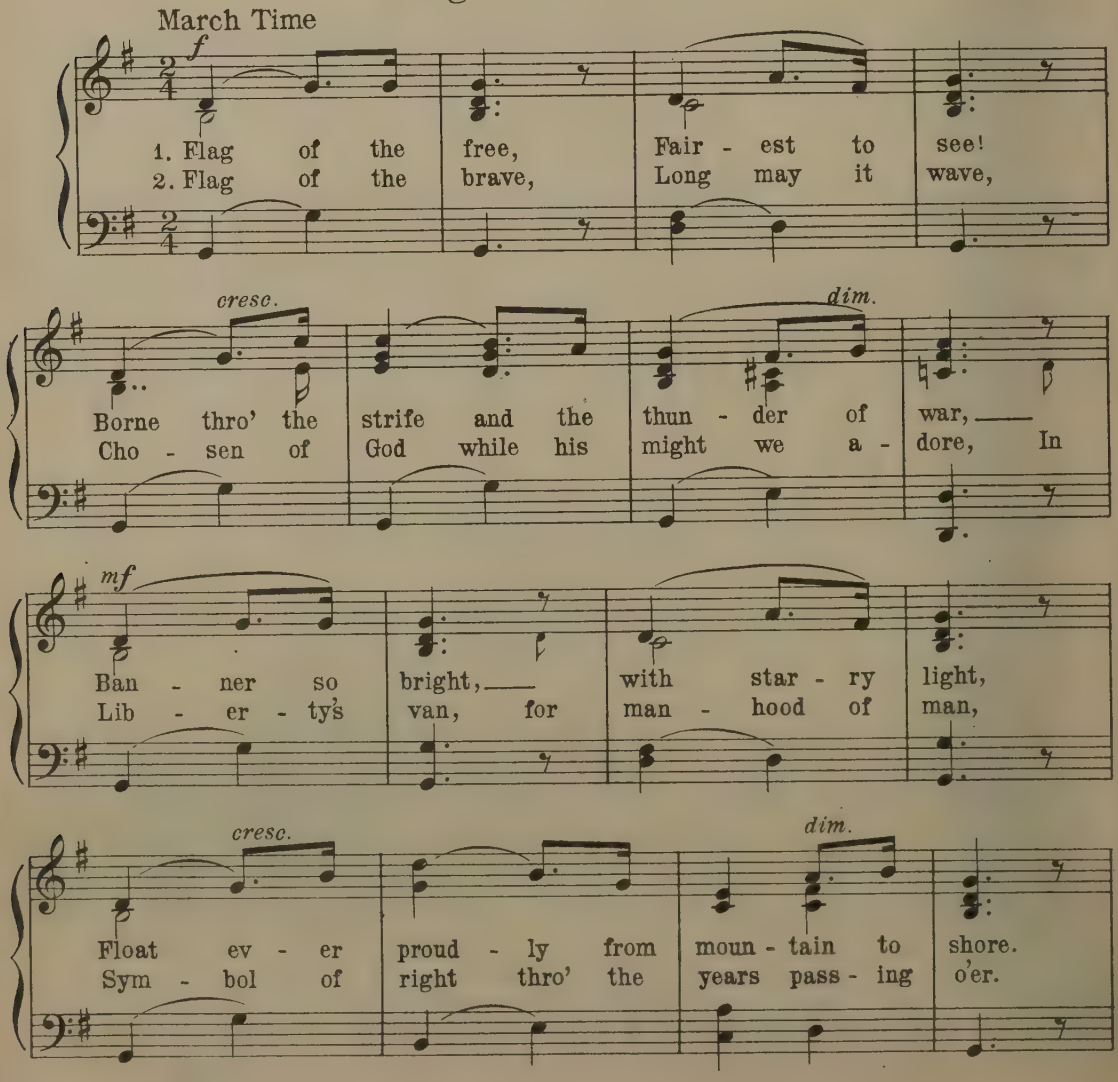
3. "Little Child! at you I peep
While you lie so fast asleep;
But when morn begins to break,
I my homeward journey take."

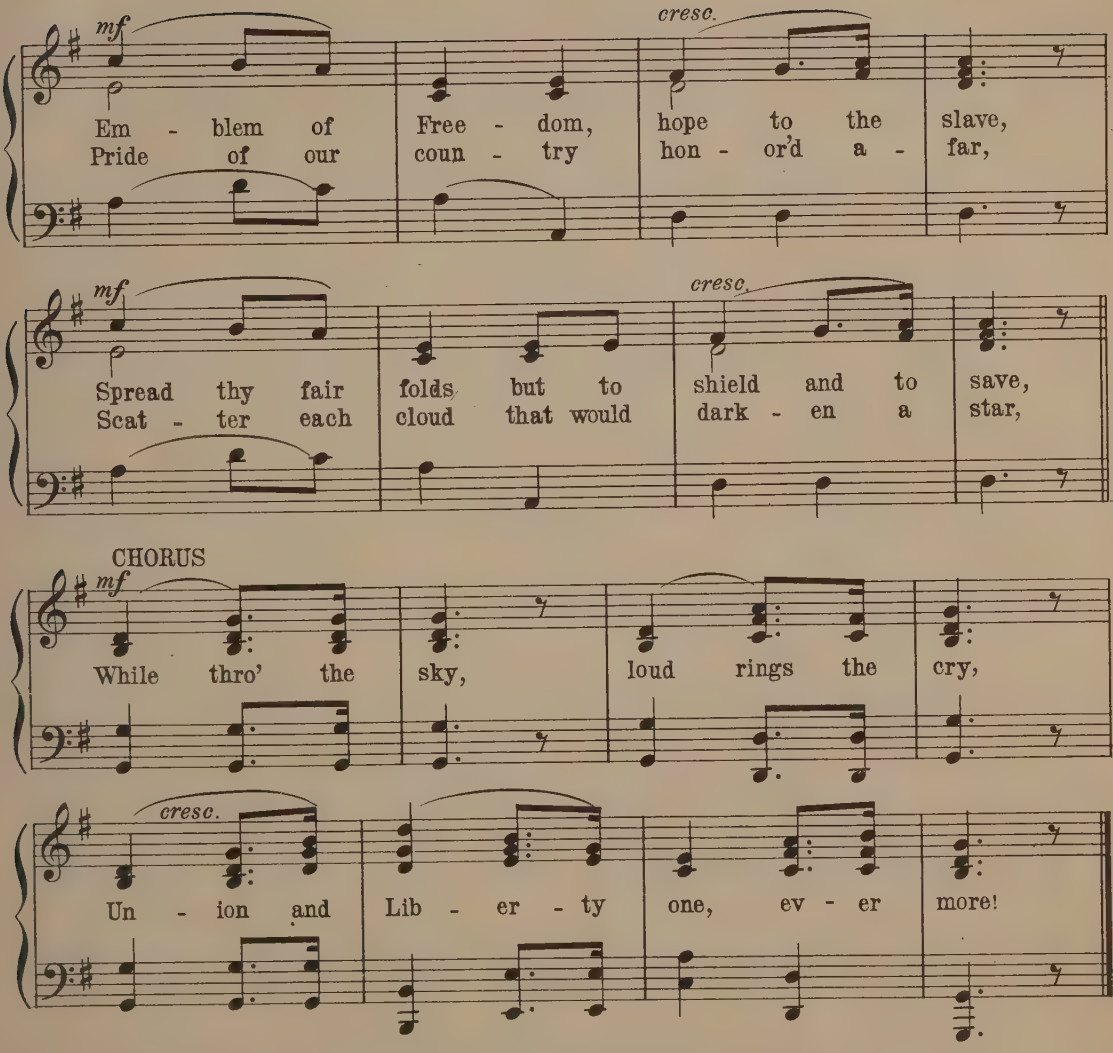
4. "For I've many friends on high,
Living with me in the sky;
And a loving Father, too,
Who commands what I'm to do."

Sir Walter Scott might have penned his wonderful lines in this way:
"Breathes there a child with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said
'This is my own, my native land'!"

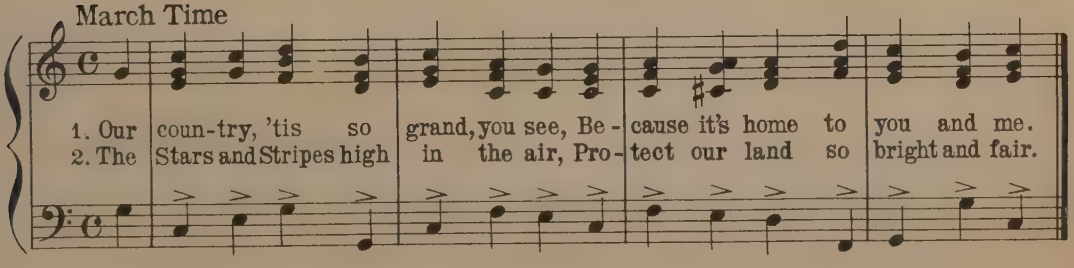
This is the sentiment that every child in this great land of ours should have thoroughly inculcated in his mind and our stirring patriotic songs many of them written in the very stress and turmoil of war itself- are the best means of stirring up patriotism. The most inspiring sight in the world is an assemblage of children singing "The Star Spangled Banner" or in fact anyone of the songs in this book stamped with the seal of patriotism.

Flag Of The Free


March Time
f
1. Flag of the free, Fair - est to see!
2. Flag of the brave, Long may it wave,
cresc.
dim.
Borne thro' the strife and the thun - der of war,
Cho - sen of God while his might we a - dore, In
mf
Ban - ner so bright, with star - ry light,
Lib - er - ty's van, for man - hood of man,
cresc.
dim.
Float ev - er proud - ly from moun - tain to shore.
Sym - bol of right thro' the years pass - ing o'er.

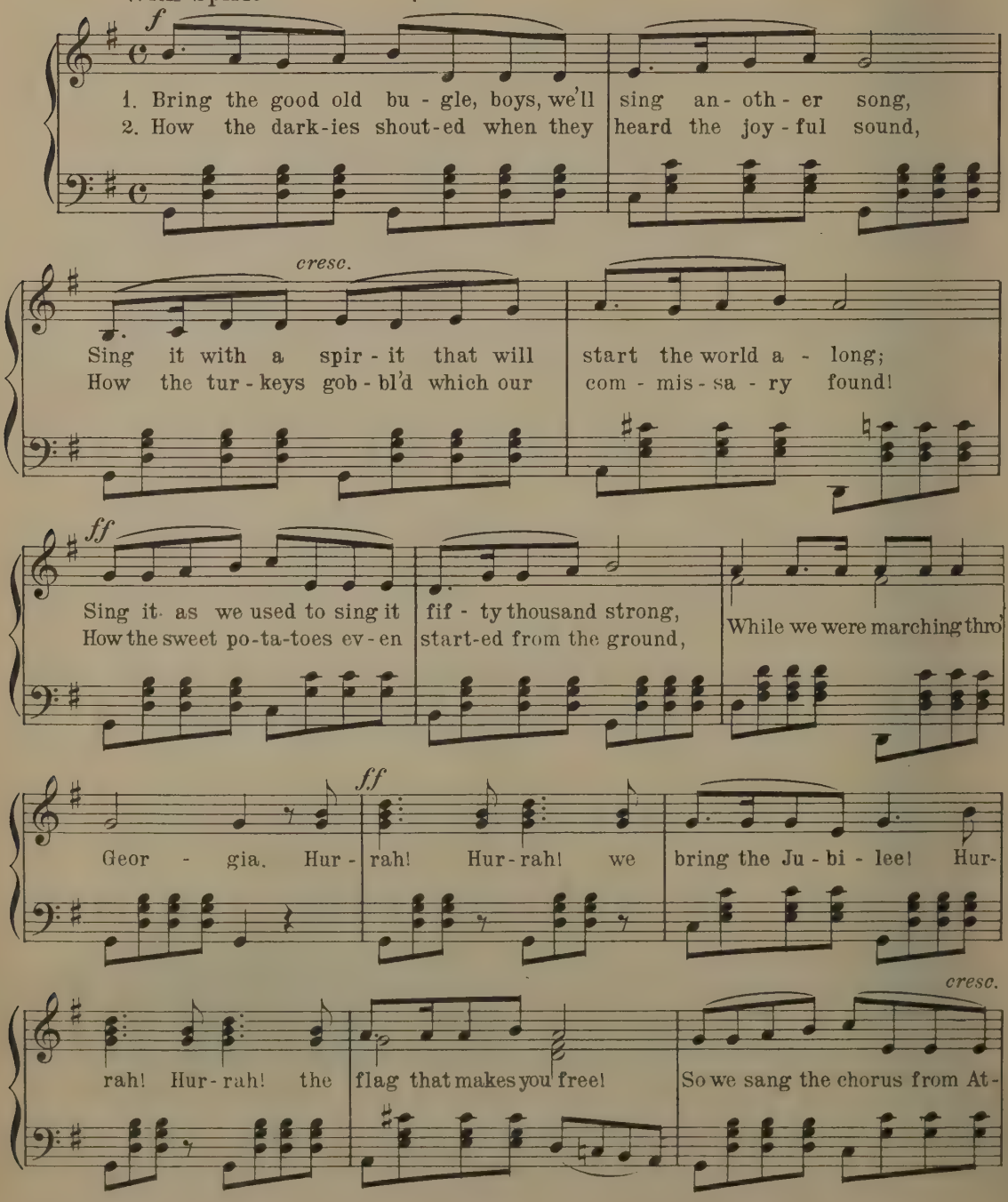

mf
cresc.
Em - blem of Free - dom, hope to the slave,
Pride of our coun - try hon - or'd a - far,
mf
cresc.
Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save,
Scat - ter each cloud that would dark - en a star,
CHORUS
mf
While thro' the sky, loud rings the cry,
cresc.
Un - ion and Lib - er - ty one, ev - er more!

The Little Patriot's Salute


March Time
1. Our coun-try, 'tis so grand, you see, Be - cause it's home to you and me.
2. The Stars and Stripes high in the air, Pro - tect our land so bright and fair.

Marching Through Georgia

With Spirit


f
1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys, we'll sing an - oth - er song,
2. How the dark-ies shout-ed when they heard the joy - ful sound,
cresc.
Sing it with a spir - it that will start the world a - long;
How the tur - keys gob - bl'd which our com - mis - sa - ry found!
ff
Sing it as we used to sing it fif - ty thousand strong,
How the sweet po-ta-toes ev - en start-ed from the ground,
While we were marching thro'
ff
Geor - gia. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! we bring the Ju - bi - lee! Hur-
cresc.
rah! Hur - rah! the flag that makes you free! So we sang the chorus from At -

lan - ta to the sea, While we were march-ing thro' Geor - gia.

Our Flag is There

Firmly

mf

1. Our_ flag is there, our_ flag is there! We'll greet it with three loud huz-zas, Our_
2. That_ flag withstood the_ bat-tle's roar; With foemen stout, with foemen brave: Strong

cresc. *dim.* *Fine.*

flag is there! our_ flag is there! Be - hold the glo-rious stripes and stars!
hands have sought that_ flag to lower, And_ found a speed-y wa - t'ry grave.

CHORUS

f

Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag, Strong hands sustained it mast-head high, And,
That flag is known on ev -'ry shore; The_ stand-ard of a gal-lant band A -

f cresc. *ff*

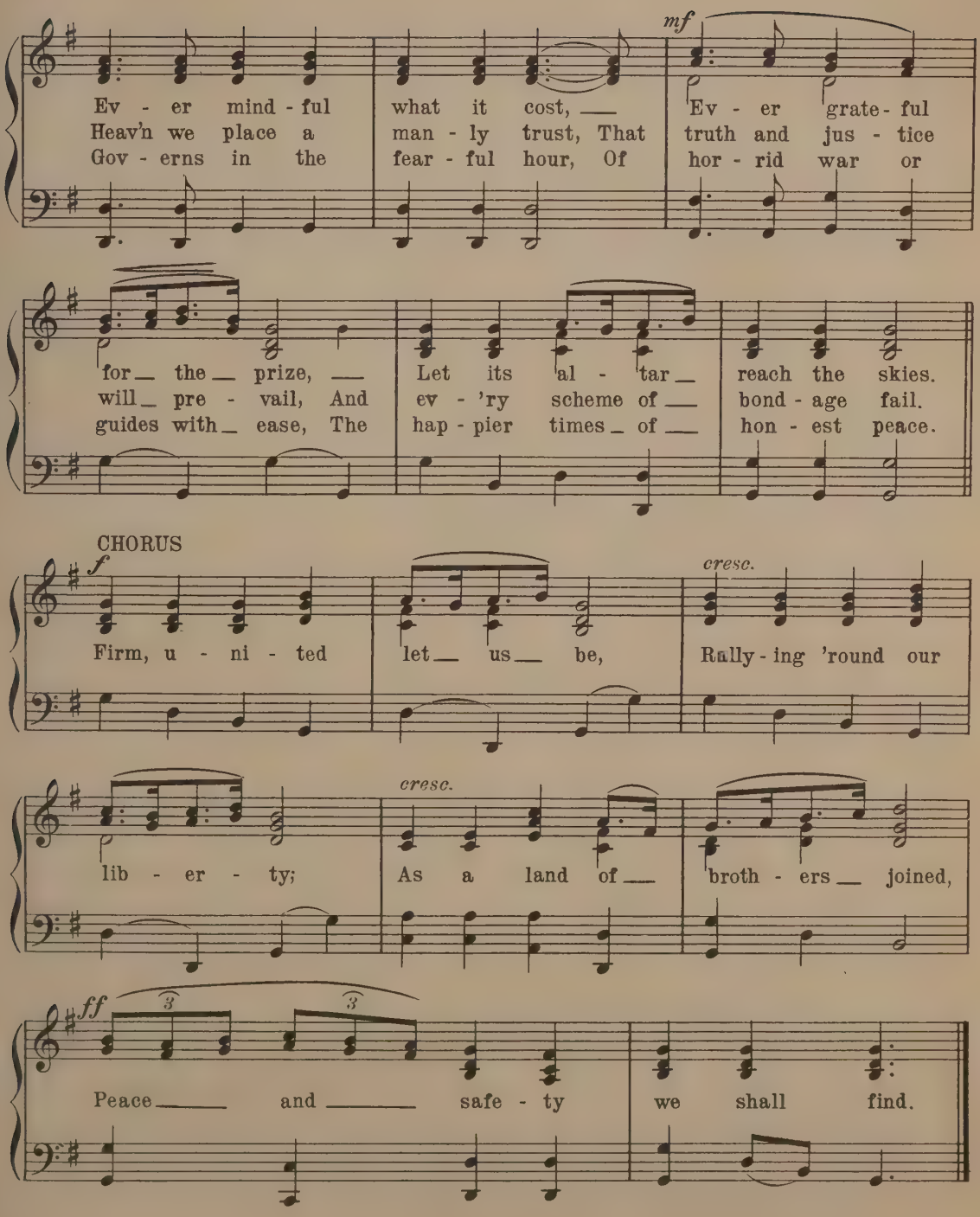
oh, to see how proud it waves, Brings tears of joy to ev -'ry eye.
like un-stain'd in peace or war, It_ floats o'er free-dom's hap-py land.

Hail, Columbia

Maestoso

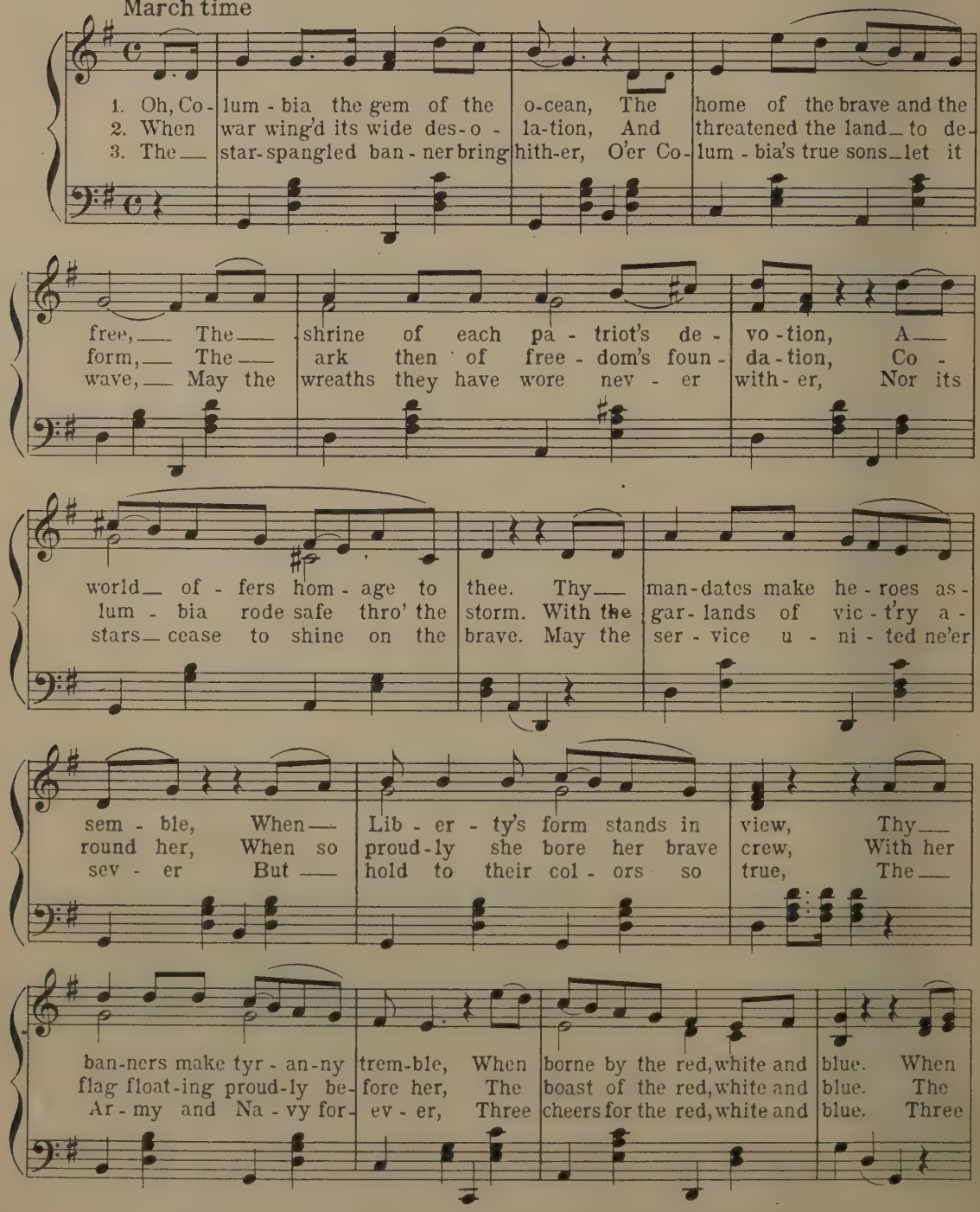
J. HOPKINSON

f
1. Hail, Co - lum - bia, hap - py land, Hail, ye he - roes,
2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots rise once more, De - fend your rights, de -
3. Sound, sound the trump of fame, Let Wash - ing -
cresc.
Heav'n born band, Who fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, Who
fend your shores, Let no rude foe with im - pi - ous hand, Let
ton's great name, Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause, Ring
cresc.
fought and bled in Free - dom's cause, And
no rude foe with im - pi - ous hand, In -
thro' the world with loud ap - plause, Let
f
when the storm of
vade the shrine where
ev - 'ry clime to
ff
dim.
war was gone, En - joyed the peace your
sa - cred lies Of toil and blood the
free - dom dear, Lis - ten with a
mf
val - or won. Let in - de - pend - ence be our boast,
well earn'd prize. While off - 'ring peace sin - cere and just, In
joy - ful ear. With e - qual skill with God - like pow'r, He

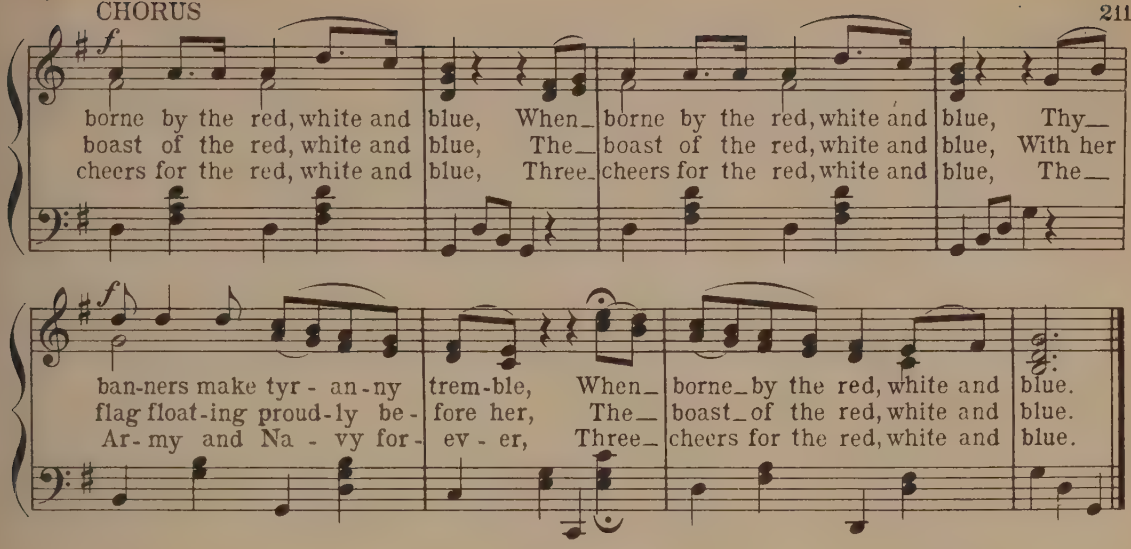

mf
Ev - er mind - ful what it cost, Ev - er grate - ful
Heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That truth and jus - tice
Gov - erns in the fear - ful hour, Of hor - rid war or
for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.
guides with ease, The hap - pier times of hon - est peace.
CHORUS
f
cresc.
Firm, u - ni - ted let us be, Rally - ing 'round our
cresc.
lib - er - ty; As a land of broth - ers joined,
ff
3
3
Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

The Red, White And Blue

March time


1. Oh, Co- lum - bia the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o - la-tion, And threatened the land to de-
3. The star-spangled ban - ner bring hith-er, O'er Co- lum - bia's true sons let it
free, The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A
form, The ark then of free - dom's foun - da - tion, Co -
wave, May the wreaths they have wore nev - er with - er, Nor its
world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy man-dates make he - roes as -
lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm. With the gar - lands of vic - t'ry a -
stars cease to shine on the brave. May the ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er
sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view, Thy
round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew, With her
sev - er But hold to their col - ors so true, The
ban-ners make tyr - an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue. When
flag float-ing proud-ly be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue. The
Ar - my and Na - vy for- ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue. Three

CHORUS


borne by the red, white and blue, When_ borne by the red, white and blue, Thy_
boast of the red, white and blue, The_ boast of the red, white and blue, With her
cheers for the red, white and blue, Three_ cheers for the red, white and blue, The_
ban-ners make tyr - an-ny trem-ble, When_ borne_by the red, white and blue.
flag float-ing proud-ly be- fore her, The_ boast_of the red, white and blue.
Ar- my and Na - vy for- ev - er, Three_ cheers for the red, white and blue.

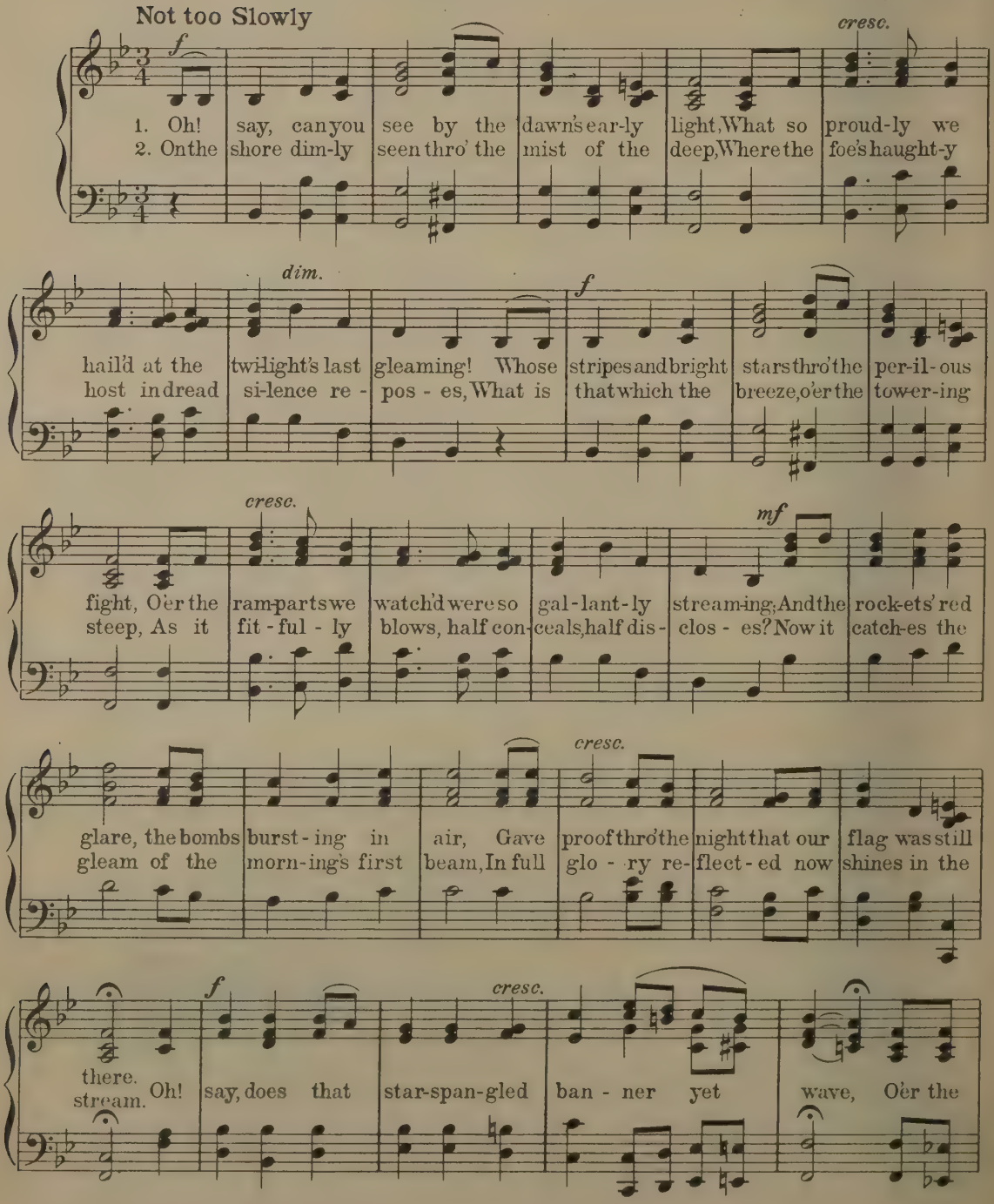
America

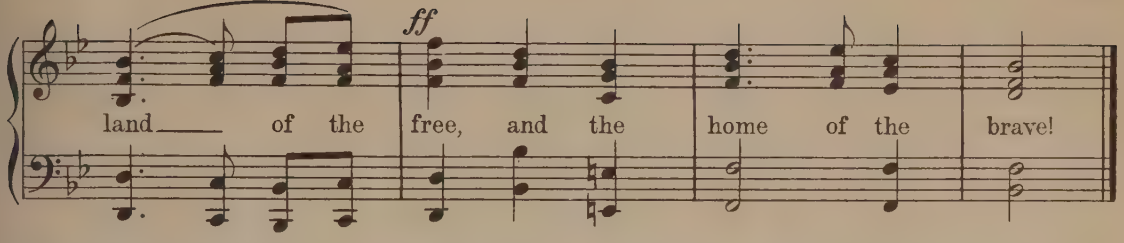
SAMUEL F. SMITH

Joyously
cresc.
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
4. Our fath - ers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
dim.
Of thee I sing; Land where my fath - ers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy wood and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free - dom's
cresc.
Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry_ moun - tain - side, Let_ free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills, My heart with_ rap - ture thrills, Like_ that a - bove.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their_ si - lence break, The_sound pro - long.
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us_ by thy might, Great_ God, our King.

The Star Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY


Not too Slowly
f
cresc.
1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the foe's haught-y
dim.
f
hail'd at the twi-light's last gleaming! Whose stripes and bright stars thro' the per-il-ous
host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing
cresc.
mf
fight, O'er the ram-parts we watch'd were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing; And the rock-ets' red
steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch-es the
cresc.
glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still
gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re-flect - ed now shines in the
f
cresc.
there.
stream. Oh! say, does that star-span-gled ban - ner yet wave, O'er the



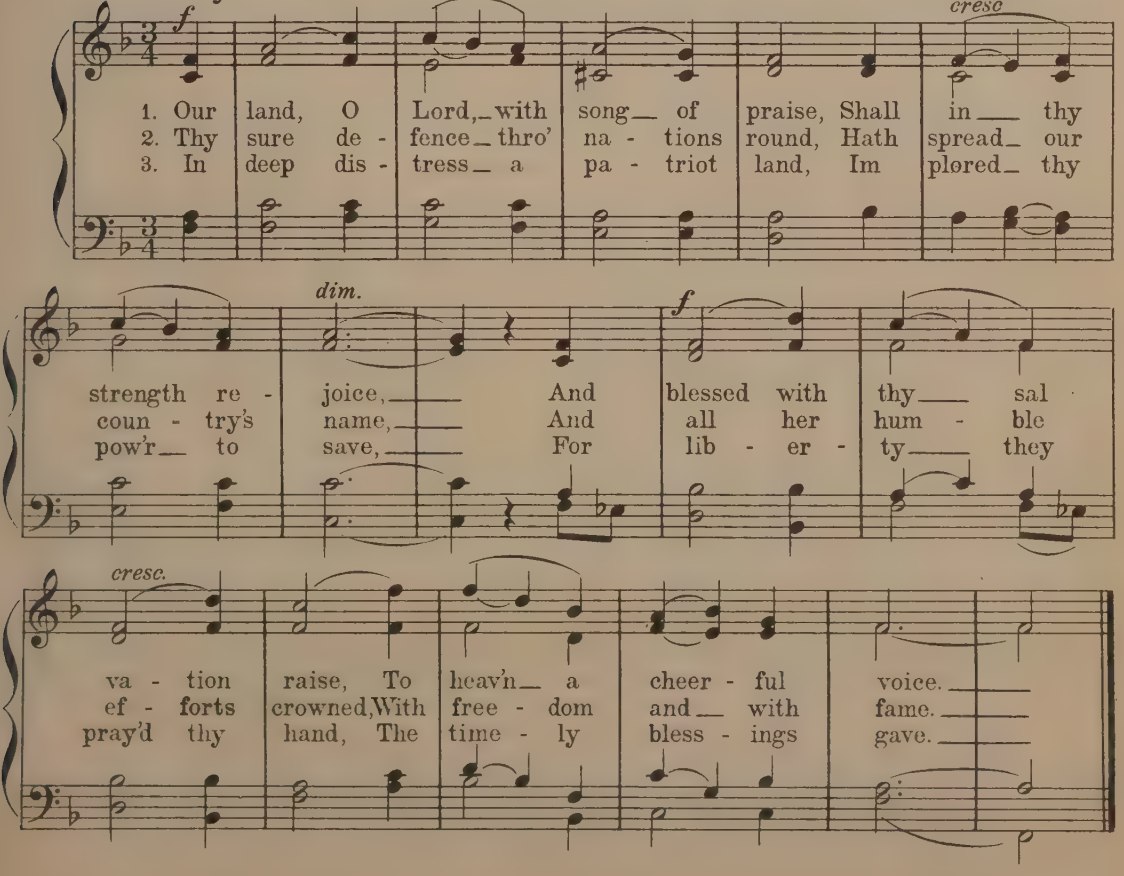
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more!
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.

4. Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand,
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land,
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation;
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"

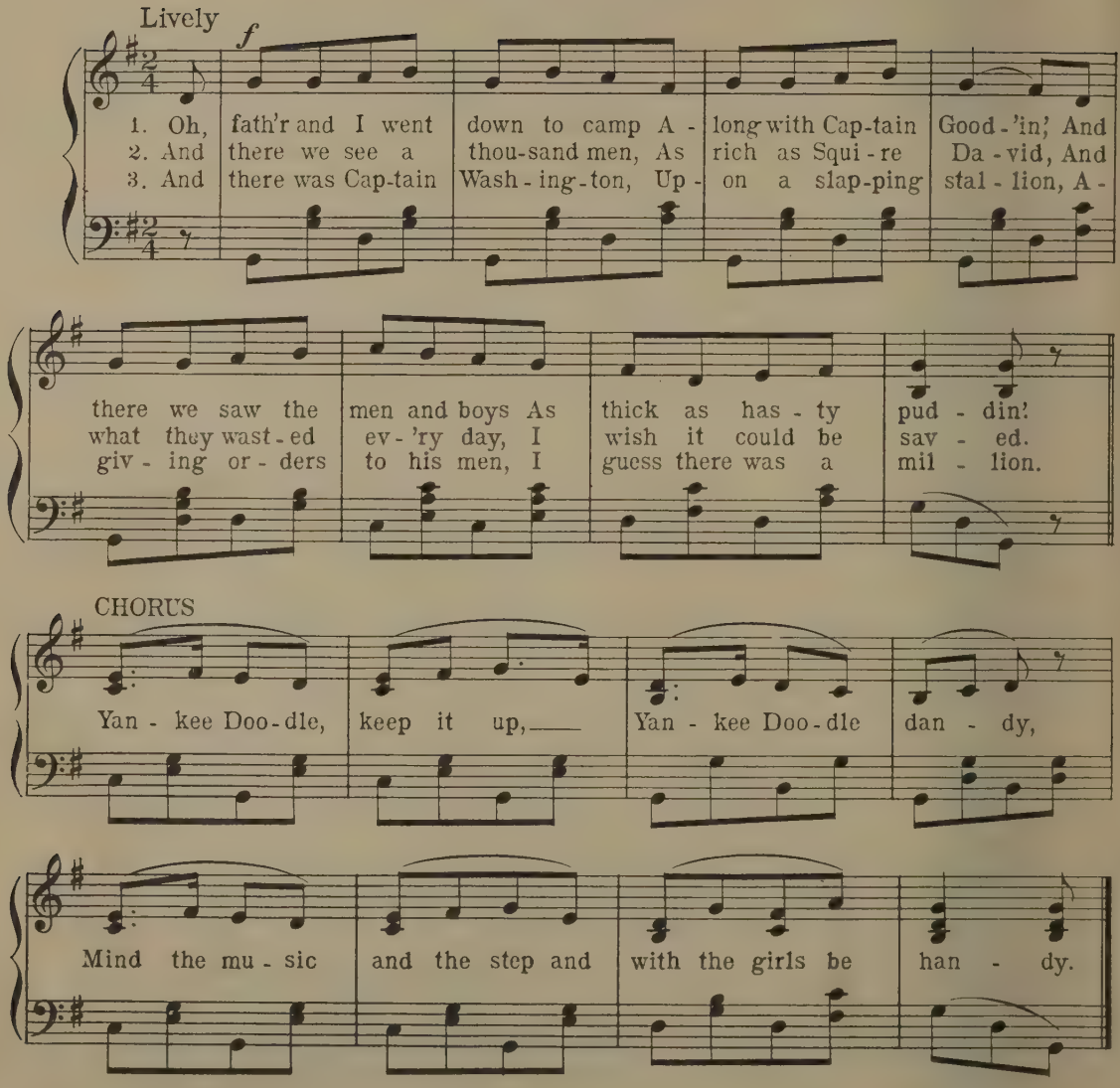
Our Land, O Lord

Slowly

MICHAEL HAYDN


f
cresc
1. Our land, O Lord, with song of praise, Shall in thy
2. Thy sure de - fence thro' na - tions round, Hath spread our
3. In deep dis - tress a pa - triot land, Im plored thy
dim.
f
strength re - joice, And blessed with thy sal
coun - try's name, And all her hum - ble
pow'r to save, For lib - er - ty they
cresc.
va - tion raise, To heav'n a cheer - ful voice.
ef - forts crowned, With free - dom and with fame.
pray'd thy hand, The time - ly bless - ings gave.

Yankee Doodle


Lively
f
1. Oh, fath'r and I went down to camp A - long with Cap-tain Good - 'in; And
2. And there we see a thou-sand men, As rich as Squi - re Da - vid, And
3. And there was Cap-tain Wash - ing - ton, Up - on a slap-ping stal - lion, A -
there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'
what they wast - ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
giv - ing or - ders to his men, I guess there was a mil - lion.
CHORUS
Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,
Mind the mu - sic and the step and with the girls be han - dy.

4. And then the feathers on his hat,
They look'd so very fine, ah!
I wanted peskily to get,
To give to my Jemina.

5. And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

6. And ev'ry time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder,
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

7. And there I see a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,
They knock'd up on't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

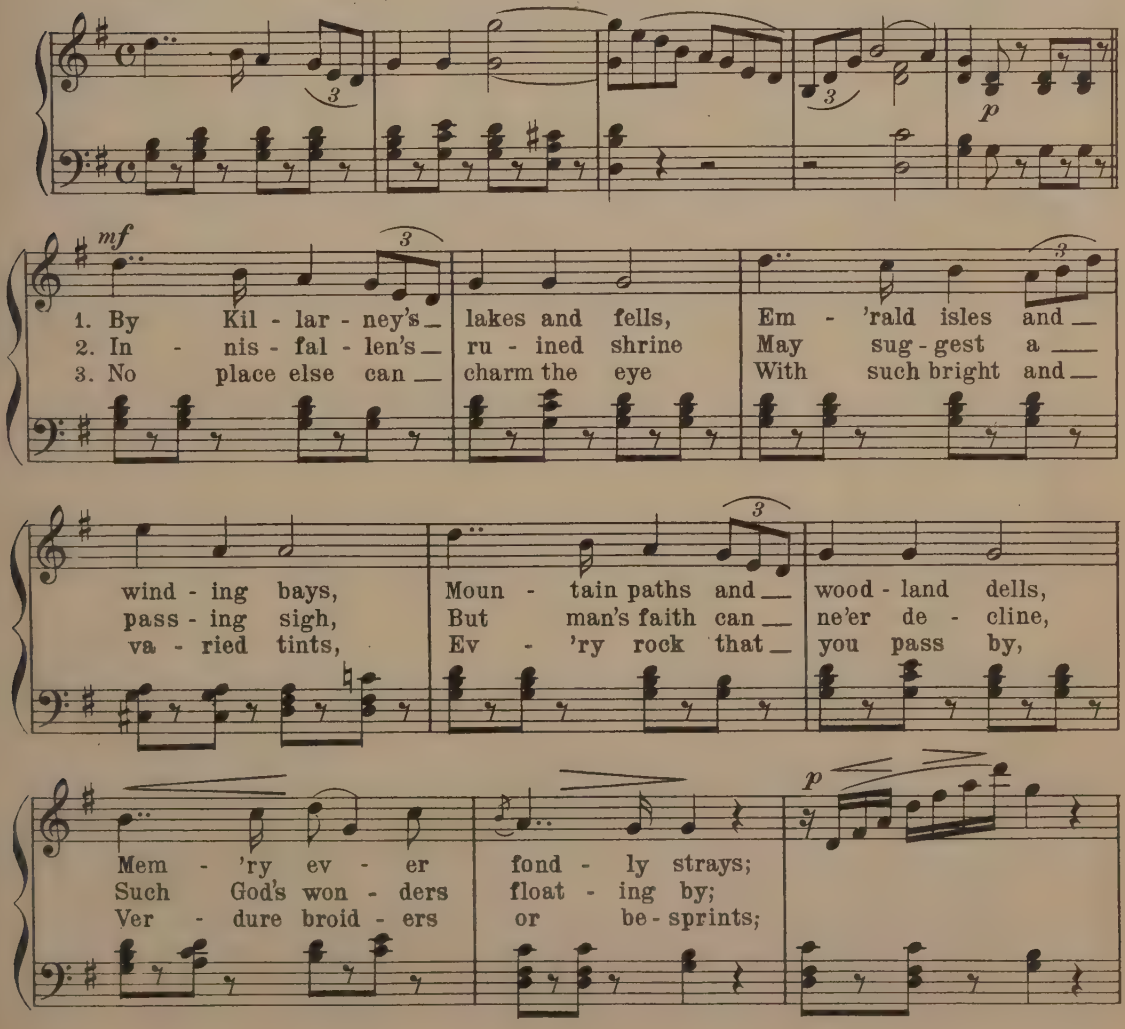
FOLK SONGS

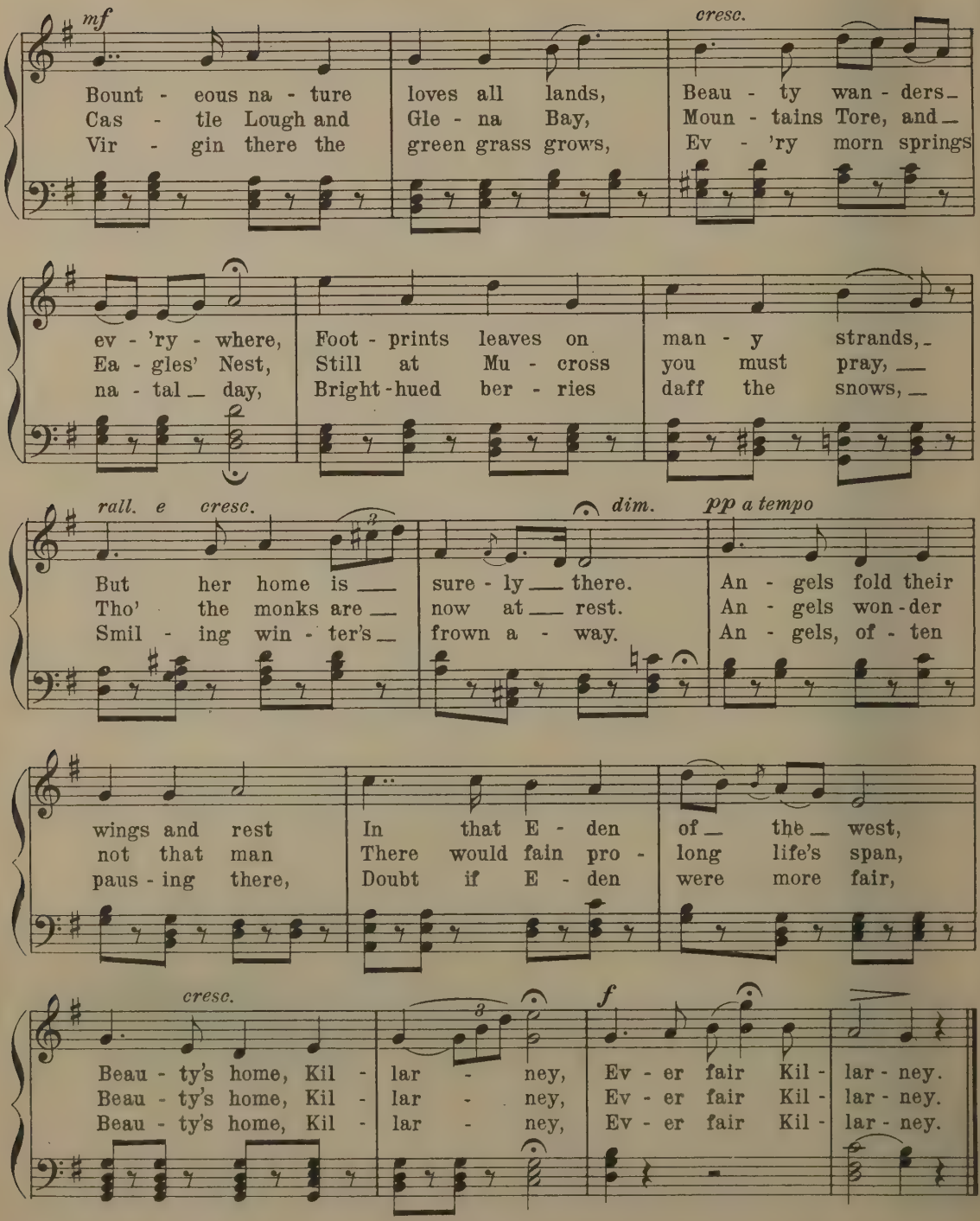
The folksongs of a nation are by far the most important of its musical writings, because they contain the melodies which are the people's choice, wedded to poems whose sentiments strike deepest into their hearts and sensibilities. Every child should be made acquainted with some of these songs, of which only a few of the most representative are presented here. The sentiments of folksongs are always of the purest character, and as such they are never to be classed with the "popular" songs of the day. This type of song survives only for the moment, but the folksongs of a nation live in the hearts of the people from generation to generation.

Killarney

Moderato

Irish Folk Song


p
mf
1. By Kil - lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and
2. In - nis - fal - len's ru - ined shrine May sug - gest a
3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and
wind - ing bays, Moun - tain paths and wood - land dells,
pass - ing sigh, But man's faith can ne'er de - cline,
va - ried tints, Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by,
p
Mem - 'ry ev - er fond - ly strays;
Such God's won - ders float - ing by;
Ver - dure broid - ers or be - sprints;


mf
cresc.
Bount - eous na - ture loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders_
Cas - tle Lough and Gle - na Bay, Moun - tains Tore, and_
Vir - gin there the green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn springs
ev - 'ry - where, Foot - prints leaves on man - y strands,_
Ea - gles' Nest, Still at Mu - cross you must pray, __
na - tal_ day, Bright-hued ber - ries daff the snows, _
rall. e cresc.
dim.
pp a tempo
But her home is __ sure - ly __ there. An - gels fold their
Tho' the monks are __ now at __ rest. An - gels won - der
Smil - ing win - ter's_ frown a - way. An - gels, of - ten
wings and rest In that E - den of_ the_ west,
not that man There would fain pro - long life's span,
paus - ing there, Doubt if E - den were more fair,
cresc.
f
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.
Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.

The Scarlet Sarafan

Russian Folk Song

Not too slow

p

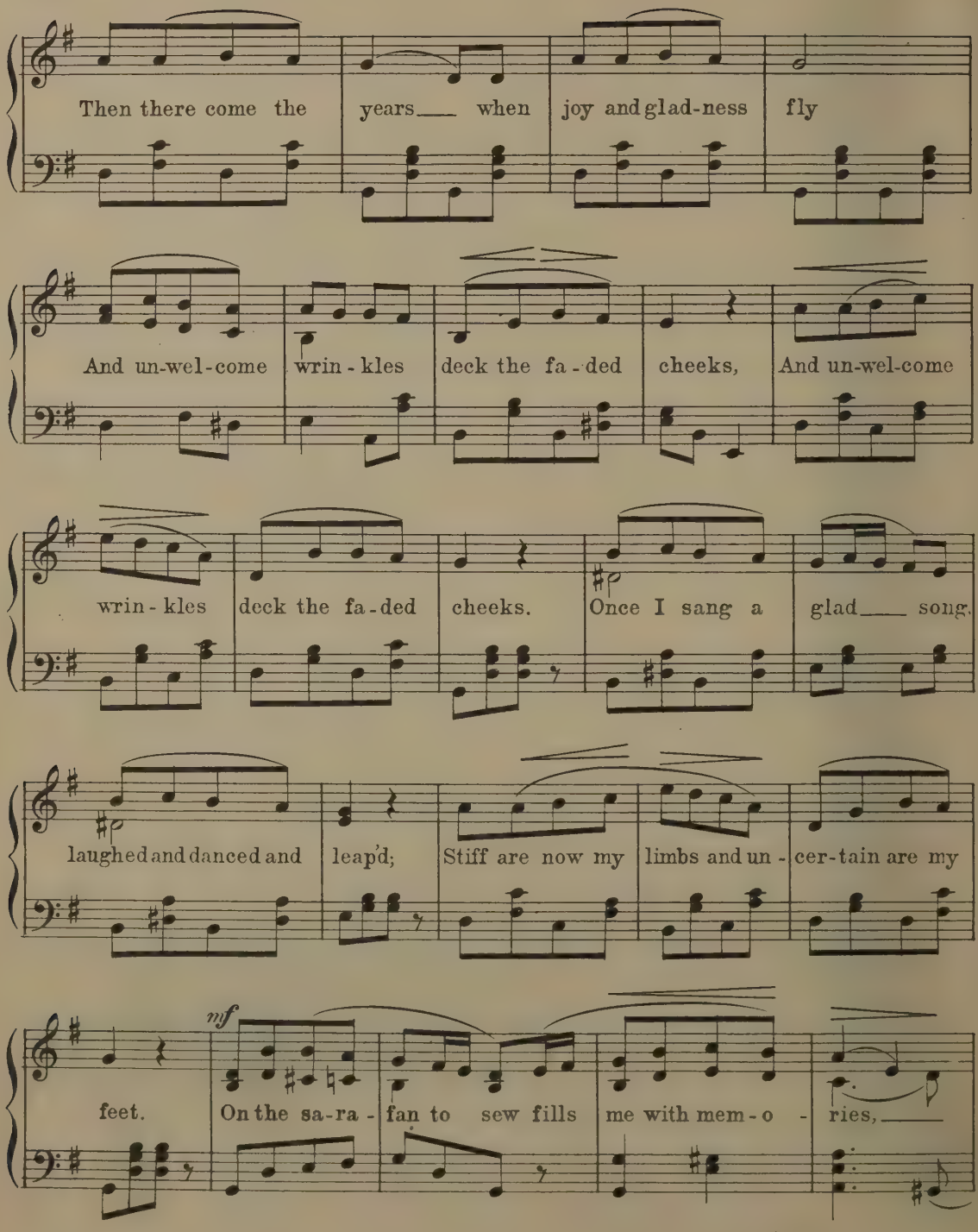
Sew not, O my moth-er dear, on the red Sa-ra - fan,

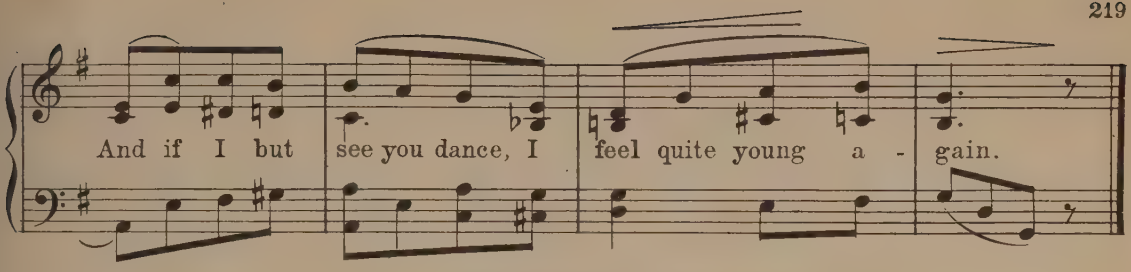
Use-less would thy la-bor be, so use not up thy strength, Daugh-ter, come and

sit thee here by my side Youth re-turns no more dear, when

once it's gone from you. Gai-ly you must sing, dear, just like the lark in

May; Laugh and dance and leap, dear, for that is soon gone by.


Then there come the years when joy and glad-ness fly
And un-wel-come wrin-kles deck the fa-ded cheeks, And un-wel-come
wrin-kles deck the fa-ded cheeks. Once I sang a glad song.
laughed and danced and leap'd; Stiff are now my limbs and un-cer-tain are my
mf
feet. On the sa-ra-fan to sew fills me with mem-o-ries,

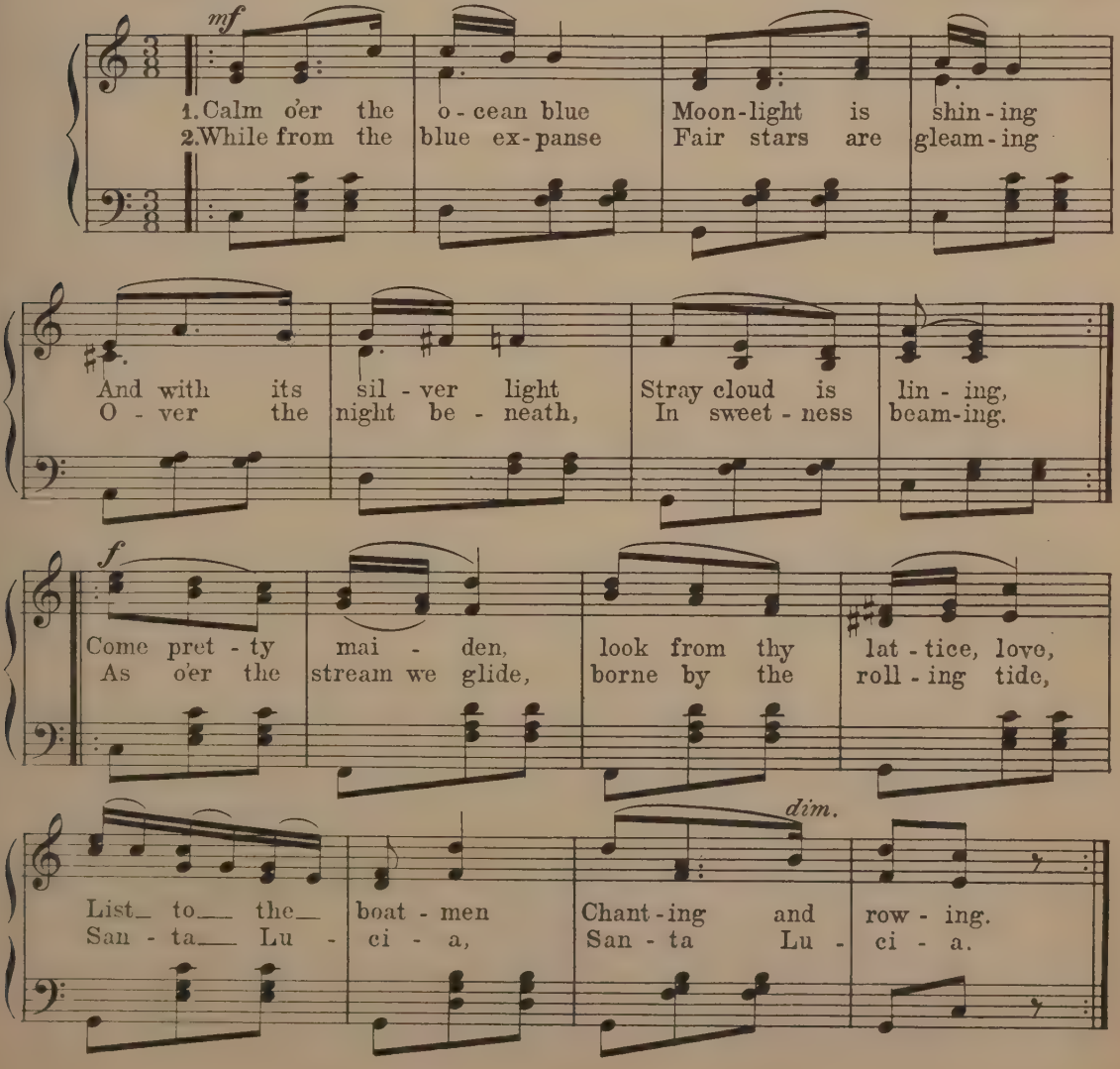


Santa Lucia

Pronounced (Lu-ché-a)

Moderato

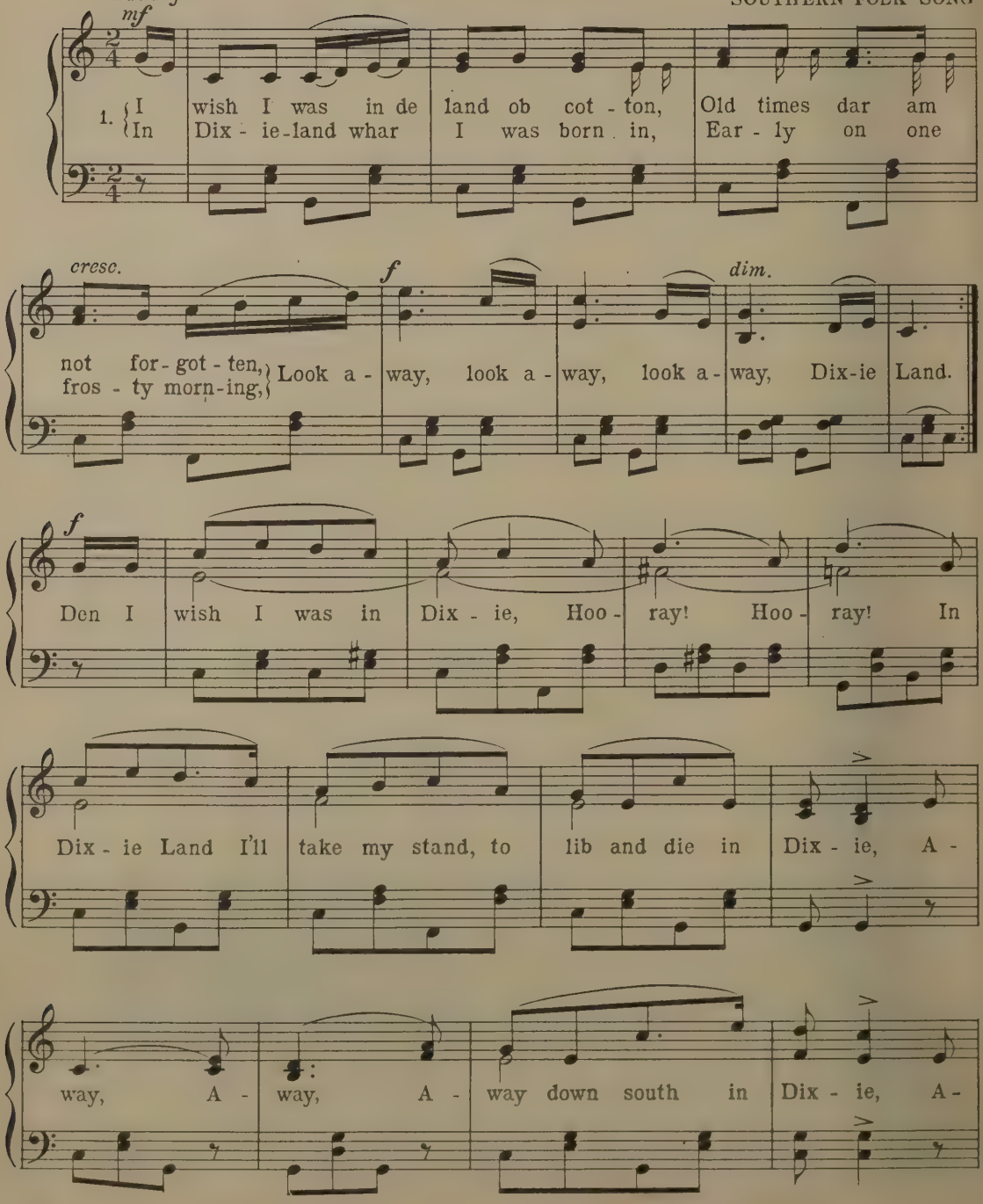
Italian Folk Song

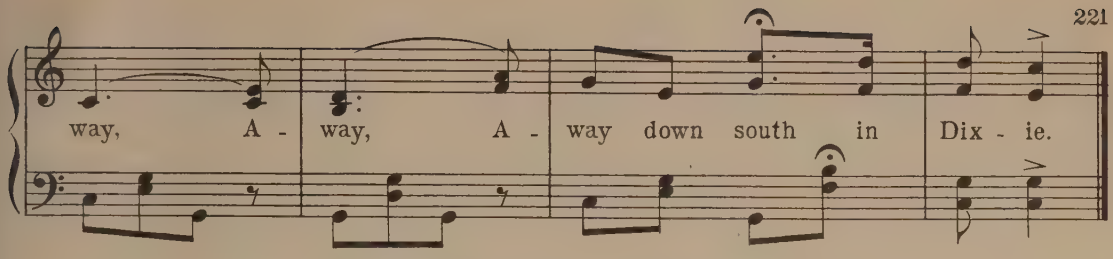

mf
1. Calm o'er the o - cean blue Moon-light is shin - ing
2. While from the blue ex-panse Fair stars are gleam - ing
And with its sil - ver light Stray cloud is lin - ing,
O - ver the night be - neath, In sweet - ness beam-ing.
f
Come pret - ty mai - den, look from thy lat - tice, love,
As o'er the stream we glide, borne by the roll - ing tide,
dim.
List_ to__ the__ boat - men Chant - ing and row - ing.
San - ta__ Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a.

Dixie Land

Lively

SOUTHERN FOLK SONG


mf
1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
In Dix - ie-land whar I was born in, Ear - ly on one
cresc.
f
dim.
not for - got - ten, Look a - way, look a - way, look a - way, Dix-ie Land.
fros - ty morn-ing,
f
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In
Dix - ie Land I'll take my stand, to lib and die in Dix - ie, A -
way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie, A -



How Can I Leave Thee!

(Treue Liebe)

Andante

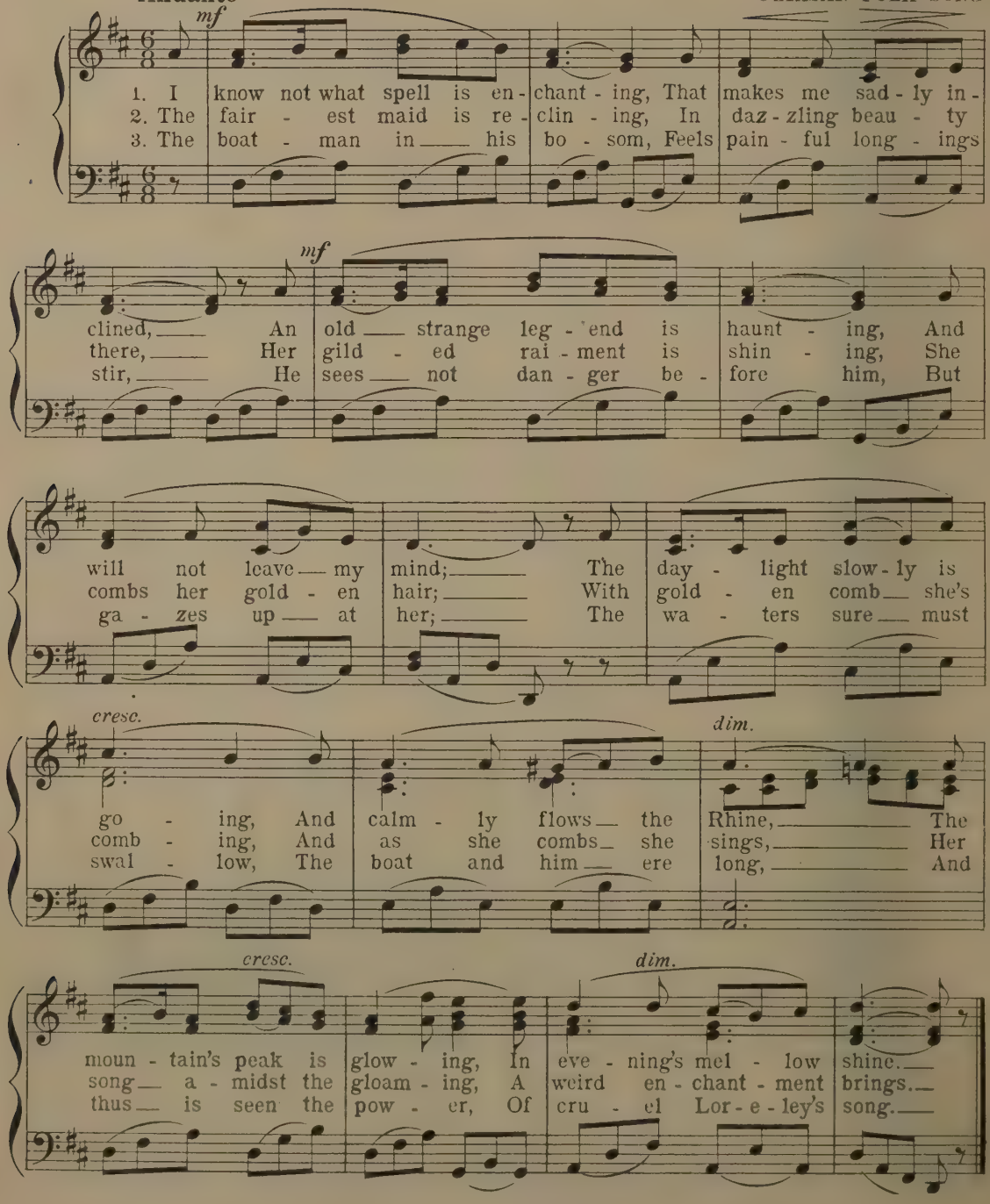
GERMAN FOLK SONG

p
1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part!
2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the "For - get - me - not,"
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be,
cresc.
dim.
Thou on - ly hast my heart, Sis - ter, be - lieve;
Wear it up - on thy heart, And think of me.
Fal - con nor hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee.
Thou hast this soul of mine, So close - ly bound to thine,
Flow - 'ret and hope may die, Yet love with - in shall stay,
When by the fowl - er slain, I at thy feet should lie,
dim.
No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve.
Thou sad - ly should'st com - plain, Joy - ful I'd die!

The Loreley

Andante

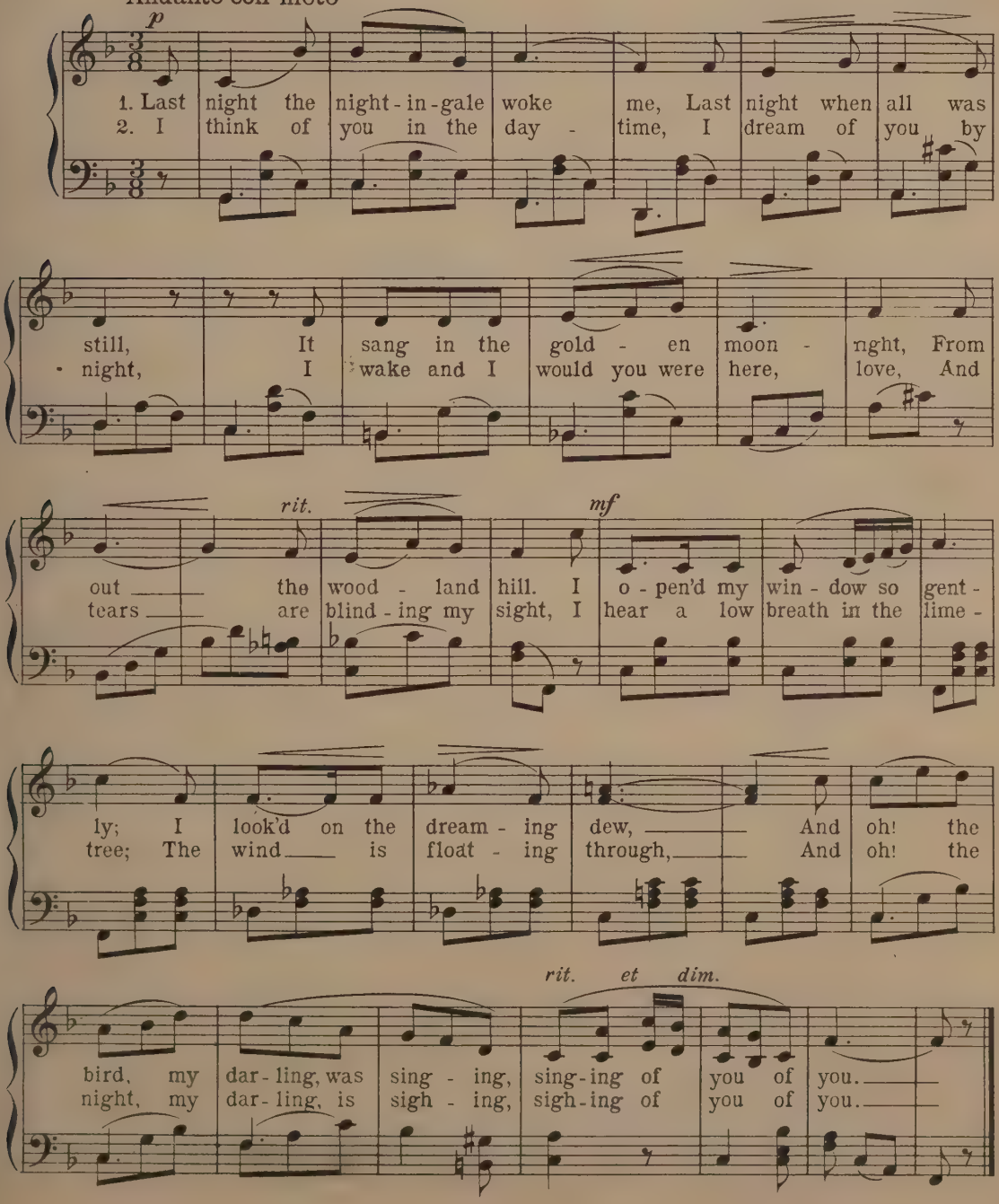
GERMAN FOLK SONG


mf
1. I know not what spell is en - chant - ing, That makes me sad - ly in -
2. The fair - est maid is re - clin - ing, In daz - zling beau - ty
3. The boat - man in his bo - som, Feels pain - ful long - ings
mf
clined, An old strange leg - end is haunt - ing, And
there, Her gild - ed rai - ment is shin - ing, She
stir, He sees not dan - ger be - fore him, But
will not leave my mind; The day - light slow - ly is
combs her gold - en hair; With gold - en comb she's
ga - zes up at her; The wa - ters sure must
cresc.
go - ing, And calm - ly flows the Rhine, The
comb - ing, And as she combs she sings, Her
swal - low, The boat and him ere long, And
dim.
cresc.
moun - tain's peak is glow - ing, In eve - ning's mel - low shine.
song a - midst the gloam - ing, A weird en - chant - ment brings.
thus is seen the pow - er, Of cru - el Lor - e - ley's song.
dim.

Last Night

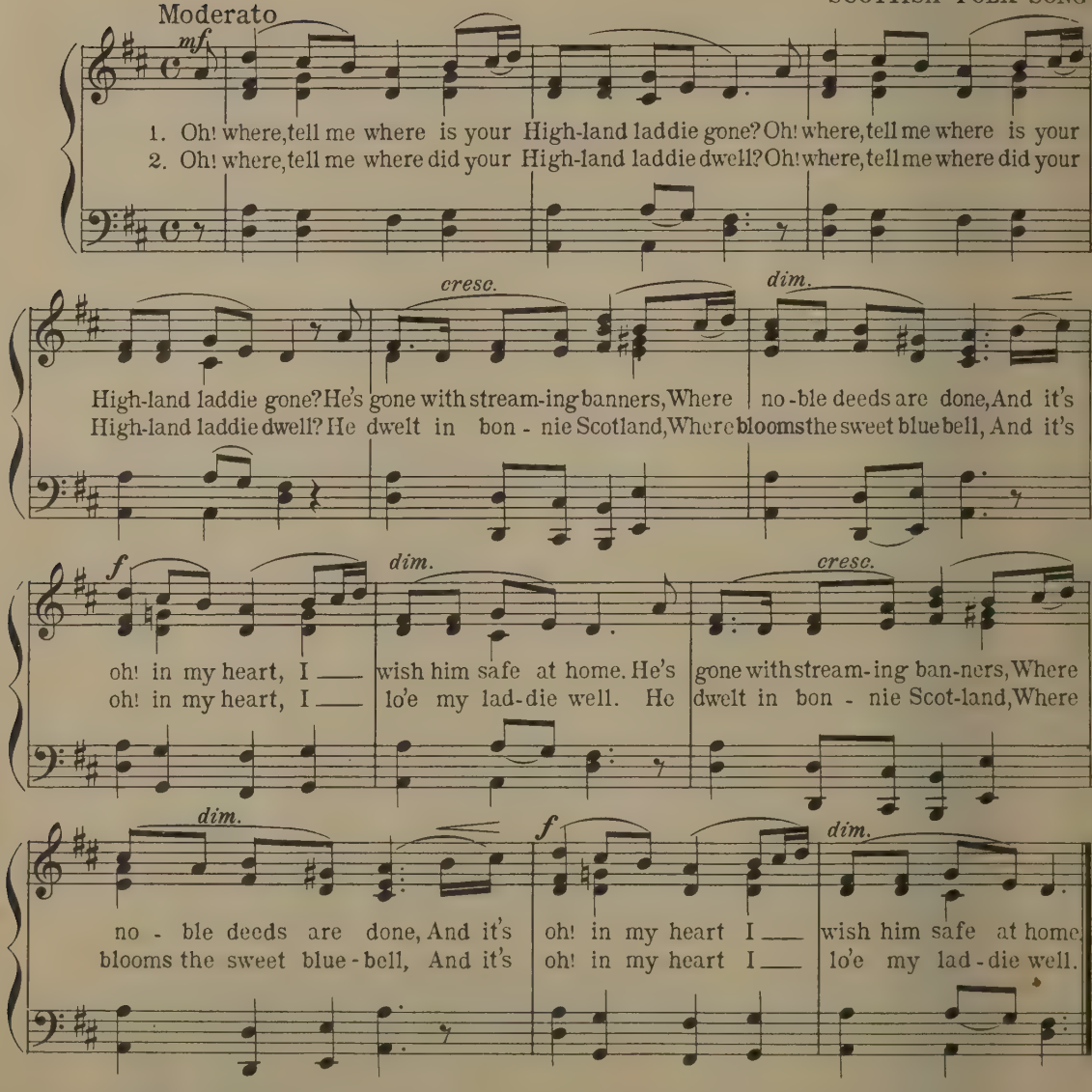
Andante con moto

NORWEGIAN FOLK SONG


p
1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when all was
2. I think of you in the day-time, I dream of you by
still, It sang in the gold-en moon-nght, From
night, I wake and I would you were here, love, And
rit.
mf
out the wood-land hill. I o-pen'd my win-dow so gent-
tears are blind-ing my sight, I hear a low breath in the lime-
ly; I look'd on the dream-ing dew, And oh! the
tree; The wind is float-ing through, And oh! the
rit. et dim.
bird, my dar-ling, was sing-ing, sing-ing of you of you.
night, my dar-ling, is sigh-ing, sigh-ing of you of you.

The Blue Bells Of Scotland

SCOTTISH FOLK SONG


Moderato
mf
1. Oh! where, tell me where is your High-land laddie gone? Oh! where, tell me where is your
2. Oh! where, tell me where did your High-land laddie dwell? Oh! where, tell me where did your
cresc.
dim.
High-land laddie gone? He's gone with stream-ing banners, Where no-ble deeds are done, And it's
High-land laddie dwell? He dwelt in bon - nie Scotland, Where blooms the sweet blue bell, And it's
f
dim.
cresc.
oh! in my heart, I ___ wish him safe at home. He's gone with stream-ing ban-ners, Where
oh! in my heart, I ___ lo'e my lad-die well. He dwelt in bon - nie Scot-land, Where
dim.
f
dim.
no - ble deeds are done, And it's oh! in my heart I ___ wish him safe at home,
blooms the sweet blue - bell, And it's oh! in my heart I ___ lo'e my lad - die well.

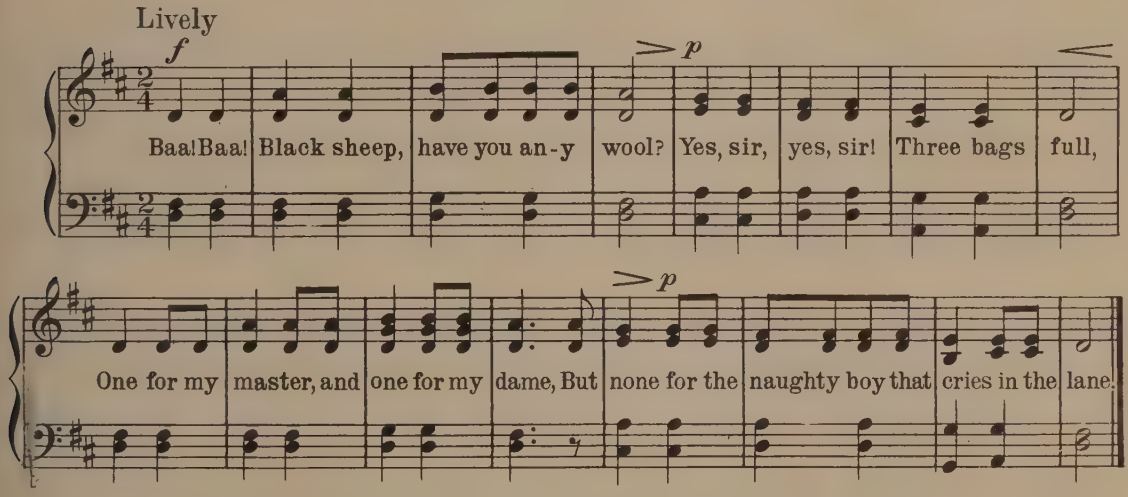
3. What clothes, in what clothes
Is your Highland laddie clad?
What clothes, in what clothes
Is your Highland laddie clad?
His bonnet's Saxon green
And his waistcoat is of plaid,
And it's oh! in my heart
That I lo'e my Highland lad.

4. Suppose, and suppose
That your Highland lad should die?
Suppose, and suppose
That your Highland lad should die?
The bagpipes shall play o'er him,
And I'd lay me down and cry,
And it's oh! in my heart,
That I wish he may not die.

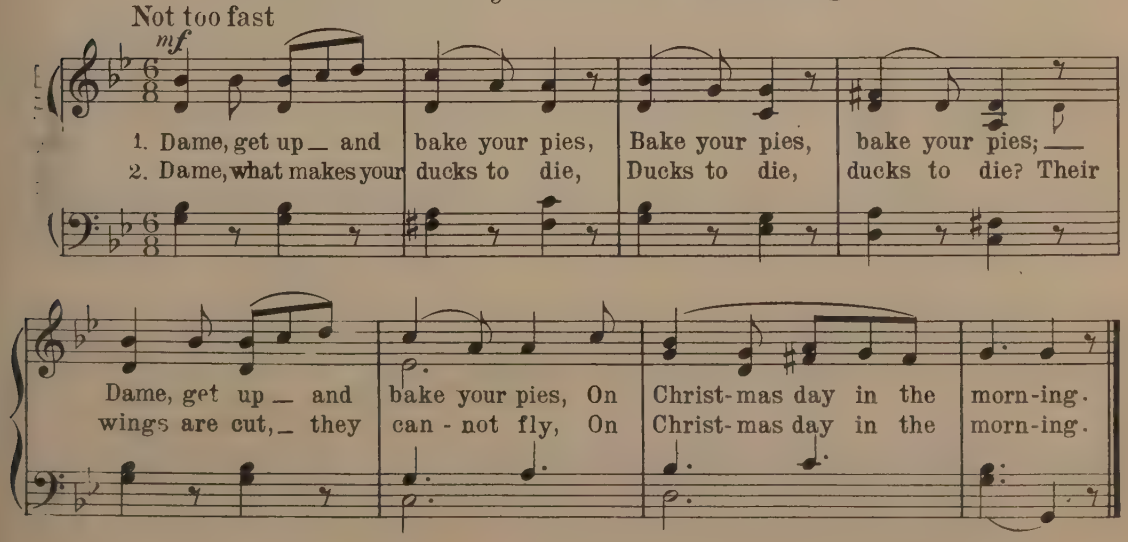
NURSERY RHYMES AND SONGS

Of all the songs of childhood which we may hear again later in life, the nursery rhymes and jingles are most fraught with pleasant recollections, for they revive the days when a loving mother taught them to us — magic days when "Little Jack Horner" and "Little Miss Muffit" were real live beings in our minds. Among the more than three-score songs in this section of "Songs the Children Love to Sing" will be found everyone's favorite jingles, the entire series including something from the childlore of almost every country.

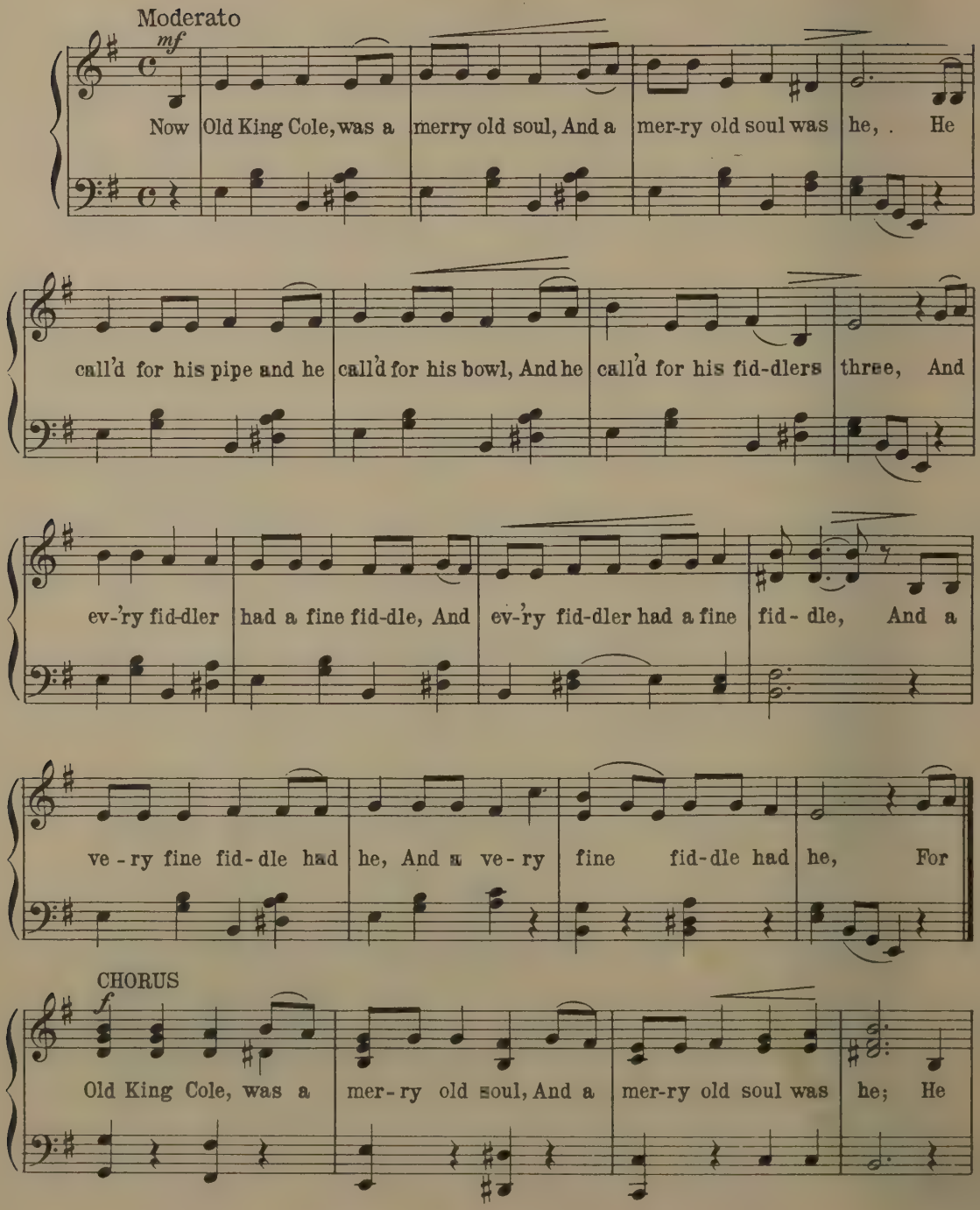
Baa! Baa! Black Sheep

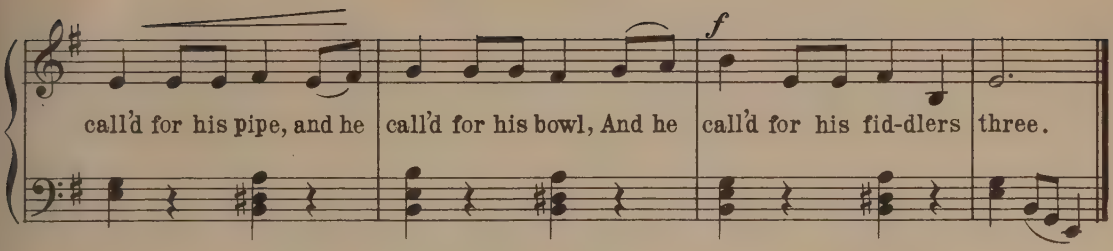

Lively
f
p
Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you an-y wool? Yes, sir, yes, sir! Three bags full,
One for my master, and one for my dame, But none for the naughty boy that cries in the lane.

Christmas Day In The Morning

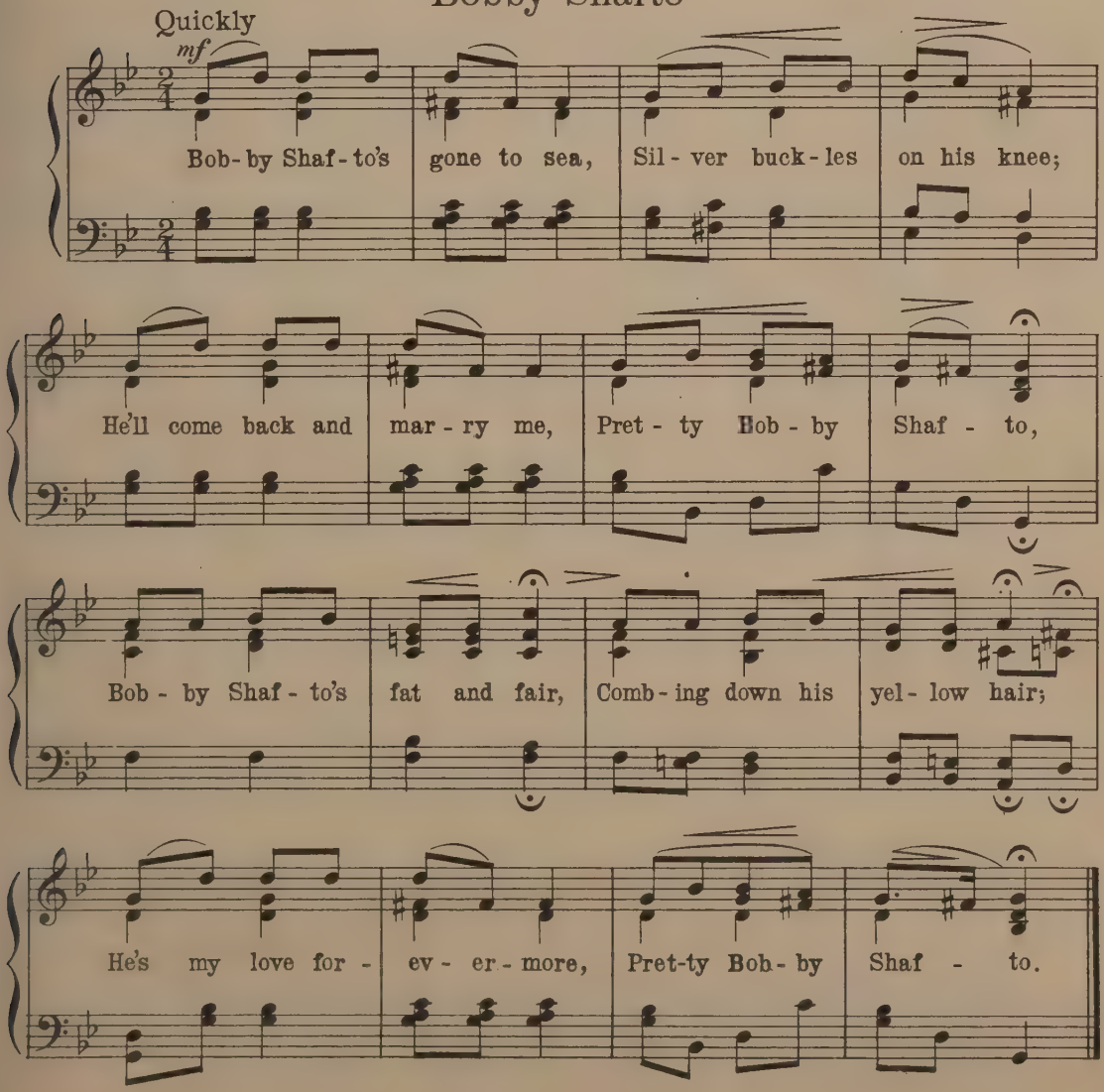

Not too fast
mf
1. Dame, get up — and bake your pies, Bake your pies, bake your pies; —
2. Dame, what makes your ducks to die, Ducks to die, ducks to die? Their
Dame, get up — and bake your pies, On Christ-mas day in the morn-ing.
wings are cut, — they can-not fly, On Christ-mas day in the morn-ing.

Old King Cole

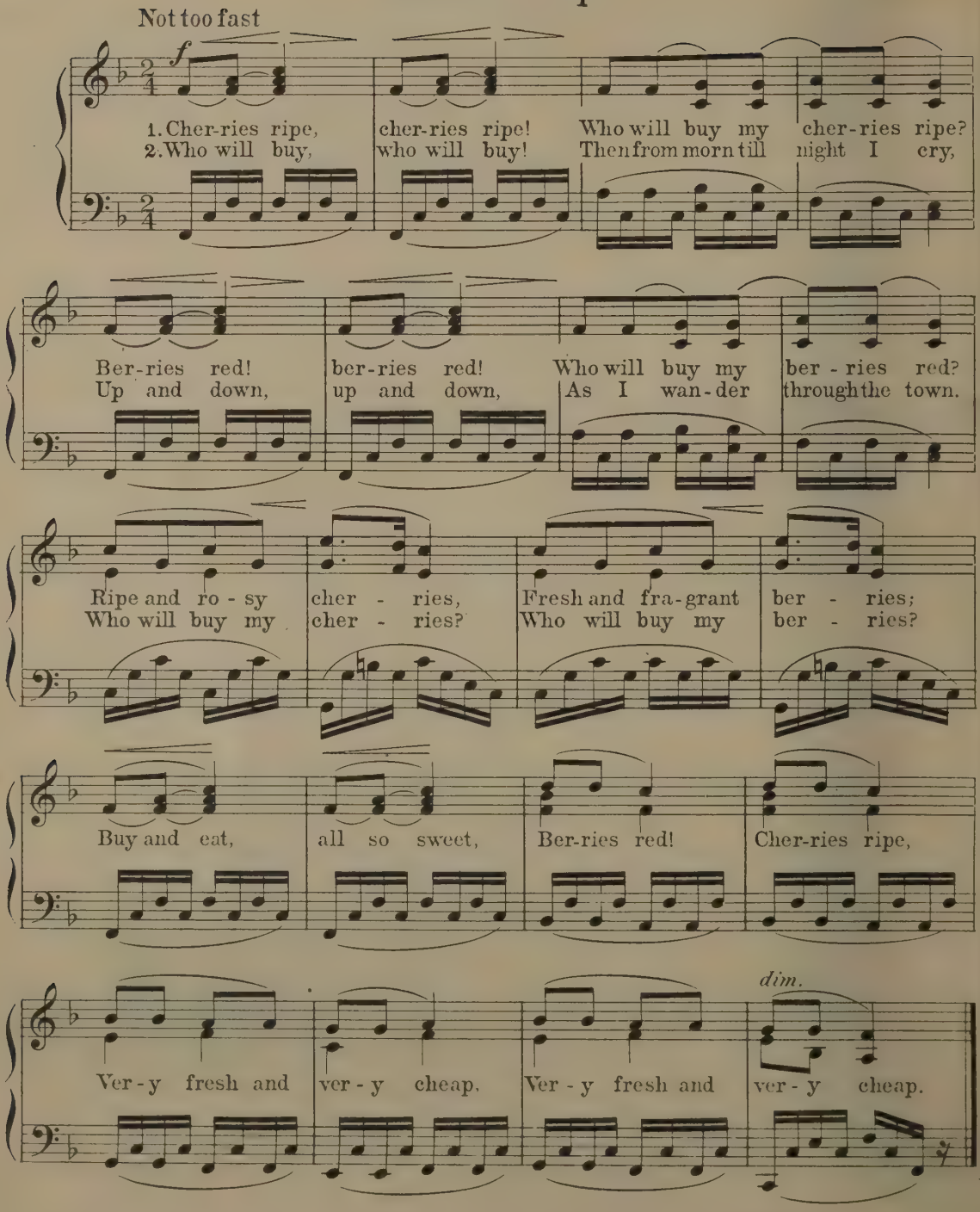

Moderato
mf
Now Old King Cole, was a merry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was he, . He
call'd for his pipe and he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fid-dlers three, And
ev-'ry fid-dler had a fine fid-dle, And ev-'ry fid-dler had a fine fid - dle, And a
ve - ry fine fid - dle had he, And a ve - ry fine fid-dle had he, For
CHORUS
f
Old King Cole, was a mer - ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was he; He



Bobby Shafto

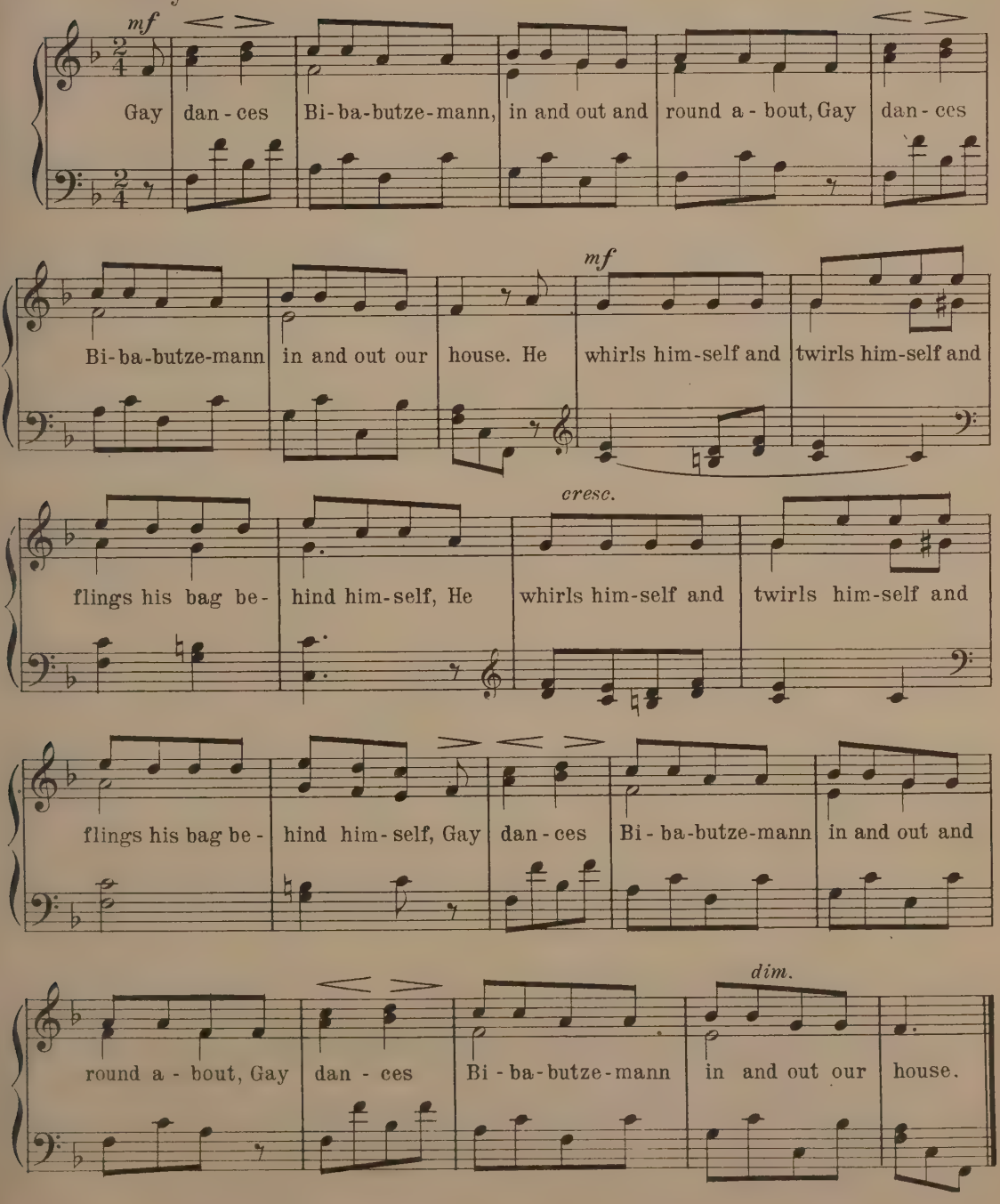


Cherries Ripe


Not too fast
f
1. Cher-ries ripe, cher-ries ripe! Who will buy my cher-ries ripe?
2. Who will buy, who will buy! Then from morn till night I cry,
Ber-ries red! ber-ries red! Who will buy my ber - ries red?
Up and down, up and down, As I wan-der through the town.
Ripe and ro - sy cher - ries, Fresh and fra-grant ber - ries;
Who will buy my cher - ries? Who will buy my ber - ries?
Buy and eat, all so sweet, Ber-ries red! Cher-ries ripe,
dim.
Ver - y fresh and ver - y cheap. Ver - y fresh and ver - y cheap.

The Bibabutzemann

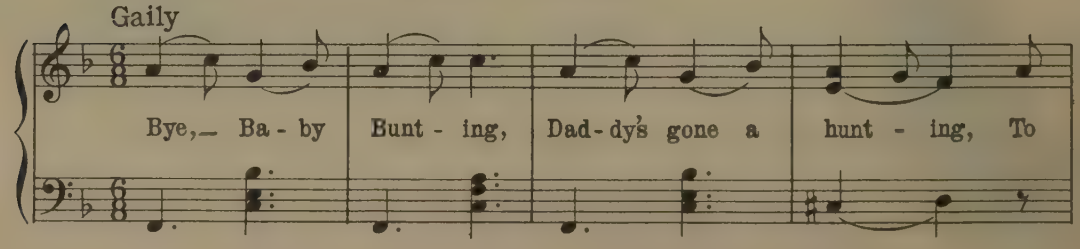
German Song

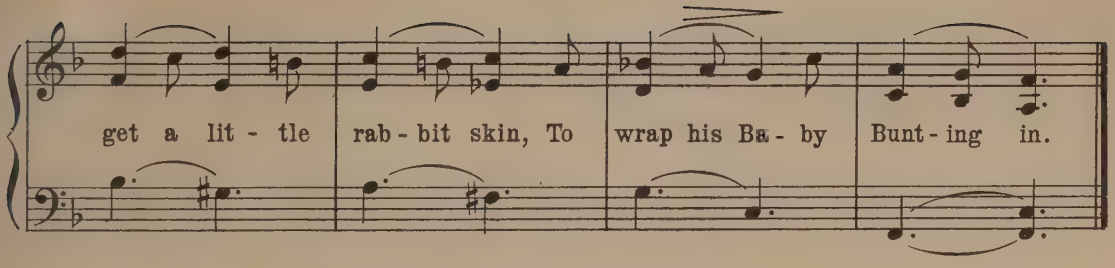

Lively
mf
Gay dan - ces Bi - ba - butze - mann, in and out and round a - bout, Gay dan - ces
mf
Bi - ba - butze - mann in and out our house. He whirls him - self and twirls him - self and
cresc.
flings his bag be - hind him - self, He whirls him - self and twirls him - self and
flings his bag be - hind him - self, Gay dan - ces Bi - ba - butze - mann in and out and
dim.
round a - bout, Gay dan - ces Bi - ba - butze - mann in and out our house.

Billy Boy

Not too fast
mf
1. Oh, where have you been, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly
2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil - ly boy, Bil - ly
boy? Oh where have you been, charm - ing Bil - ly?
boy? Did she bid you to come in, charm - ing Bil - ly?
I have been to seek a wife, She's the joy of my
Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a dim - ple in her
life, She's a young - thing, and can - not leave her moth - er.
chin, She's a young - thing, and can - not leave her moth - er.

Baby Bunting

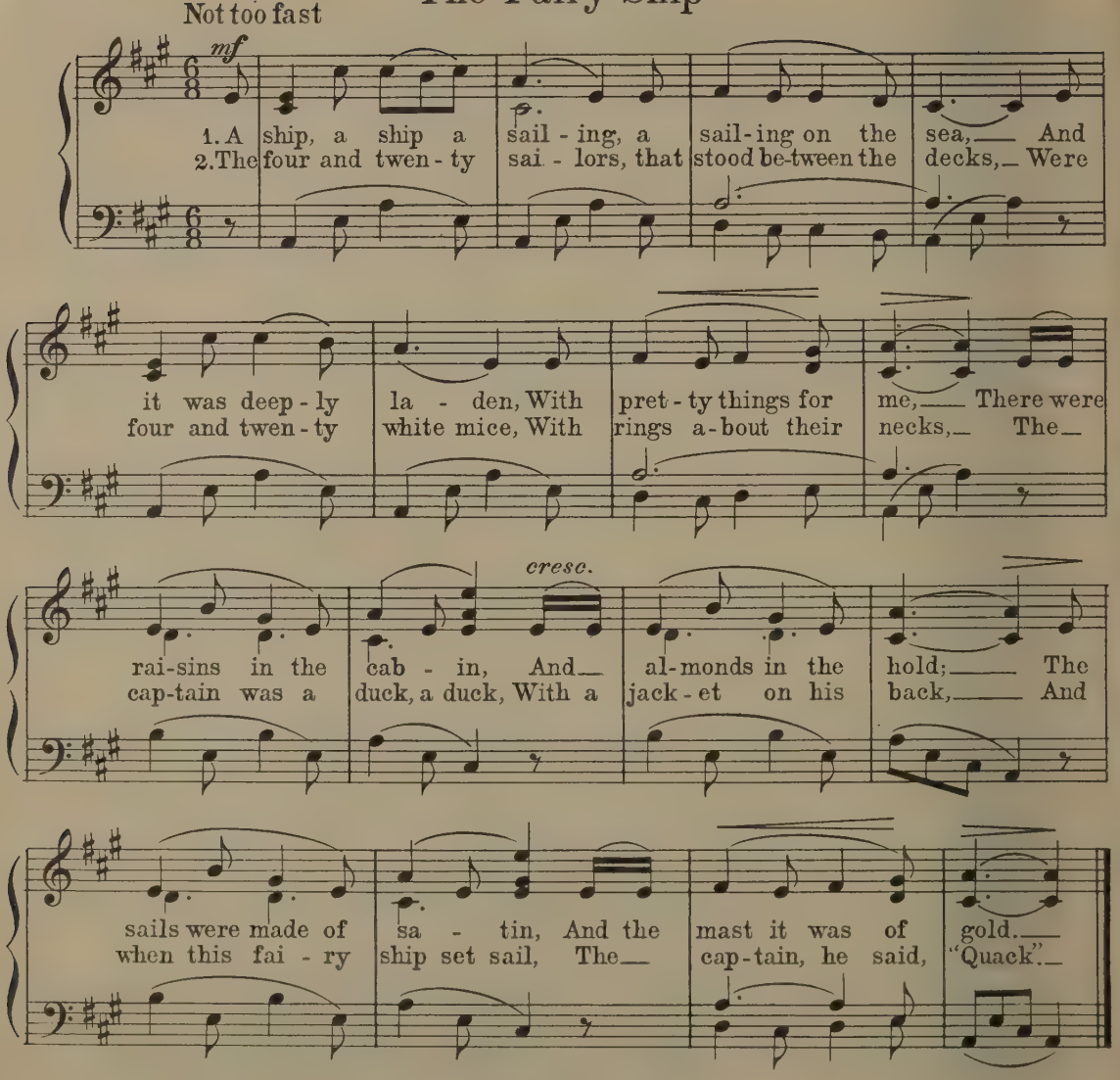




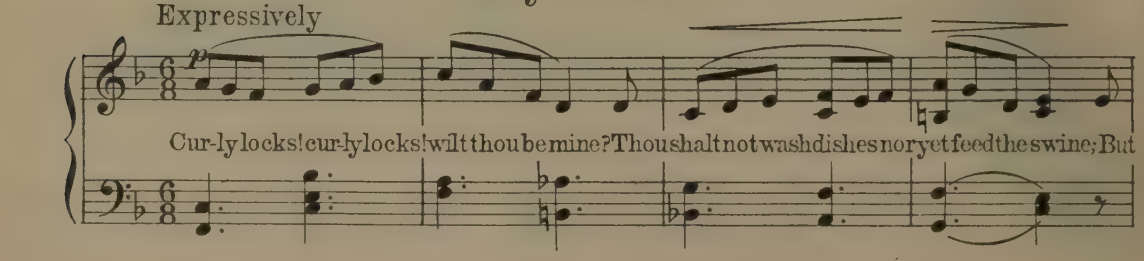
Baby Bye, Here's A Fly

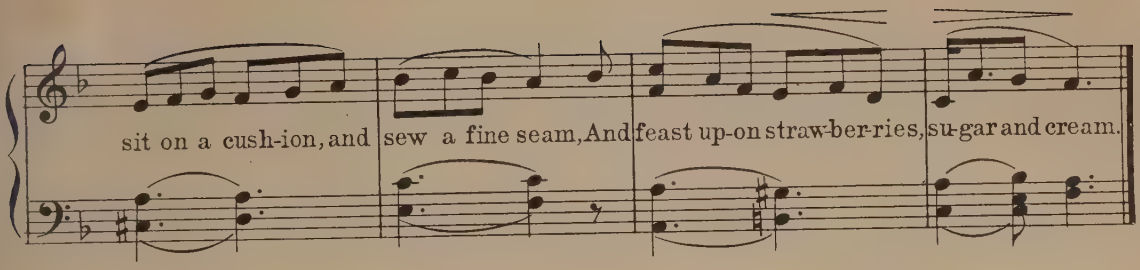
Lively
mf
f
1. Ba - by bye, here's a fly, We will watch him, you and I.
2. Spots of red dot his head; Rain-bows on his wings are spread!
How he crawls up the walls, Yet he nev - er falls!
That small speck is his neck, See him nod and beck!
I be - lieve, with those six legs; You and I could walk on eggs!
I can show you if you choose; Where to look to find his shoes;
There he goes, on his toes, Tick - ling ba - by's nose.
Three small pairs, made of hairs, These he al - ways wears.

The Fairy Ship

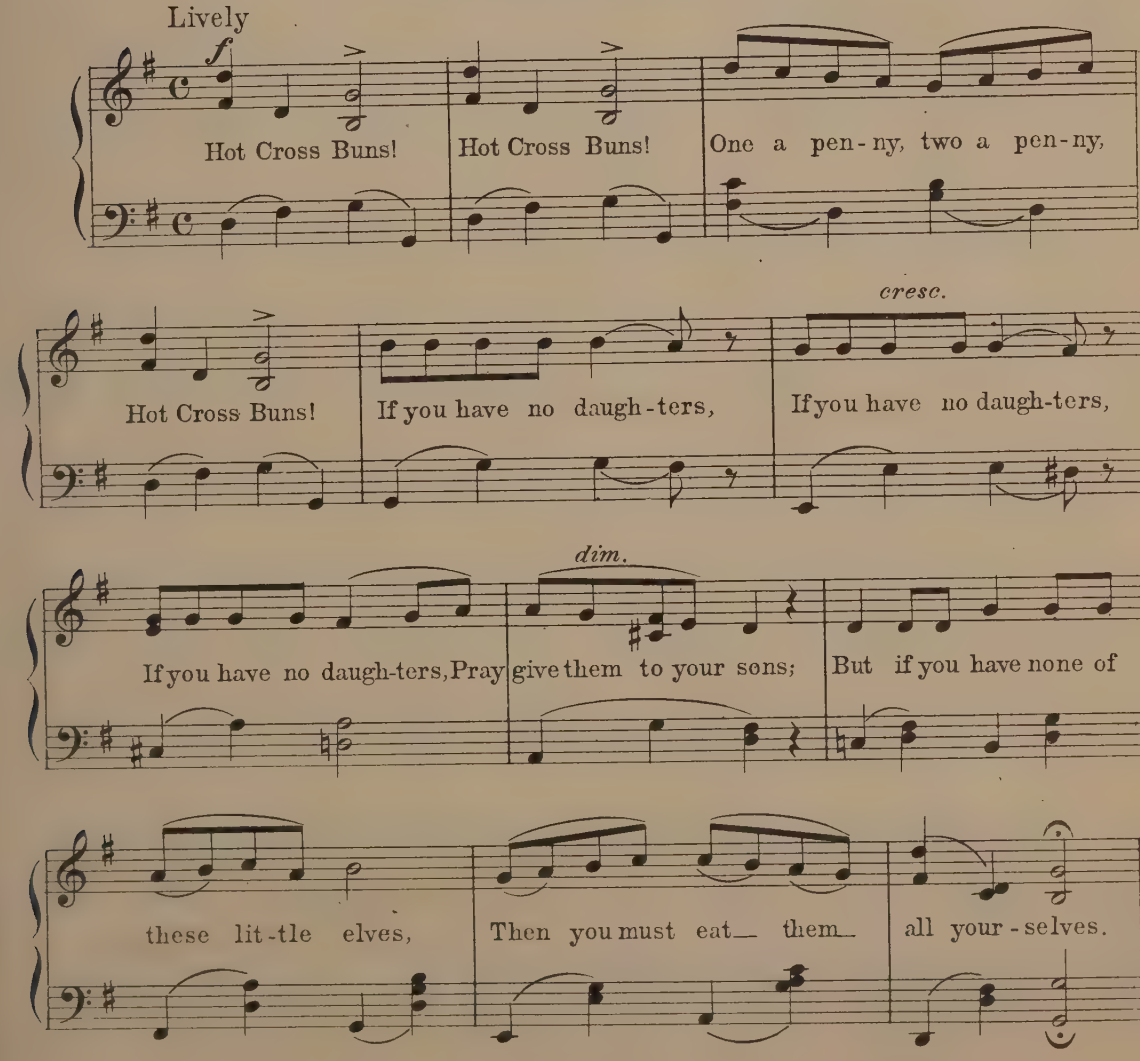

Not too fast
mf
1. A ship, a ship a sail - ing, a sail-ing on the sea,— And
2. The four and twen - ty sai - lors, that stood be-tween the decks,— Were
it was deep - ly la - den, With pret - ty things for me,— There were
four and twen - ty white mice, With rings a-bout their necks,— The—
cresc.
rai-sins in the cab - in, And— al-monds in the hold;— The
cap-tain was a duck, a duck, With a jack - et on his back,— And
sails were made of sa - tin, And the mast it was of gold.—
when this fai - ry ship set sail, The— cap-tain, he said, "Quack".—

Curly Locks

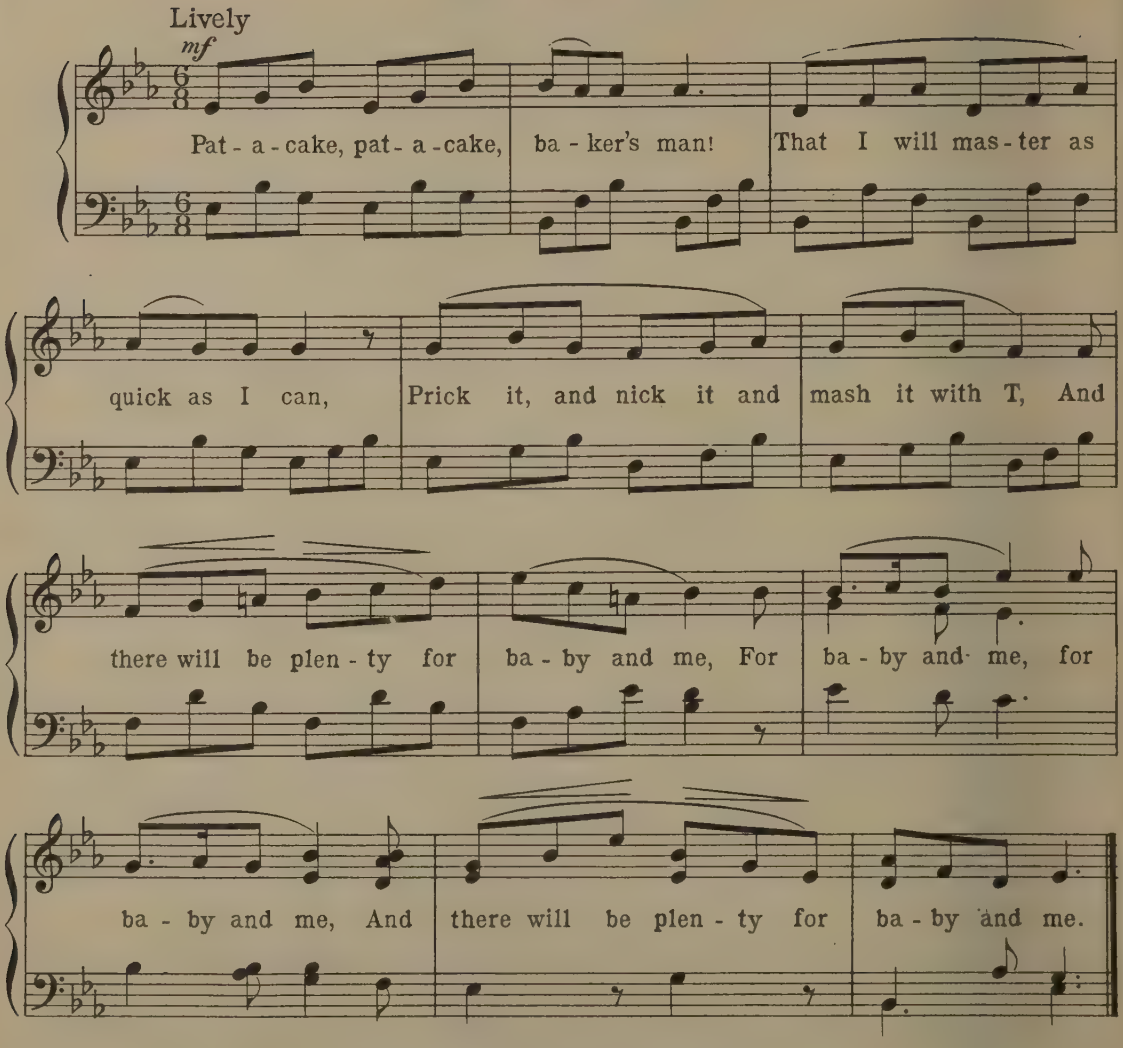




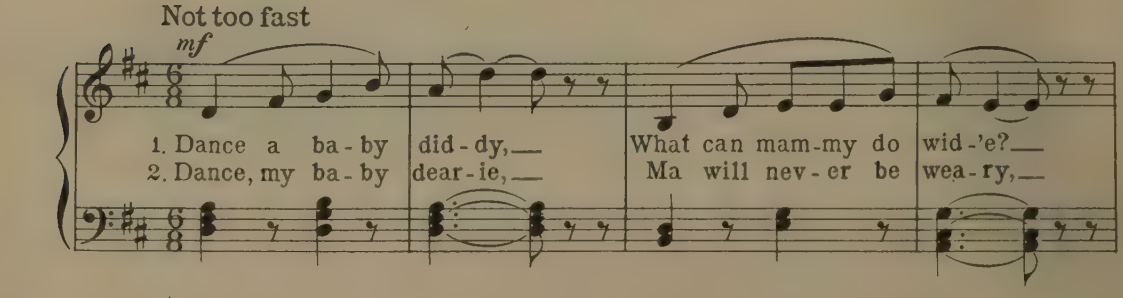
Hot Cross Buns!

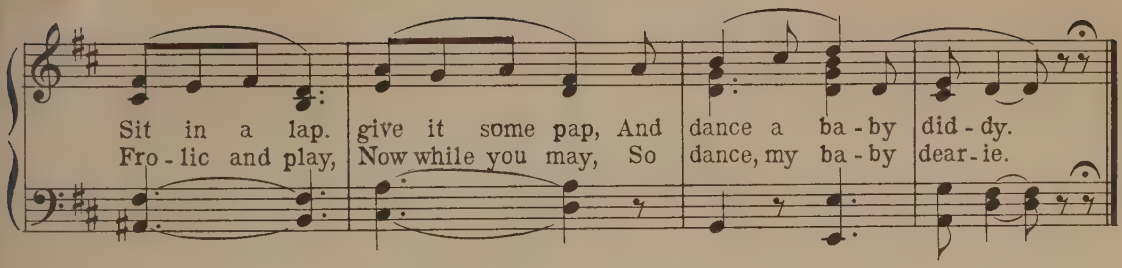

Lively
f
Hot Cross Buns! Hot Cross Buns! One a pen-ny, two a pen-ny,
Hot Cross Buns!
cresc.
If you have no daugh-ters, If you have no daugh-ters,
dim.
If you have no daugh-ters, Pray give them to your sons; But if you have none of
these lit-tle elves, Then you must eat them all your-selves.

Pat - a - Cake

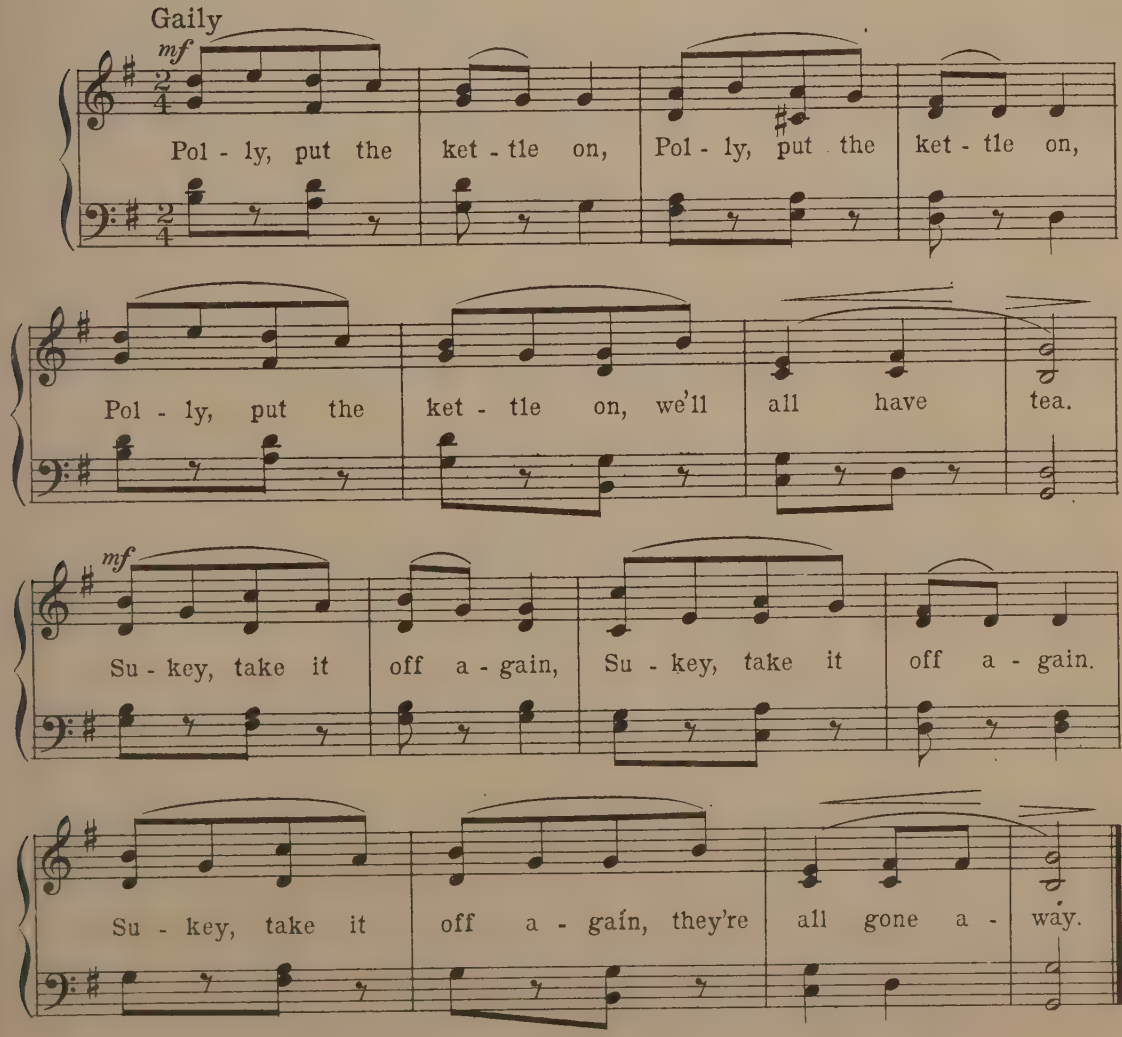

Lively
mf
Pat - a - cake, pat - a - cake, ba - ker's man! That I will mas - ter as
quick as I can, Prick it, and nick it and mash it with T, And
there will be plen - ty for ba - by and me, For ba - by and me, for
ba - by and me, And there will be plen - ty for ba - by and me.

Dance A Baby Diddy

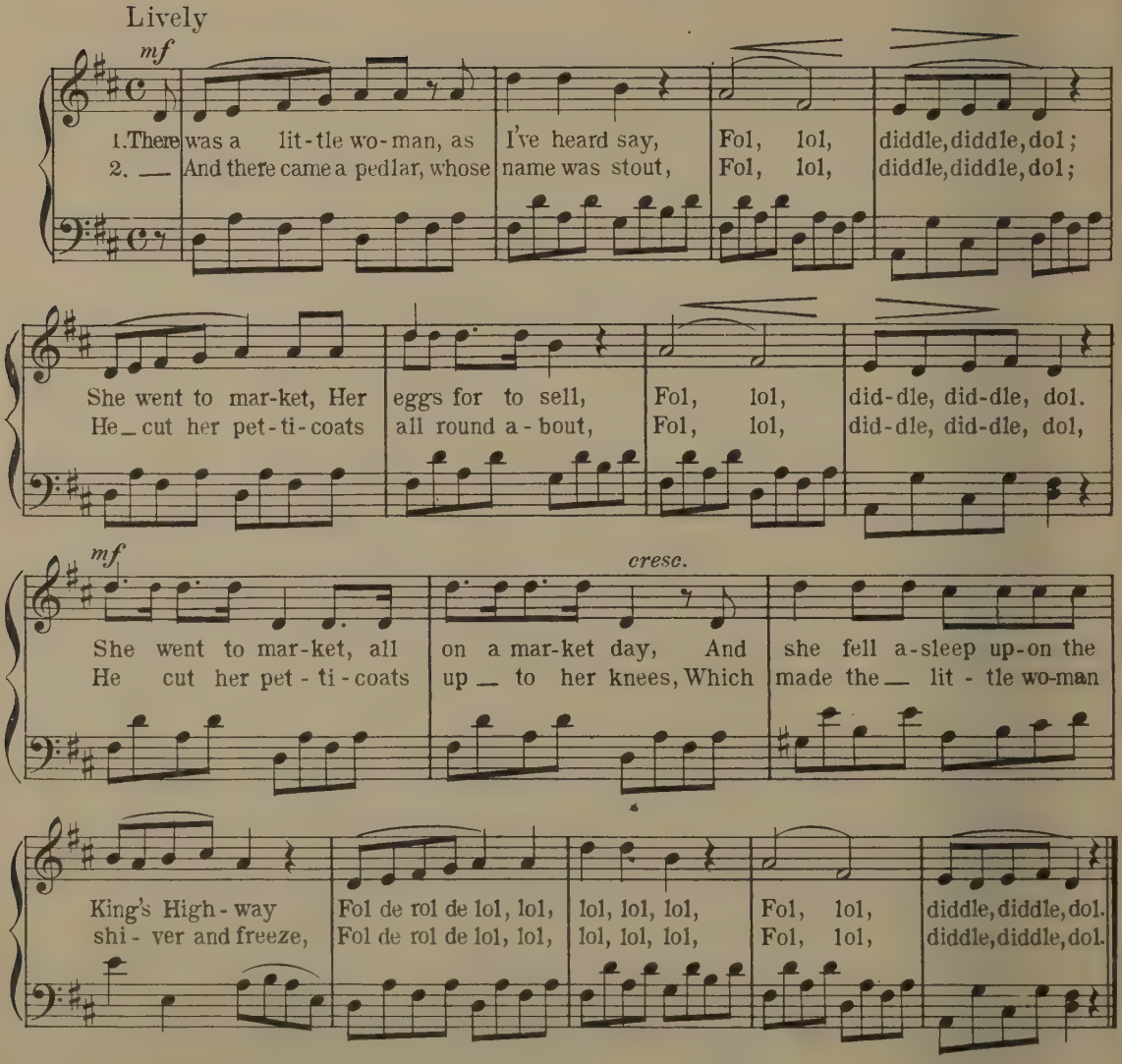




Polly, Put The Kettle On

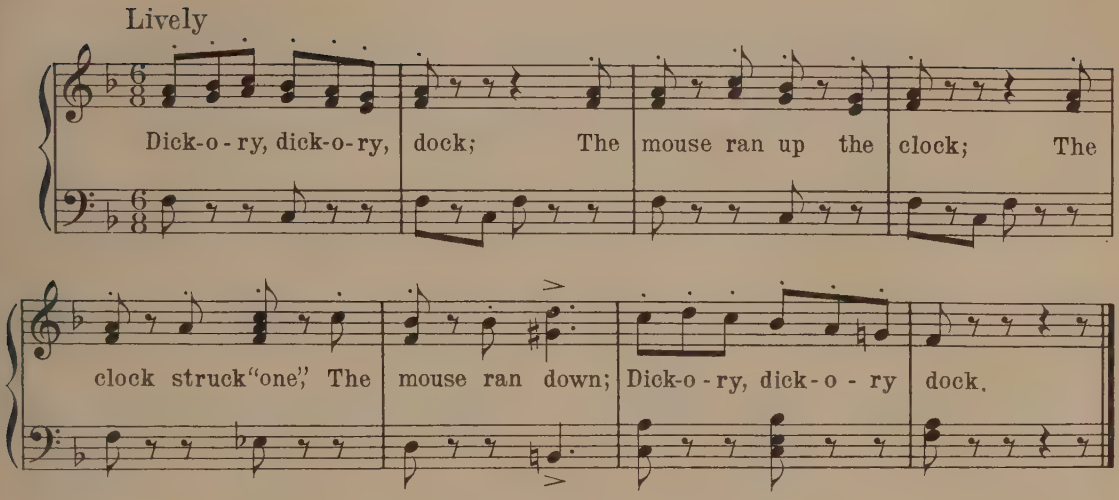

Gaily
mf
Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on,
Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, we'll all have tea.
mf
Su - key, take it off a - gain, Su - key, take it off a - gain.
Su - key, take it off a - gain, they're all gone a - way.

The Little Woman

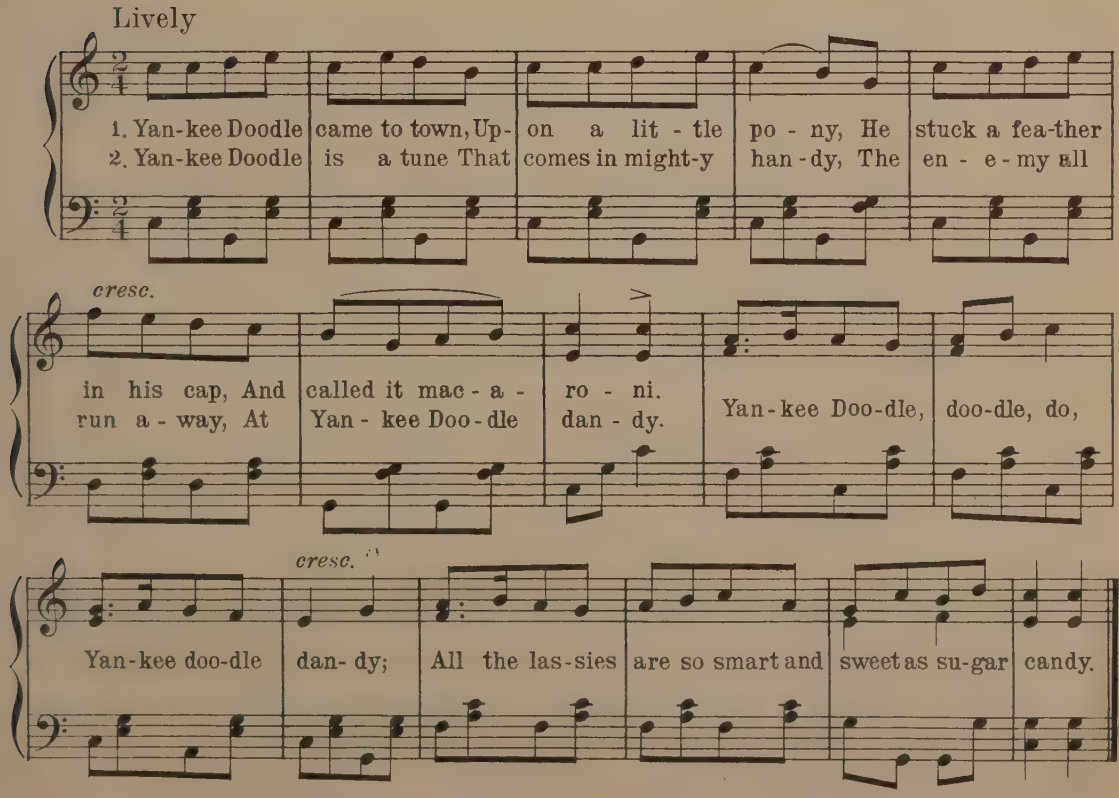

Lively
mf
1. There was a lit-tle wo-man, as I've heard say, Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol;
2. — And there came a pedlar, whose name was stout, Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol;
She went to mar-ket, Her eggs for to sell, Fol, lol, did-dle, did-dle, dol.
He cut her pet-ti-coats all round a-bout, Fol, lol, did-dle, did-dle, dol,
mf
cresc.
She went to mar-ket, all on a mar-ket day, And she fell a-sleep up-on the
He cut her pet-ti-coats up to her knees, Which made the lit-tle wo-man
King's High-way Fol de rol de lol, lol, lol, lol, lol, Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol.
shi-ver and freeze, Fol de rol de lol, lol, lol, lol, lol, Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol.

3. And when this little woman began to wake,
Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol;
She began to shiver, and she began to shake
Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol.
She began to shake, and she began to cry,
Lawk-a-mercy, this is none of I.
Fol de rol, de lol, lol, lol, lol, lol,
Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol.

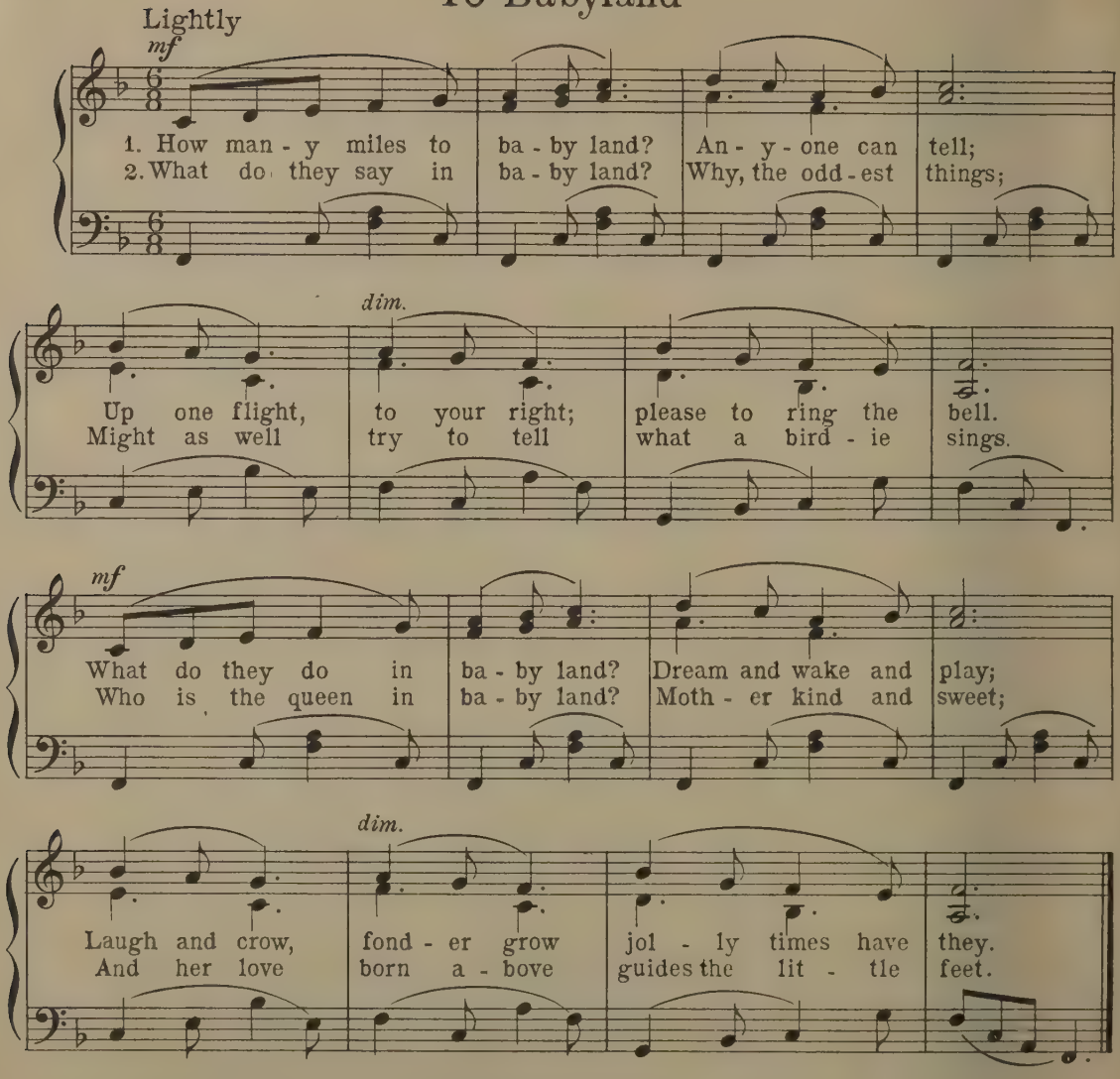
Dickory, Dickory, Dock



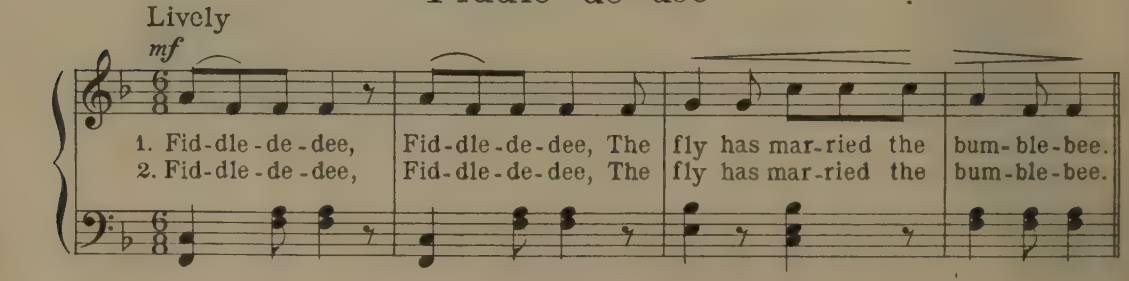
Yankee Doodle

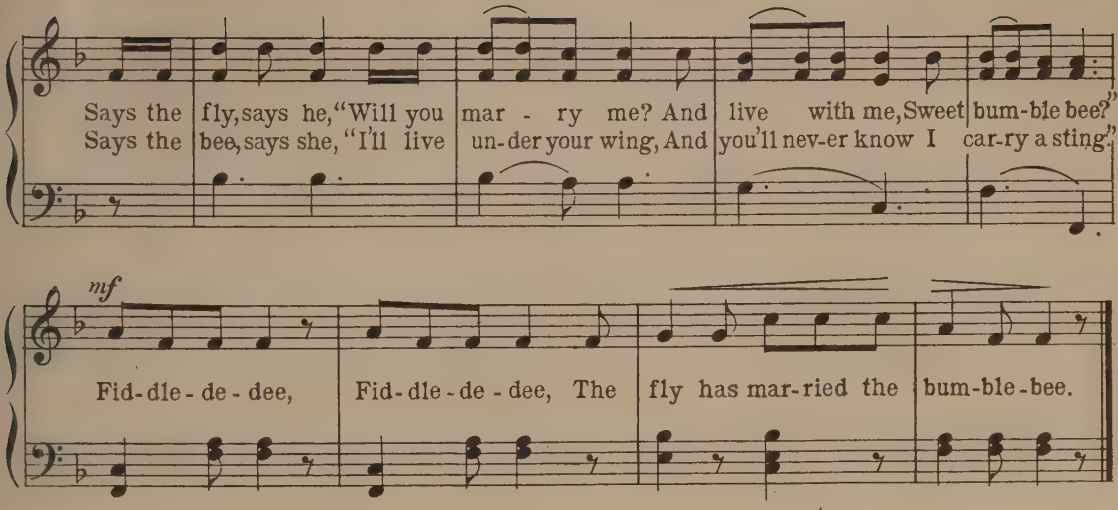

Lively
1. Yan-kee Doodle came to town, Up- on a lit-tle po-ny, He stuck a fea-ther
2. Yan-kee Doodle is a tune That comes in might-y han-dy, The en-e-my all
cresc.
in his cap, And called it mac-a- ro-ni.
run a-way, At Yan-kee Doo-dle dan-dy.
Yan-kee Doo-dle, doo-dle, do,
cresc.
Yan-kee doo-dle dan-dy; All the las-sies are so smart and sweet as su-gar candy.

To Babyland

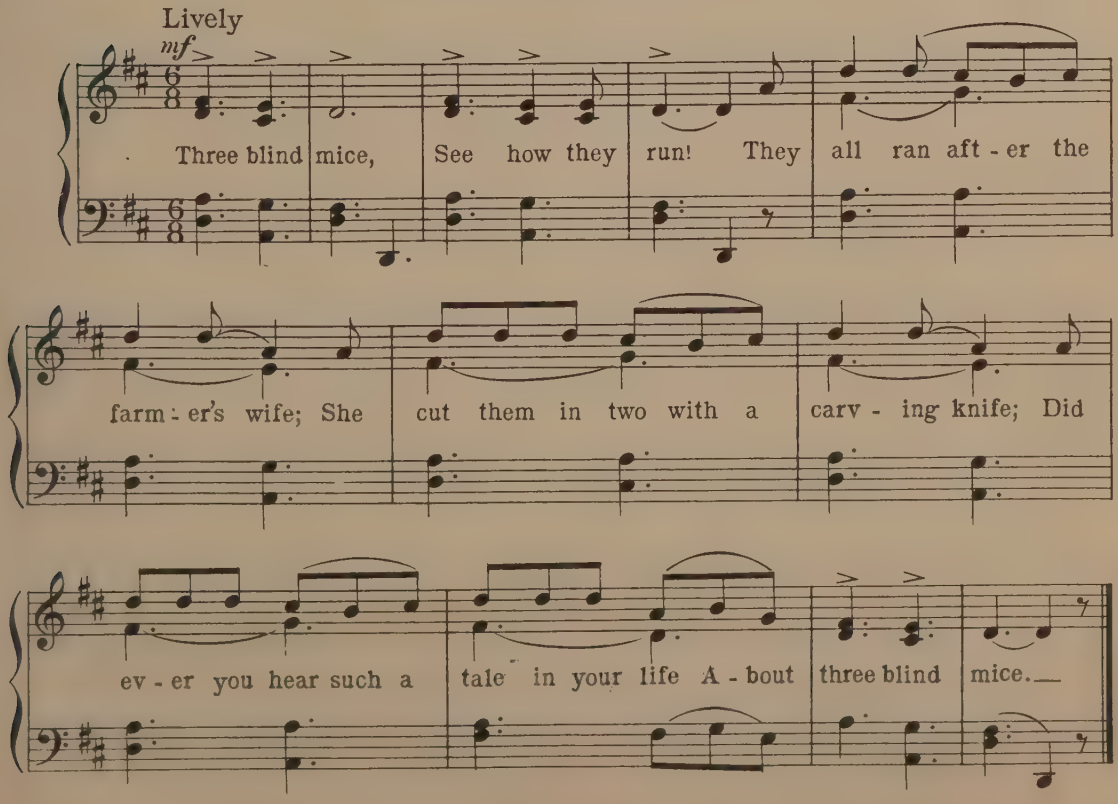

Lightly
mf
1. How man - y miles to ba - by land? An - y - one can tell;
2. What do they say in ba - by land? Why, the odd - est things;
dim.
Up one flight, to your right; please to ring the bell.
Might as well try to tell what a bird - ie sings.
mf
What do they do in ba - by land? Dream and wake and play;
Who is the queen in ba - by land? Moth - er kind and sweet;
dim.
Laugh and crow, fond - er grow jol - ly times have they.
And her love born a - bove guides the lit - tle feet.

Fiddle-de-dee

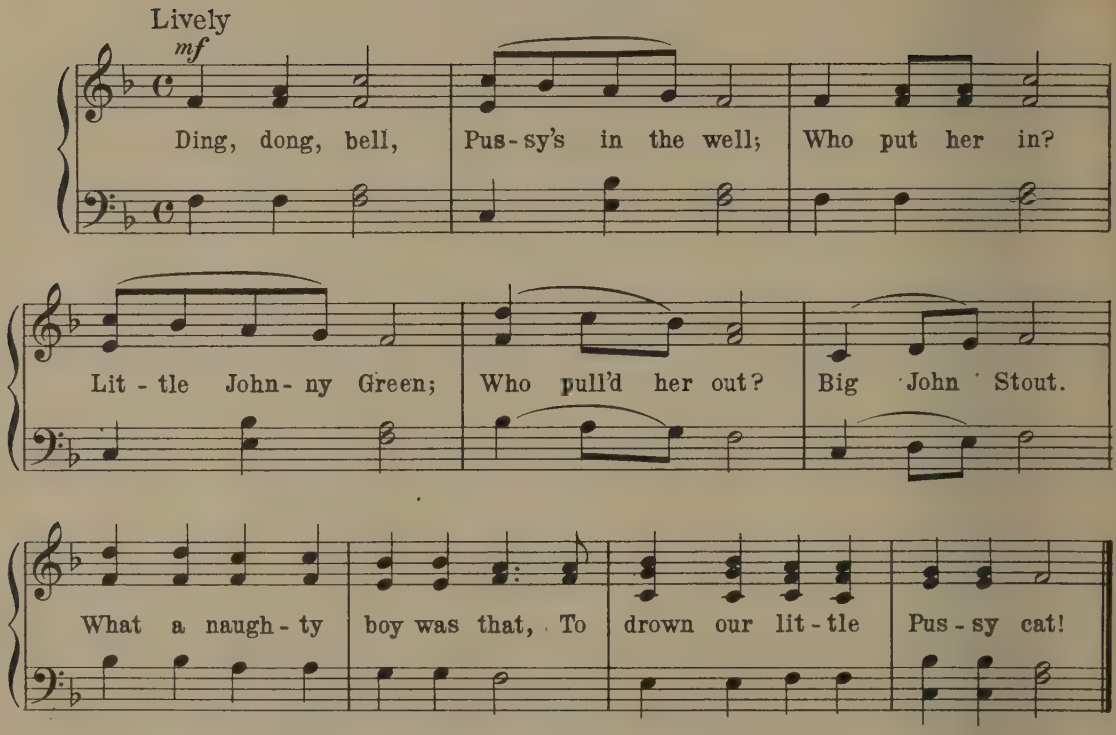

Lively
mf
1. Fid-dle-de-dee, Fid-dle-de-dee, The fly has mar-ried the bum-ble-bee.
2. Fid-dle-de-dee, Fid-dle-de-dee, The fly has mar-ried the bum-ble-bee.


Says the fly, says he, "Will you mar - ry me? And live with me, Sweet bum-ble bee?"
Says the bee, says she, "I'll live un-der your wing, And you'll nev-er know I car-ry a sting."
mf
Fid-dle-de-dee, Fid-dle-de-dee, The fly has mar-ried the bum-ble-bee.

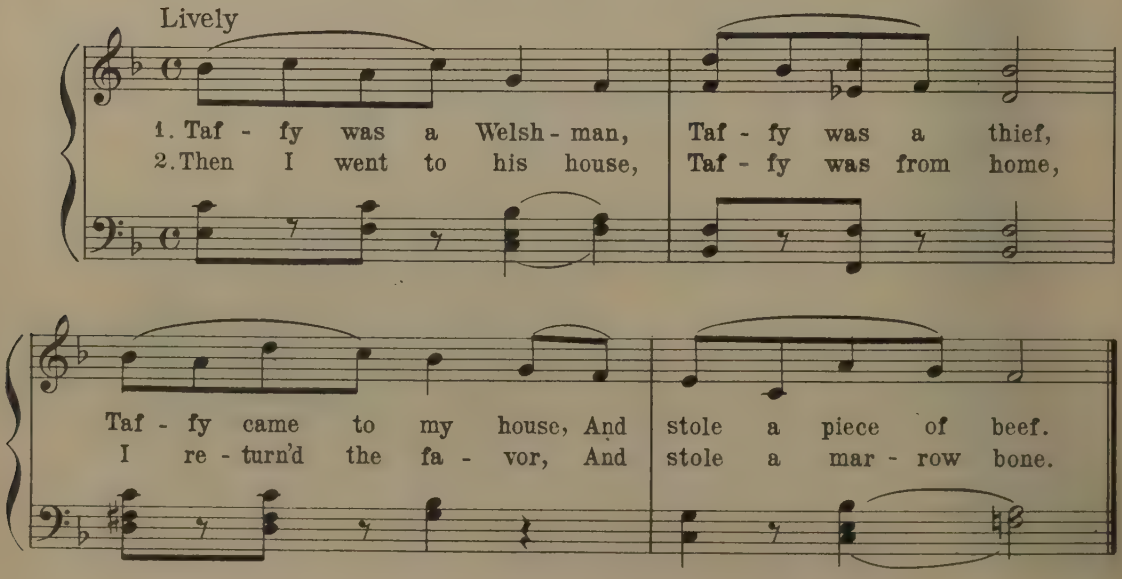
Three Blind Mice


Lively
mf
Three blind mice, See how they run! They all ran aft - er the
farm - er's wife; She cut them in two with a carv - ing knife; Did
ev - er you hear such a tale in your life A - bout three blind mice.

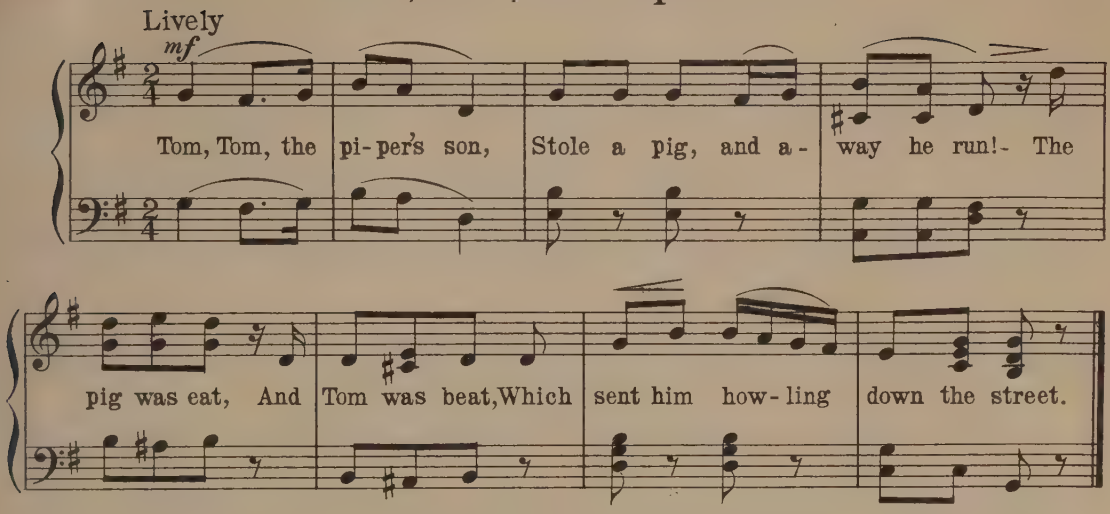
Ding, Dong, Bell


Lively
mf
Ding, dong, bell, Pus-sy's in the well; Who put her in?
Lit-tle John-ny Green; Who pull'd her out? Big John Stout.
What a naugh-ty boy was that, To drown our lit-tle Pus-sy cat!

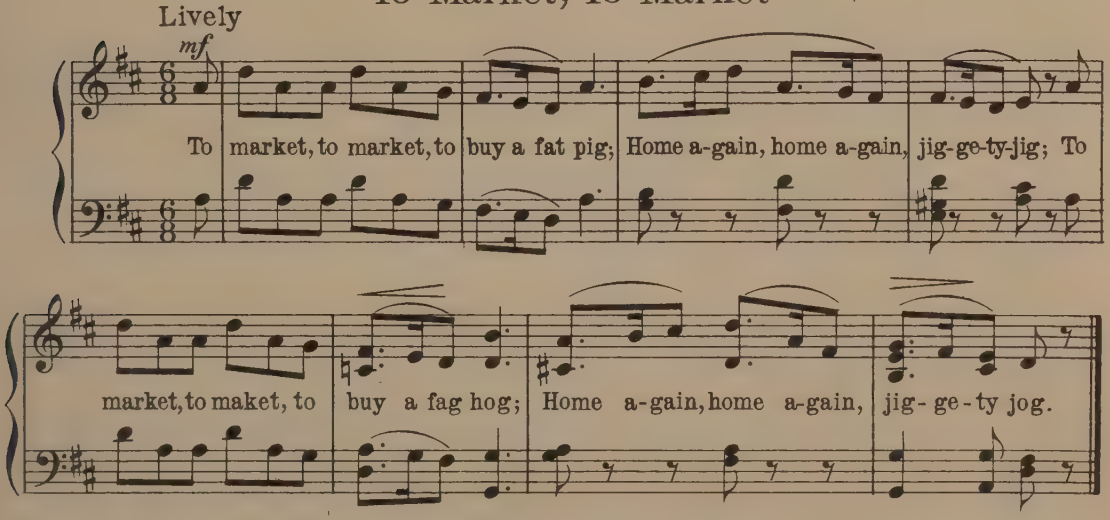
Taffy Was A Welshman


Lively
1. Taf-fy was a Welsh-man, Taf-fy was a thief,
2. Then I went to his house, Taf-fy was from home,
Taf-fy came to my house, And stole a piece of beef.
I re-turn'd the fa-vor, And stole a mar-row bone.

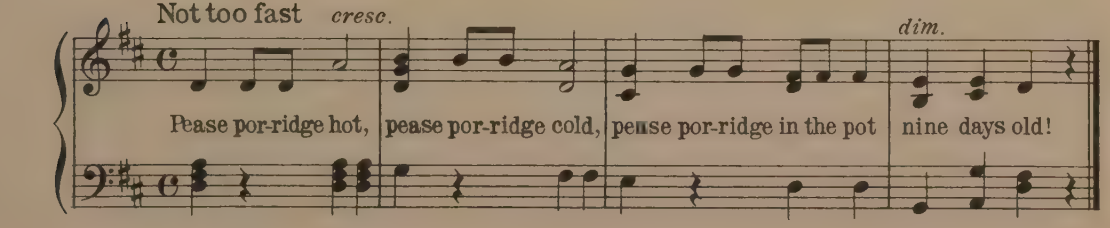
Tom, Tom, The Piper's Son


Lively
mf
Tom, Tom, the pi-per's son, Stole a pig, and a-way he run!- The
pig was eat, And Tom was beat, Which sent him how-ling down the street.

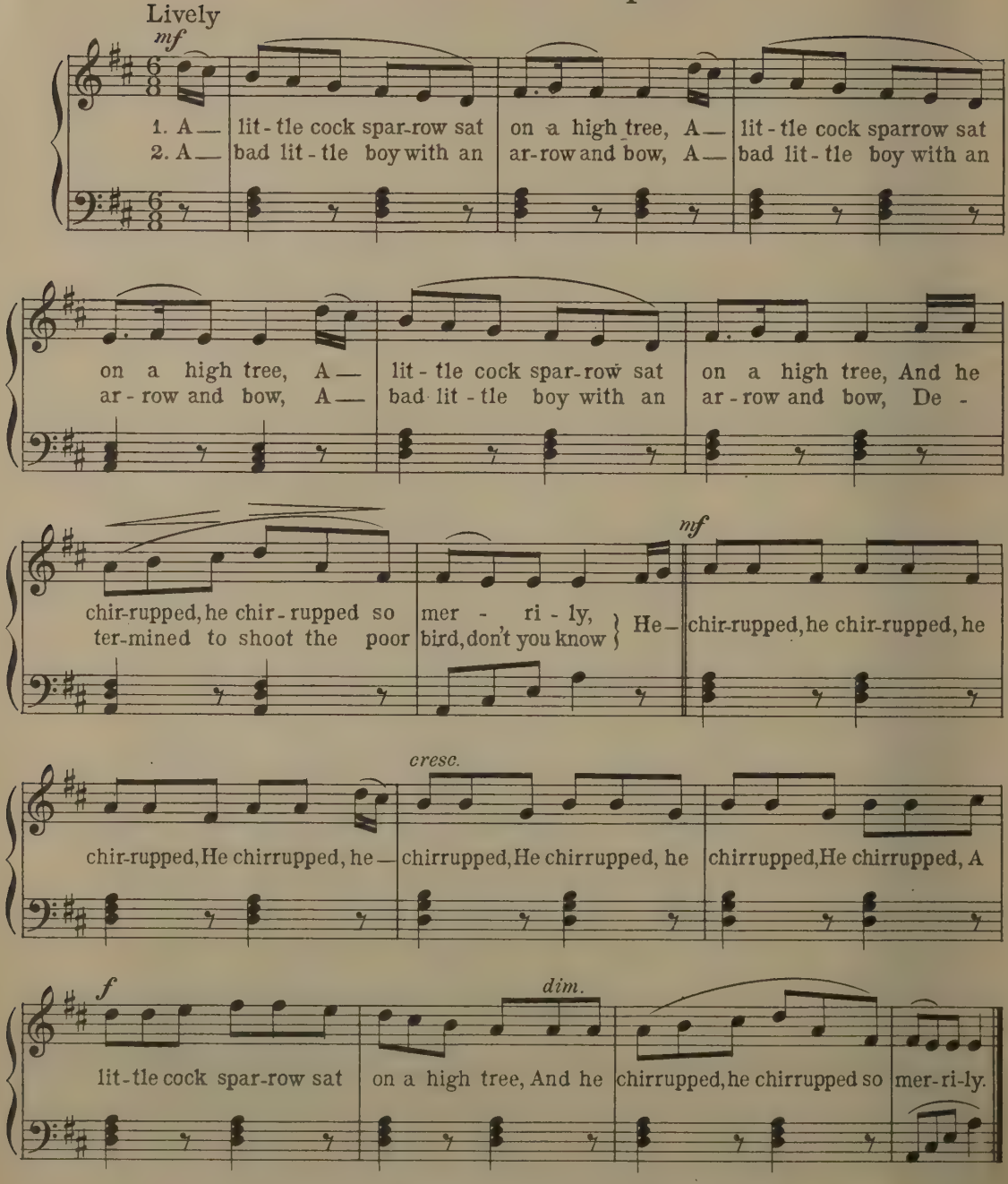
To Market, To Market


Lively
mf
To market, to market, to buy a fat pig; Home a-gain, home a-gain, jig-ge-ty-jig; To
market, to maket, to buy a fag hog; Home a-gain, home a-gain, jig-ge-ty jog.

Pease Porridge Hot



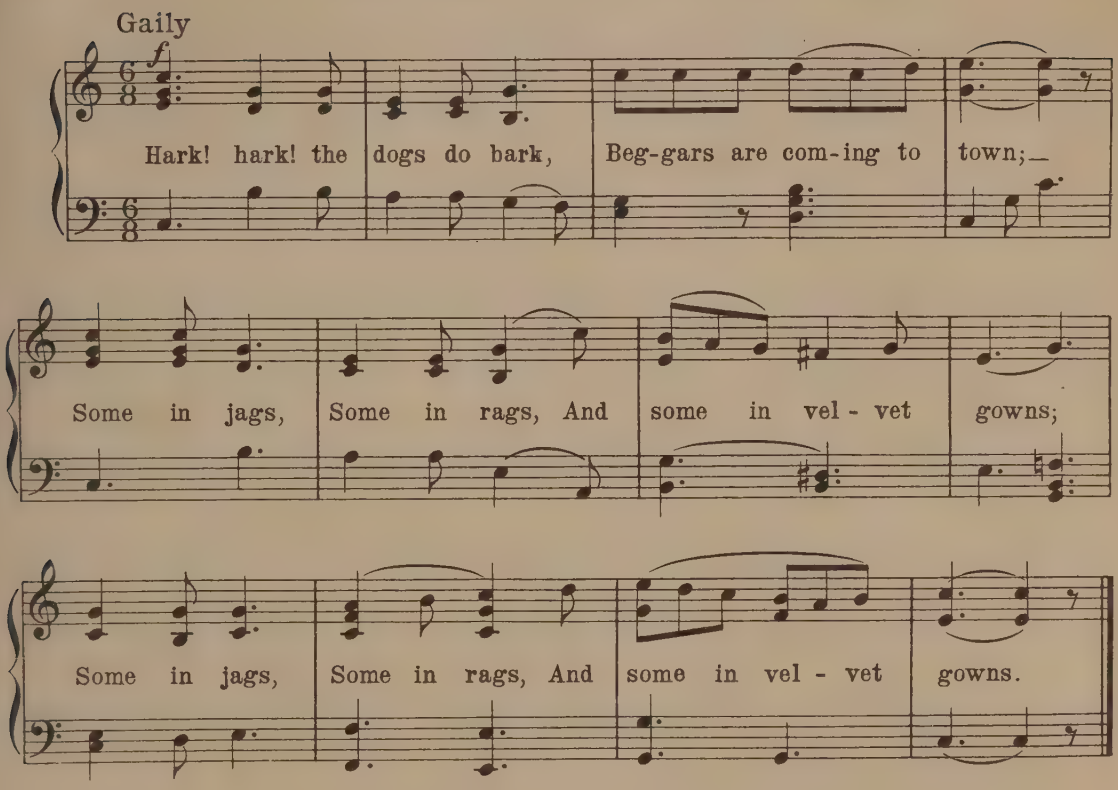
The Little Cock Sparrow


Lively
mf
1. A— lit-tle cock spar-row sat on a high tree, A— lit-tle cock sparrow sat
2. A— bad lit-tle boy with an ar-row and bow, A— bad lit-tle boy with an
on a high tree, A— lit-tle cock spar-row sat on a high tree, And he
ar-row and bow, A— bad lit-tle boy with an ar-row and bow, De-
mf
chir-rupped, he chir-rupped so mer-ri-ly, } He— chir-rupped, he chir-rupped, he
ter-mined to shoot the poor bird, don't you know }
cresc.
chir-rupped, He chirrupped, he— chirrupped, He chirrupped, he chirrupped, He chirrupped, A
f
dim.
lit-tle cock spar-row sat on a high tree, And he chirrupped, he chirrupped so mer-ri-ly.

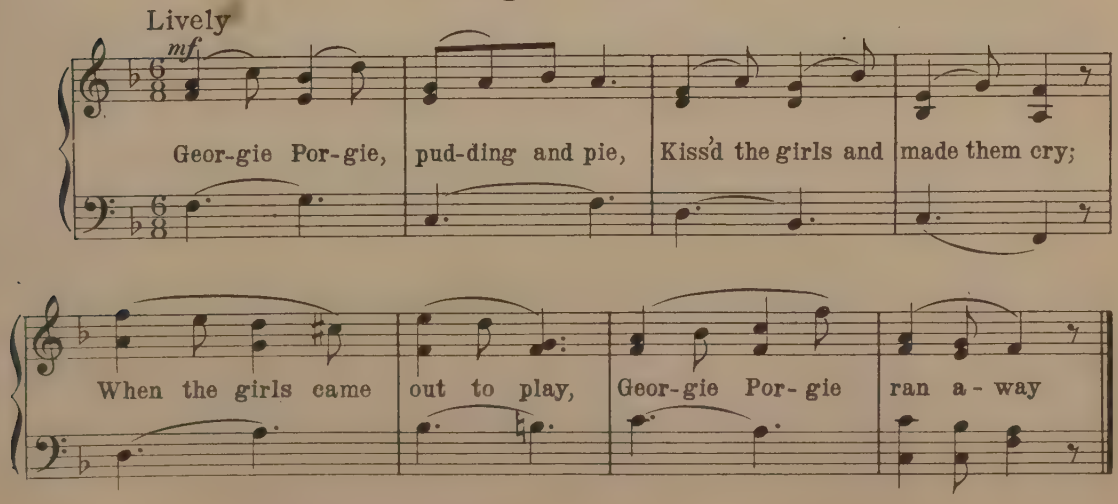
3. For this little cock sparrow would make a nice stew
And his giblets would make a nice little pie too.

4. "Oh, no," says cock sparrow, "I won't make a stew,"
And he fluttered his wings and away he flew.

Hark! Hark! The Dogs Do Bark


Gaily
f
Hark! hark! the dogs do bark, Beg-gars are com-ing to town;
Some in jags, Some in rags, And some in vel - vet gowns;
Some in jags, Some in rags, And some in vel - vet gowns.

Georgie Porgie


Lively
mf
Geor-gie Por-gie, pud-ding and pie, Kiss'd the girls and made them cry;
When the girls came out to play, Geor-gie Por-gie ran a - way

A Little Man

From "Hansel & Gretel"

Not too fast

mf

A ti - ny lit - tle man stands in for - est dim, A cun-ning lit-tle man - tle he wears on him, Who_ can this fig-ure be, stand - ing'neath a for - est tree, With the man-tle hang - ing down to his knee?

rit. *a tempo.*

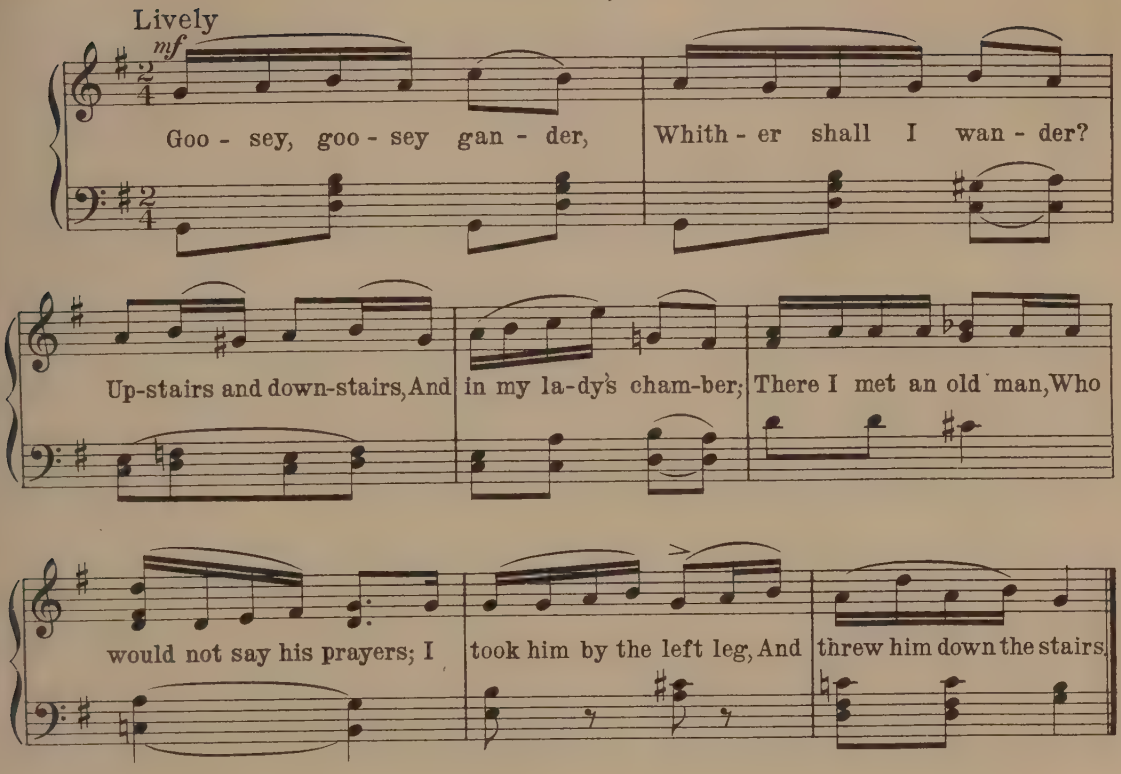
Johnny Had A Little Dog

Lively

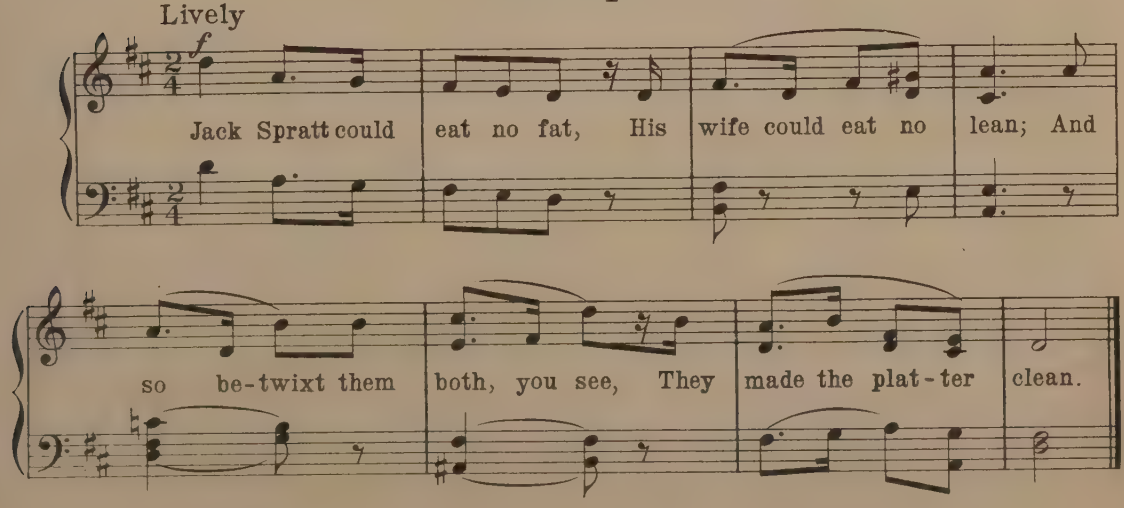
mf *f*

Johnny had a lit-tle dog, And Bin-go was his name, sir, B - i - n - g - o go, B - i - n - g - o go, B - i - n - g - o go, Bin-go was his name, sir.

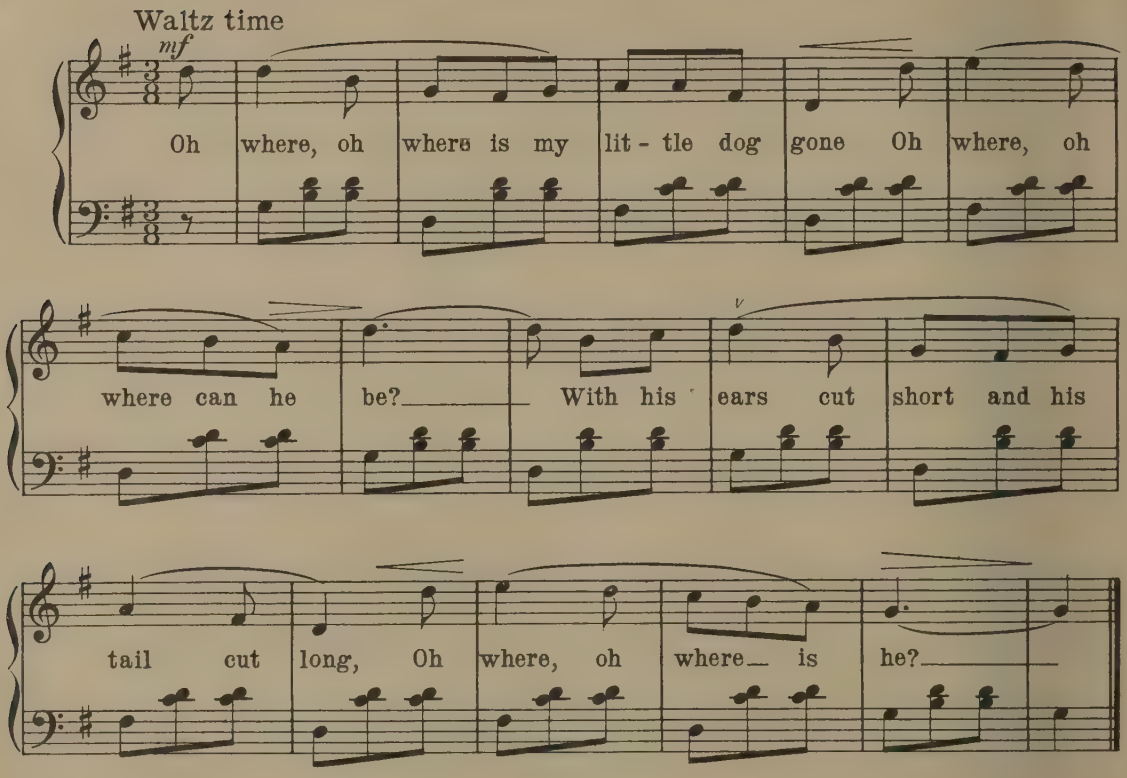
Goosey Goosey Gander


Lively
mf
Goo - sey, goo - sey gan - der, Whith - er shall I wan - der?
Up-stairs and down-stairs, And in my la-dy's cham-ber; There I met an old man, Who
would not say his prayers; I took him by the left leg, And threw him down the stairs.

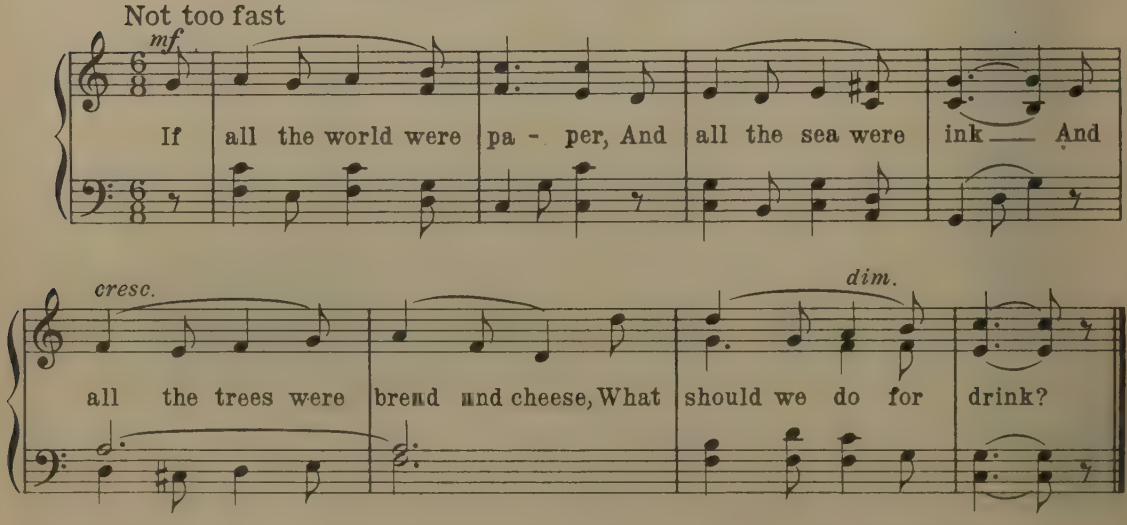
Jack Spratt


Lively
f
Jack Spratt could eat no fat, His wife could eat no lean; And
so be-twixt them both, you see, They made the plat-ter clean.

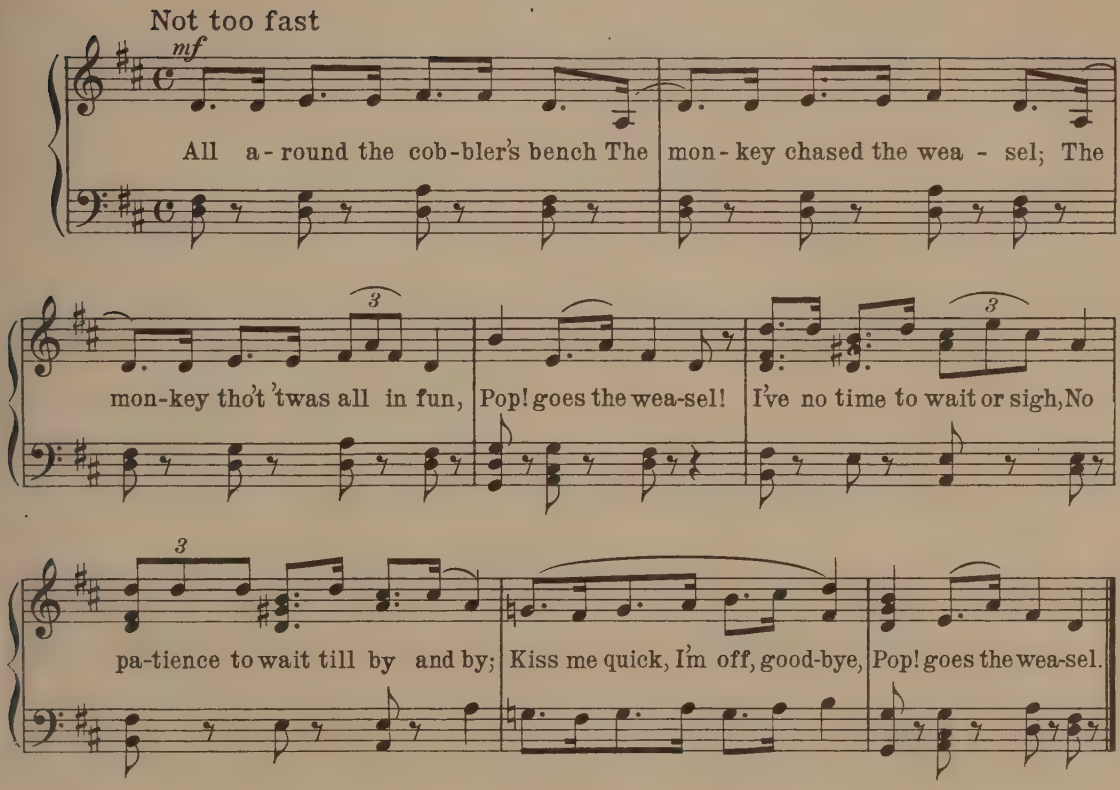
Where Is My Little Dog Gone?


Waltz time
mf
Oh where, oh where is my lit - tle dog gone Oh where, oh
where can he be? With his ears cut short and his
tail cut long, Oh where, oh where is he?

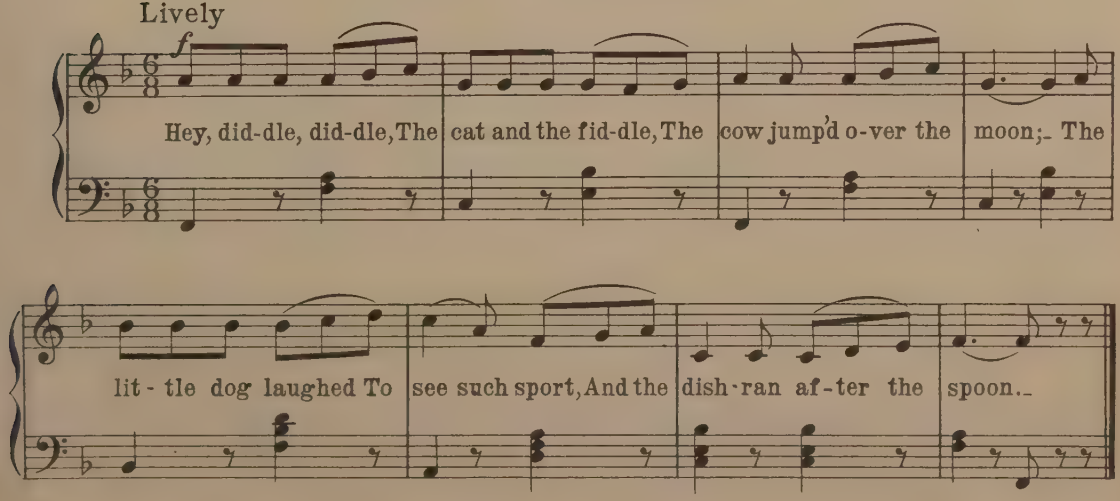
If All The World Were Paper


Not too fast
mf
If all the world were pa - per, And all the sea were ink And
cresc.
dim.
all the trees were bread and cheese, What should we do for drink?

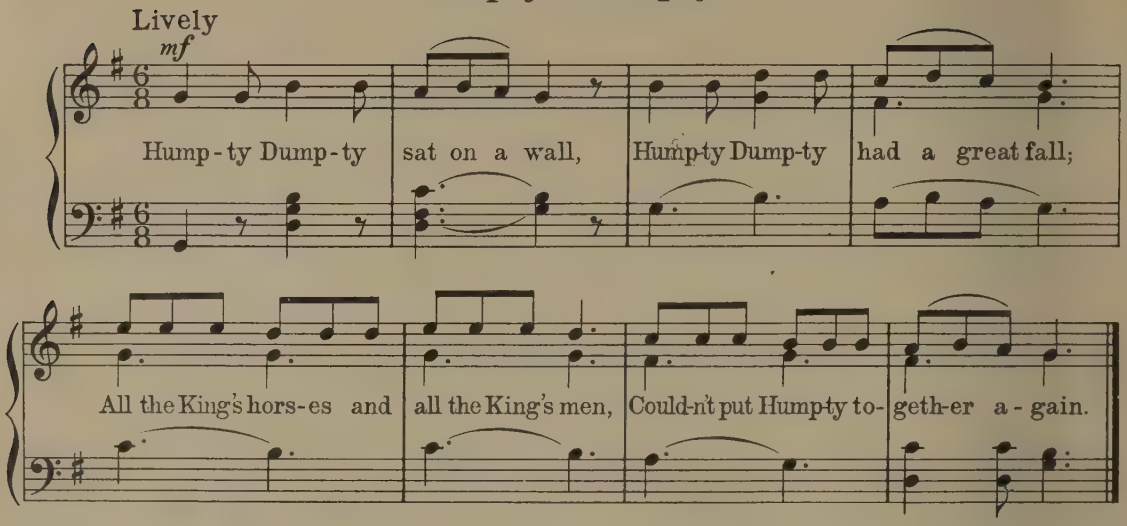
Pop! Goes the Weasel


Not too fast
mf
All a - round the cob - bler's bench The mon - key chased the wea - sel; The
mon-key tho't 'twas all in fun, Pop! goes the wea-sel! I've no time to wait or sigh, No
pa-tience to wait till by and by; Kiss me quick, I'm off, good-bye, Pop! goes the wea-sel.

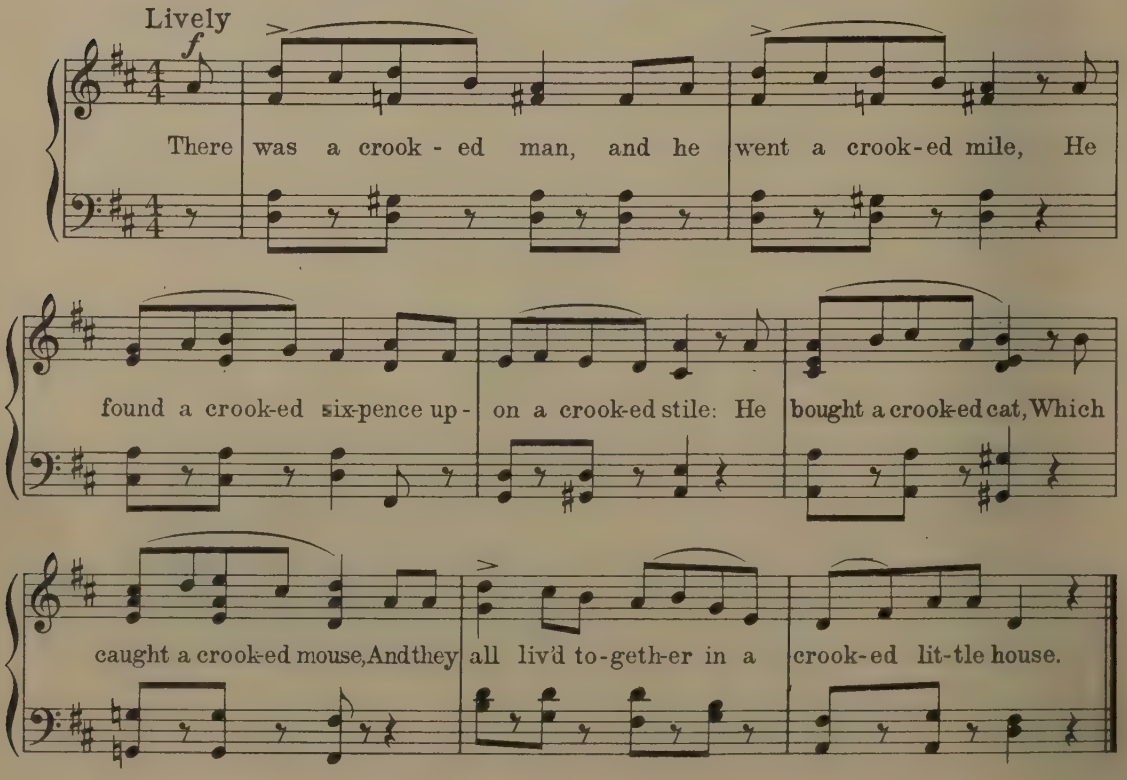
Hey, Diddle, Diddle


Lively
f
Hey, did-dle, did-dle, The cat and the fid-dle, The cow jump'd o-ver the moon;- The
lit - tle dog laughed To see such sport, And the dish - ran af - ter the spoon.-

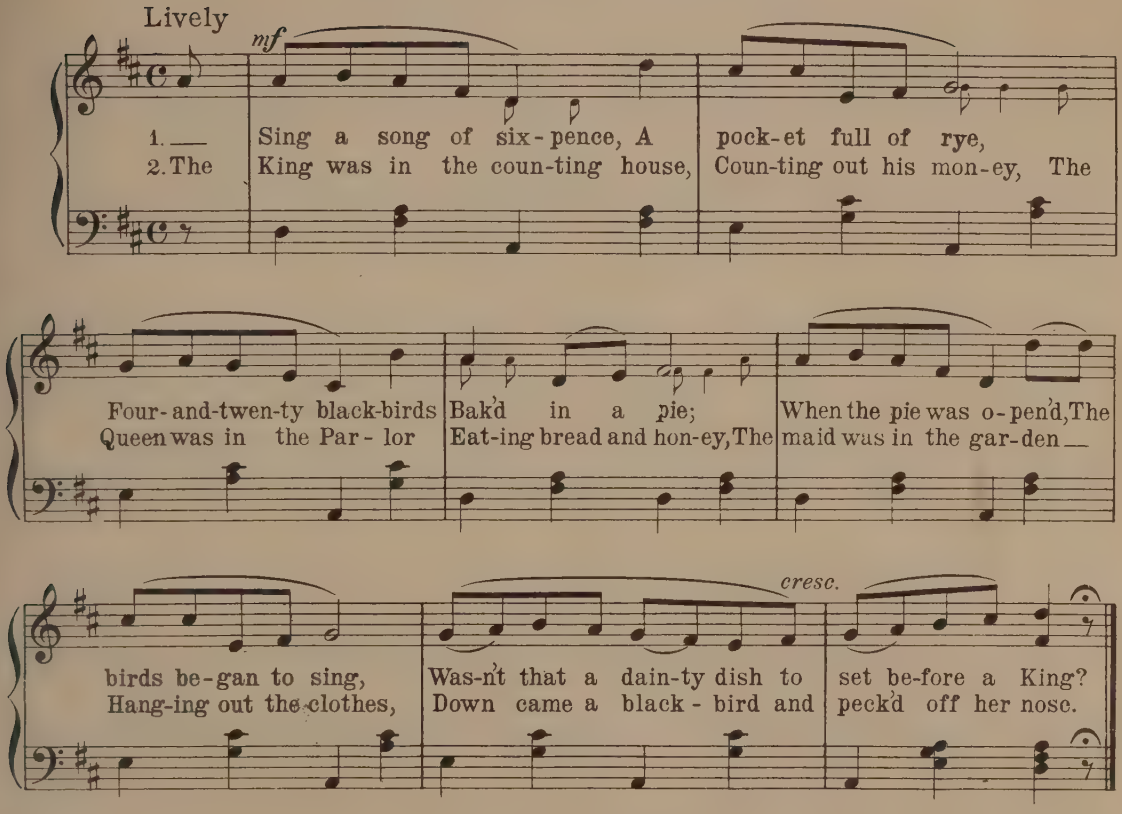
Humpty Dumpty


Lively
mf
Hump-ty Dump-ty sat on a wall, Hump-ty Dump-ty had a great fall;
All the King's hors-es and all the King's men, Could-n't put Hump-ty to-geth-er a-gain.

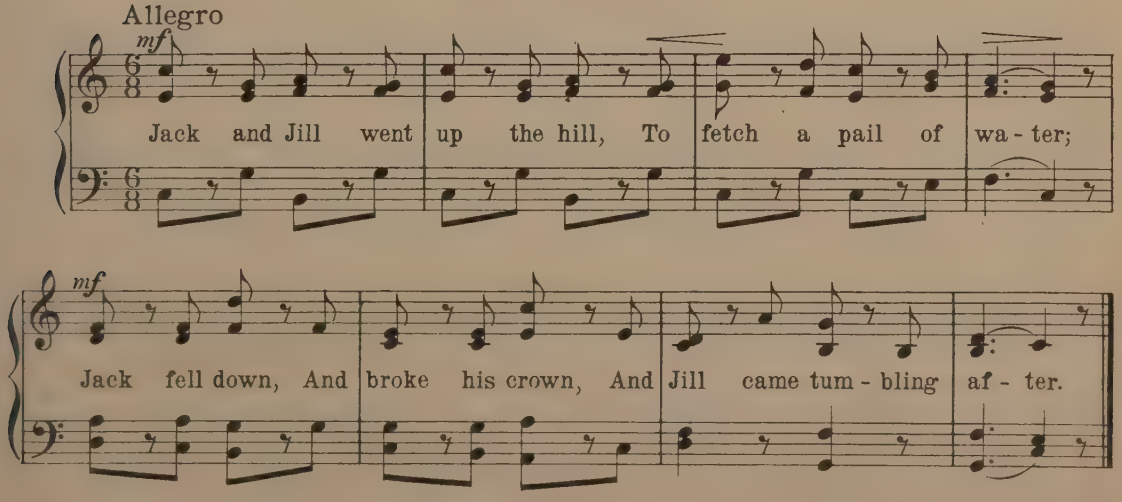
There Was A Crooked Man


Lively
f
There was a crook-ed man, and he went a crook-ed mile, He
found a crook-ed six-pence up-on a crook-ed stile: He bought a crook-ed cat, Which
caught a crook-ed mouse, And they all liv'd to-geth-er in a crook-ed lit-tle house.

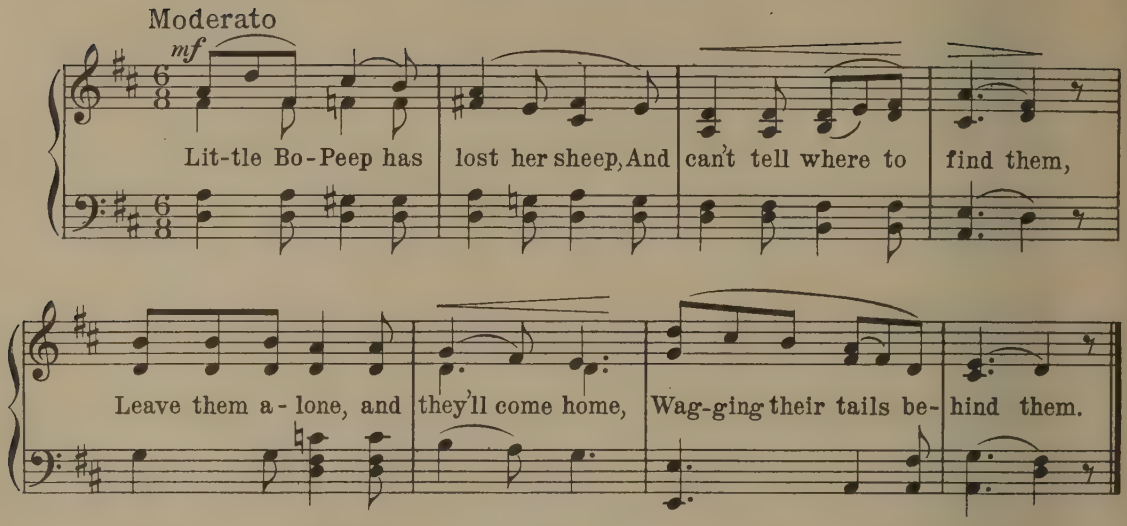
Sing A Song of Sixpence


Lively
mf
1. Sing a song of six-pence, A pock-et full of rye,
2. The King was in the coun-ting house, Coun-ting out his mon-ey, The
Four-and-twen-ty black-birds Bak'd in a pie; When the pie was o-pen'd, The
Queen was in the Par-lor Eat-ing bread and hon-ey, The maid was in the gar-den
cresc.
birds be-gan to sing, Was-n't that a dain-ty dish to set be-fore a King?
Hang-ing out the clothes, Down came a black-bird and peck'd off her nose.

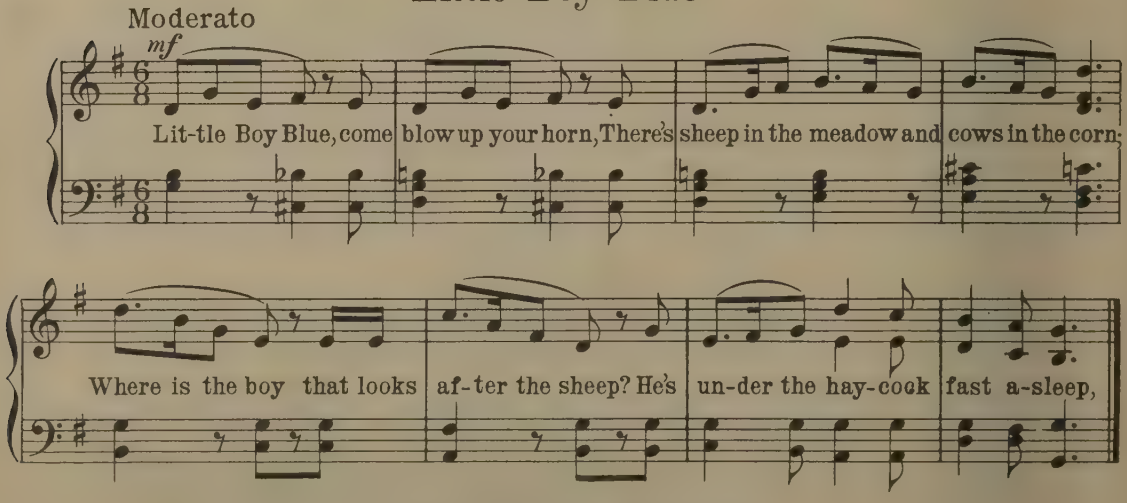
Jack and Jill


Allegro
mf
Jack and Jill went up the hill, To fetch a pail of wa-ter;
mf
Jack fell down, And broke his crown, And Jill came tum-bling af-ter.

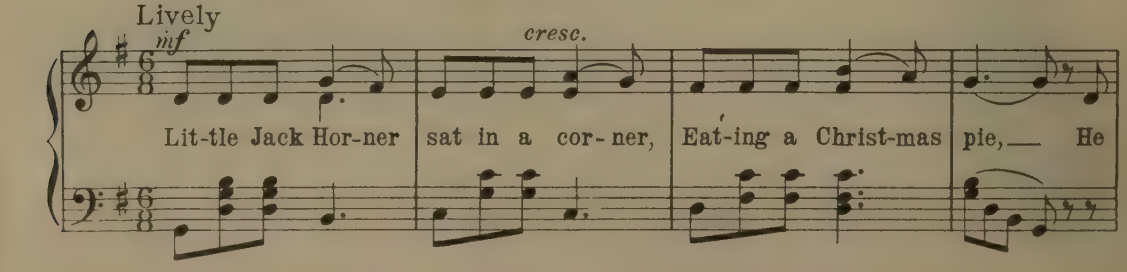
Little Bo-Peep

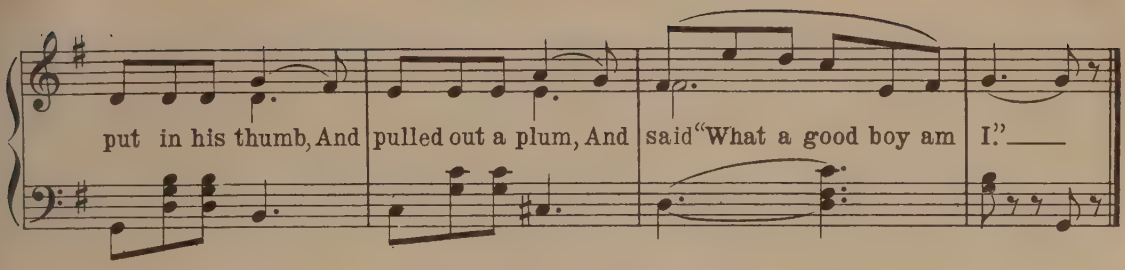

Moderato
mf
Lit-tle Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them,
Leave them a-lone, and they'll come home, Wag-ging their tails be-hind them.

Little Boy Blue

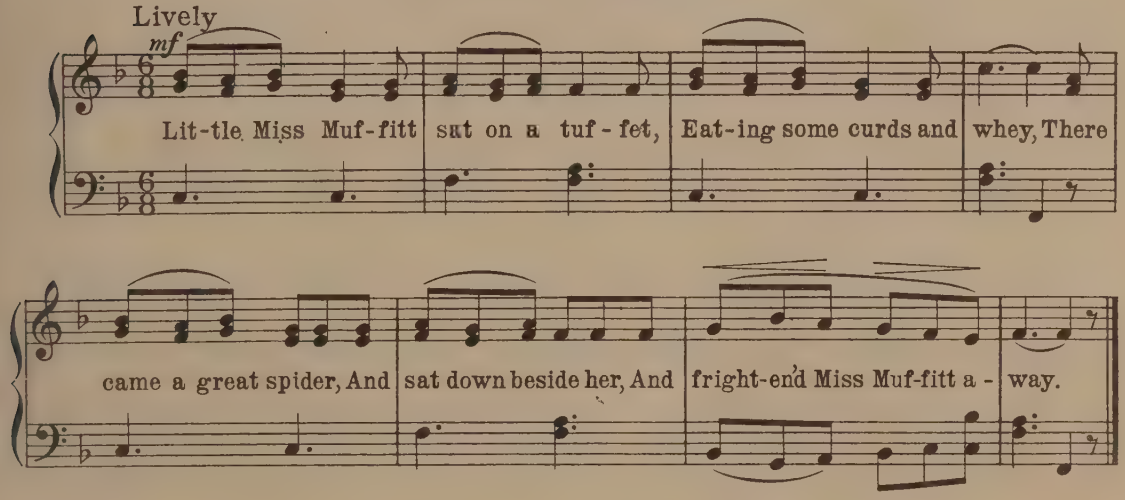

Moderato
mf
Lit-tle Boy Blue, come blow up your horn, There's sheep in the meadow and cows in the corn;
Where is the boy that looks af-ter the sheep? He's un-der the hay-cock fast a-sleep,

Little Jack Horner

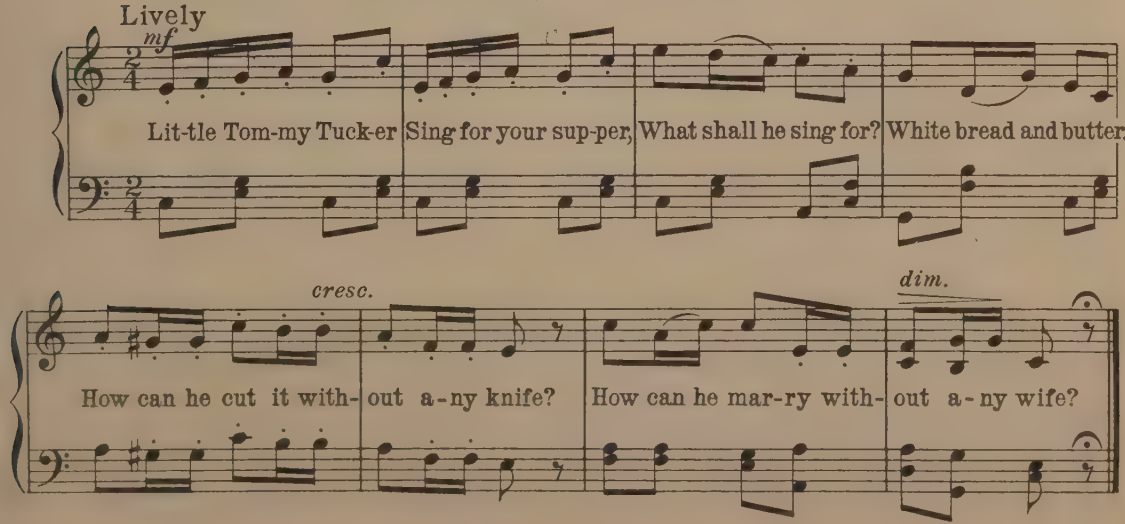




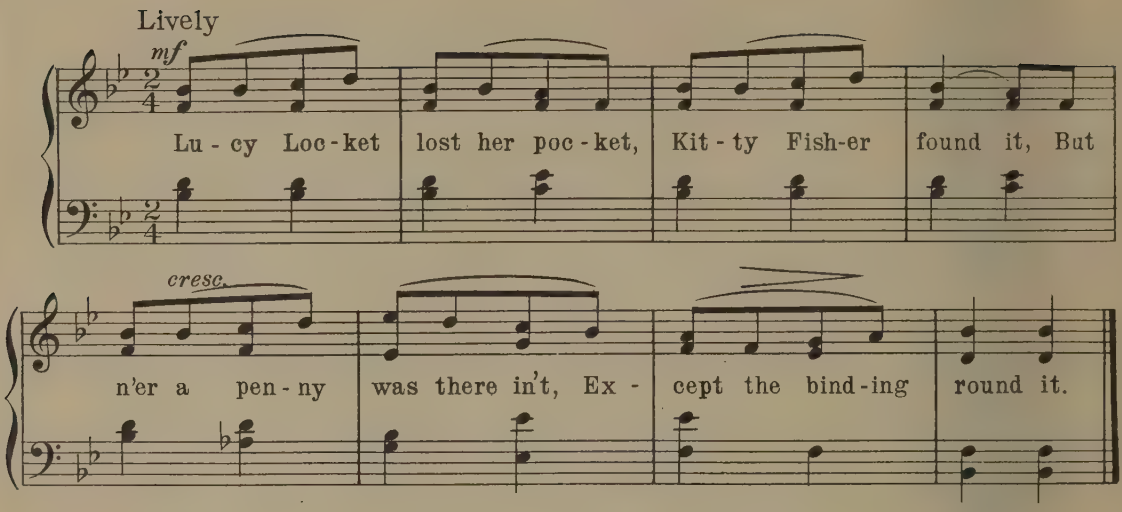
Little Miss Muffitt


Lively
mf
Lit-tle Miss Muf-fitt sat on a tuf-fet, Eat-ing some curds and whey, There
came a great spider, And sat down beside her, And fright-en'd Miss Muf-fitt a-way.

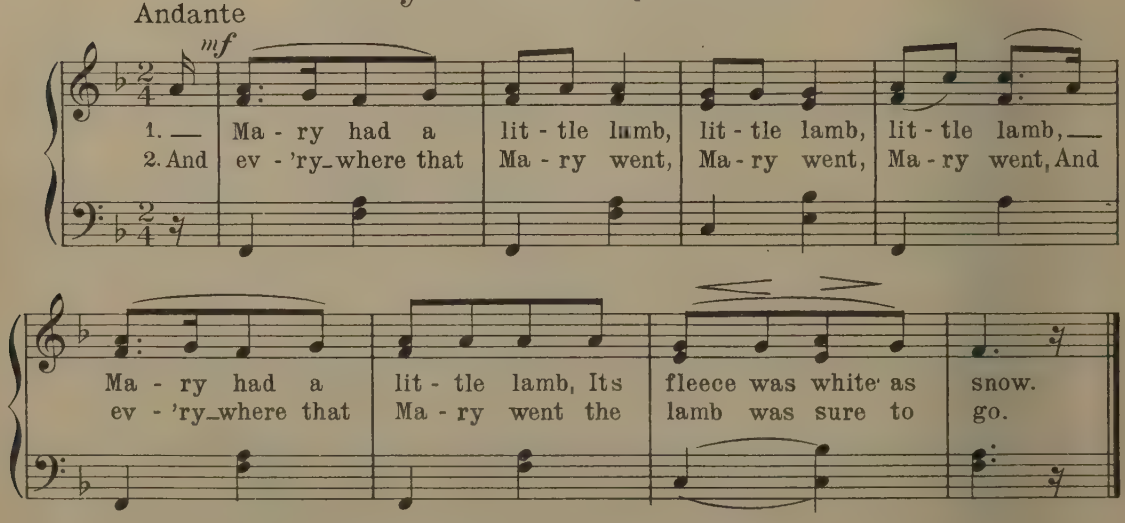
Little Tommy Tucker


Lively
mf
Lit-tle Tom-my Tuck-er Sing for your sup-per, What shall he sing for? White bread and butter.
cresc.
dim.
How can he cut it with-out a-ny knife? How can he mar-ry with-out a-ny wife?

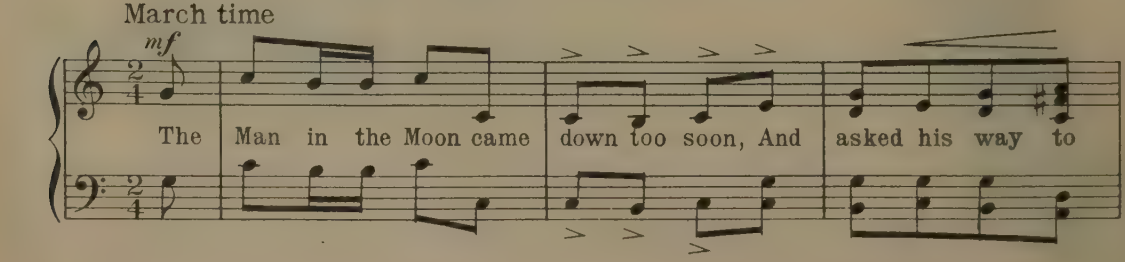
Lucy Locket

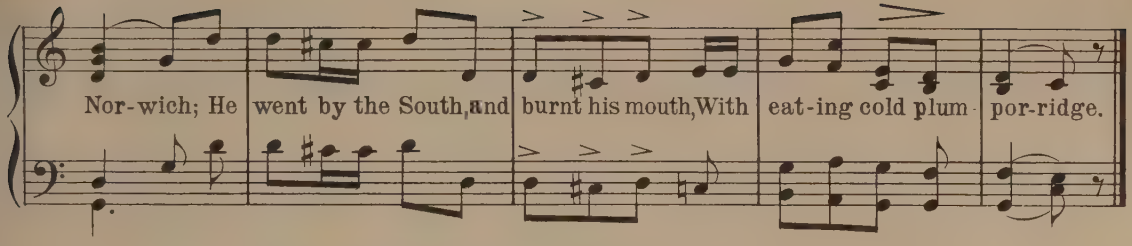

Lively
mf
Lu - cy Loc - ket lost her poc - ket, Kit - ty Fish-er found it, But
cresc.
n'er a pen - ny was there in't, Ex - cept the bind - ing round it.

Mary Had A Little Lamb

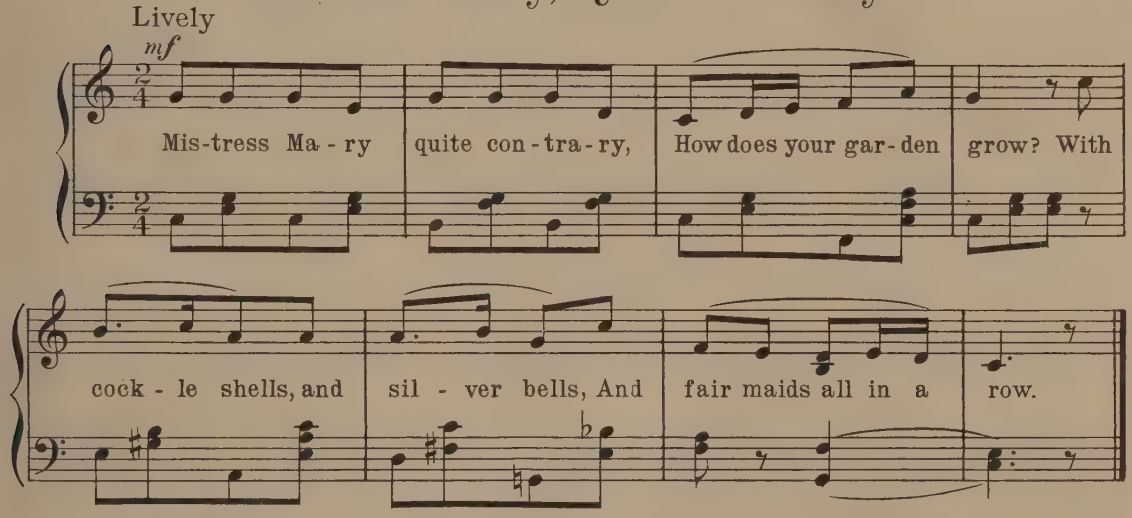

Andante
mf
1. — Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb, —
2. And ev - 'ry_where that Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, Ma - ry went, And
Ma - ry had a lit - tle lamb, Its fleece was white as snow.
ev - 'ry_where that Ma - ry went the lamb was sure to go.

The Man in the Moon

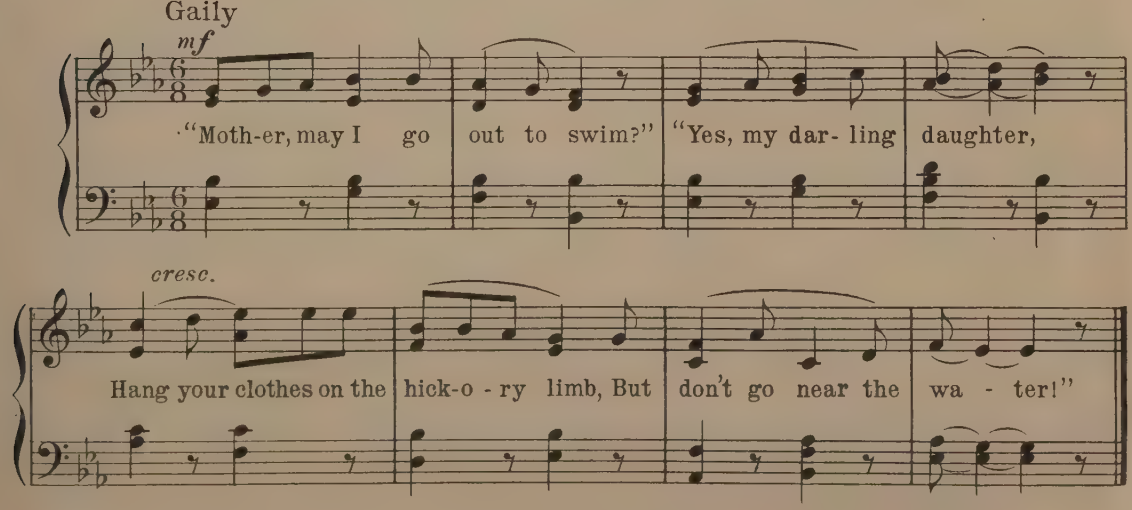




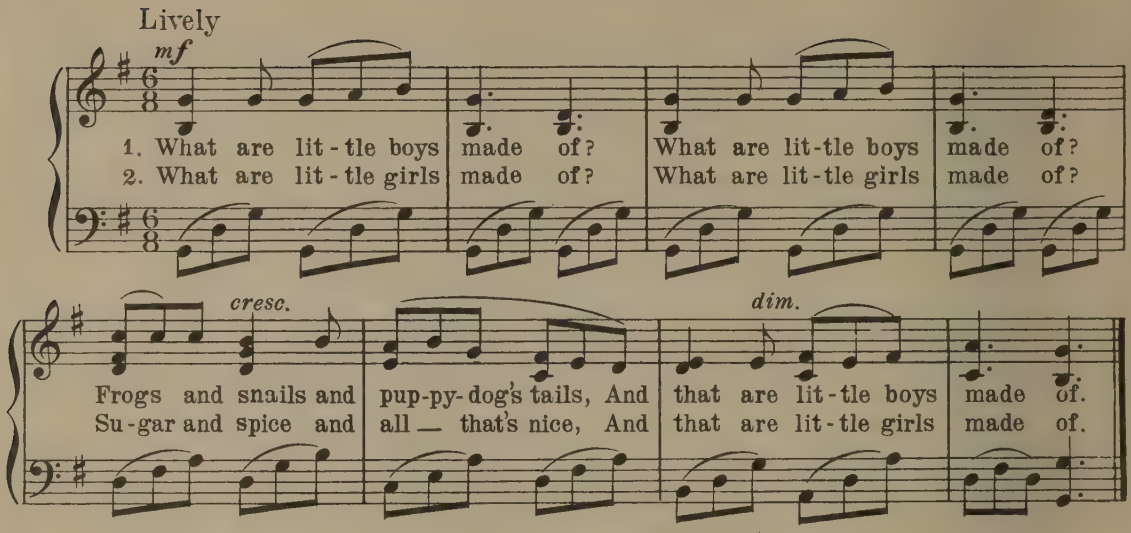
Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary


Lively
mf
Mis-tress Ma-ry quite con-tra-ry, How does your gar-den grow? With
cock-le shells, and sil-ver bells, And fair maids all in a row.

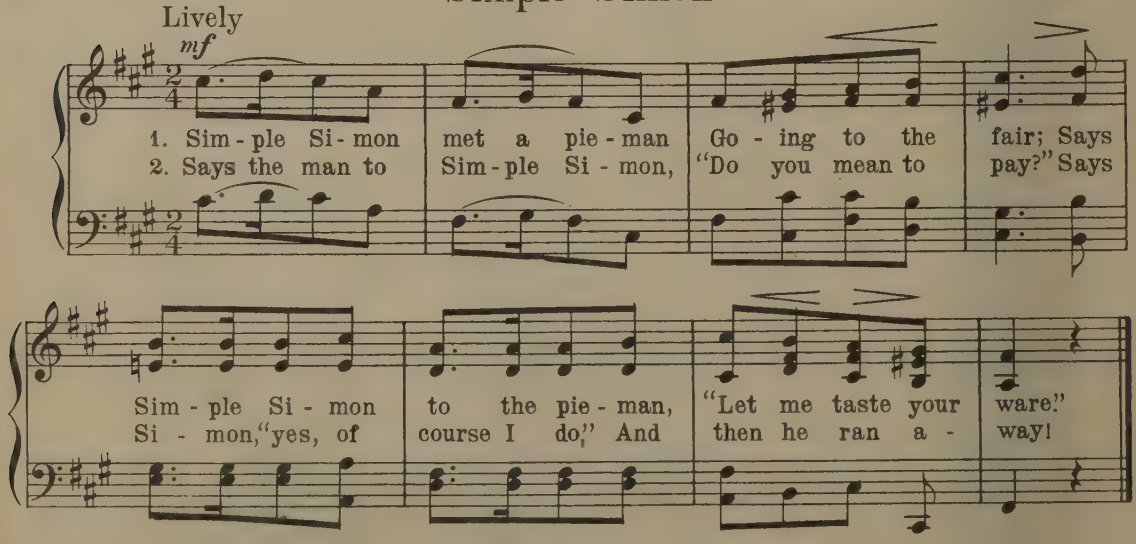
Mother, May I Go Out To Swim?


Gaily
mf
"Moth-er, may I go out to swim?" "Yes, my dar-ling daughter,
cresc.
Hang your clothes on the hick-o-ry limb, But don't go near the wa-ter!"

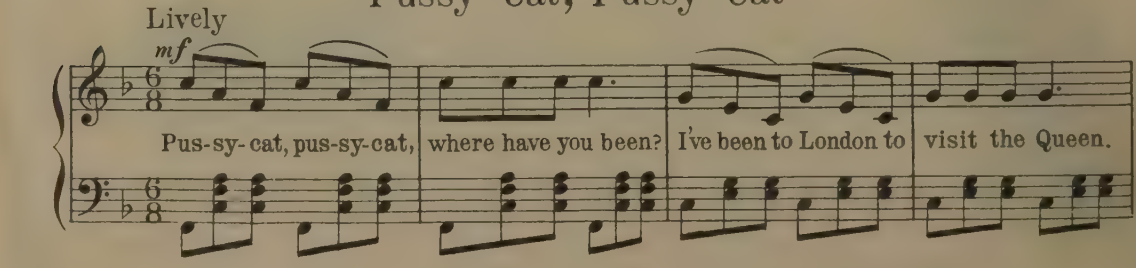
Natural History

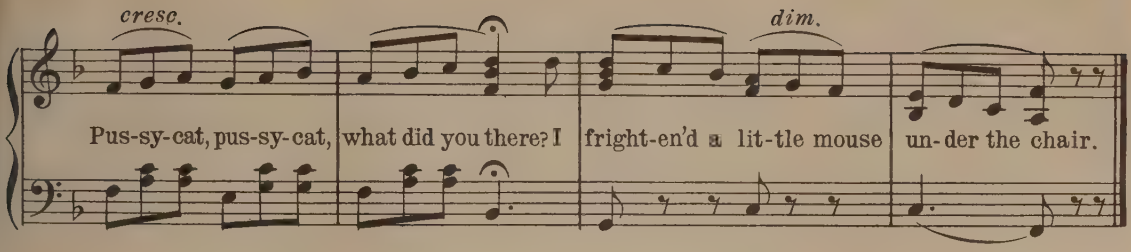

Lively
mf
1. What are lit - tle boys made of? What are lit-tle boys made of?
2. What are lit - tle girls made of? What are lit-tle girls made of?
cresc.
dim.
Frogs and snails and pup-py-dog's tails, And that are lit-tle boys made of.
Su-gar and spice and all — that's nice, And that are lit-tle girls made of.

Simple Simon

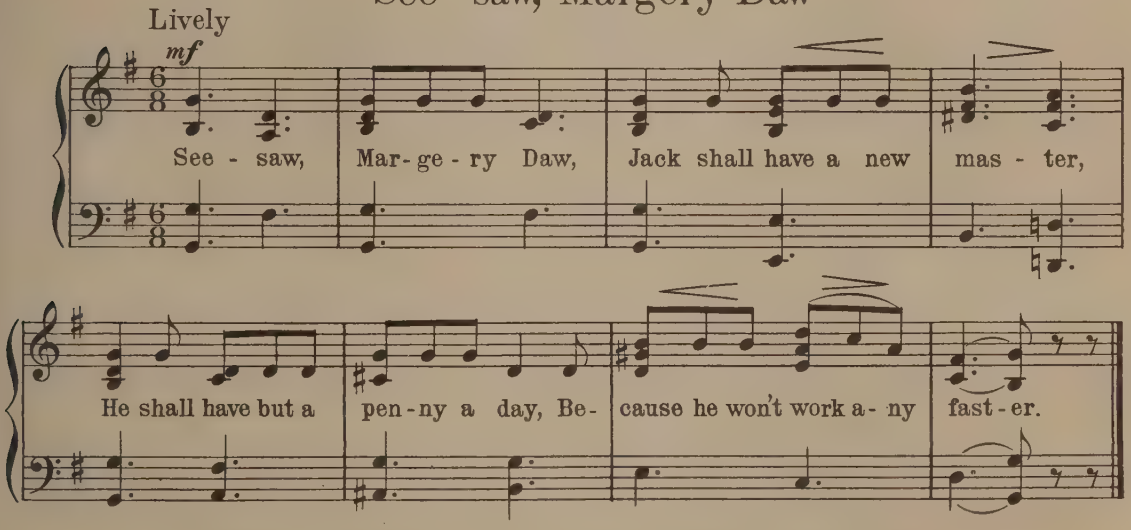

Lively
mf
1. Sim - ple Si - mon met a pie - man Go - ing to the fair; Says
2. Says the man to Sim - ple Si - mon, "Do you mean to pay?" Says
Sim - ple Si - mon to the pie - man, "Let me taste your ware!"
Si - mon, "yes, of course I do," And then he ran a - way!

Pussy- cat, Pussy- cat

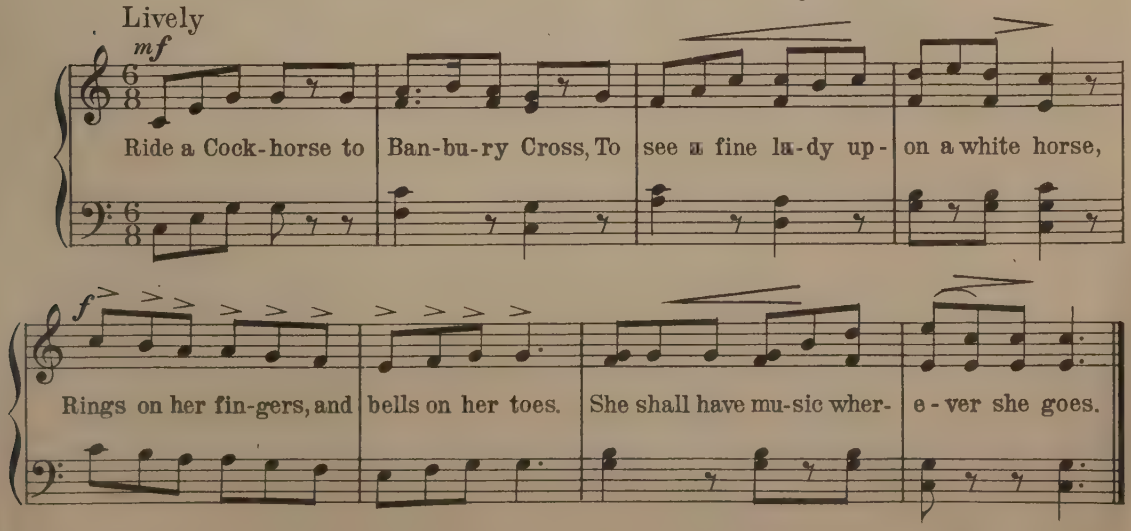




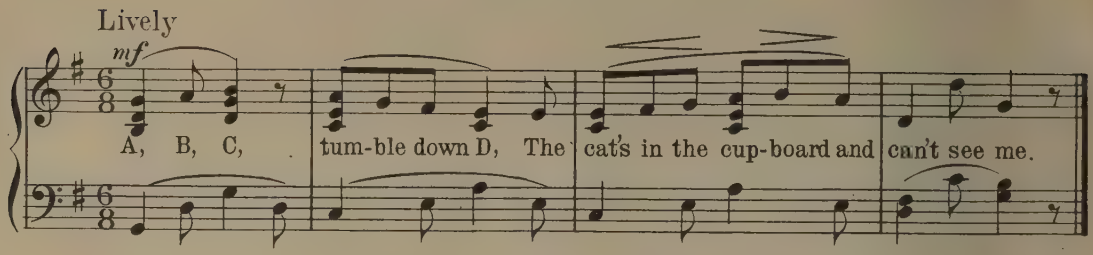
See- saw, Margery Daw



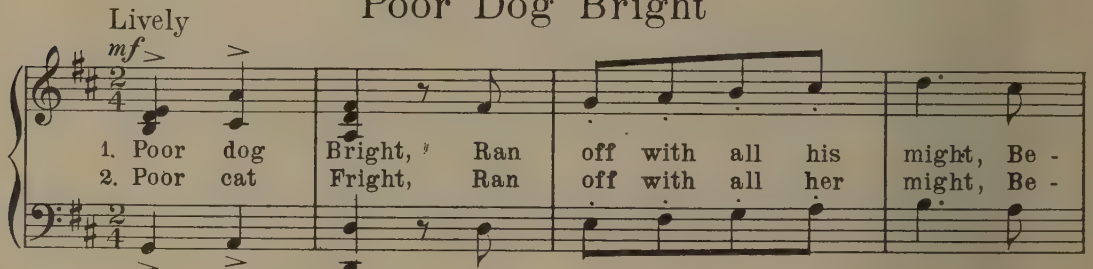
Ride A Cock- horse to Banbury Cross

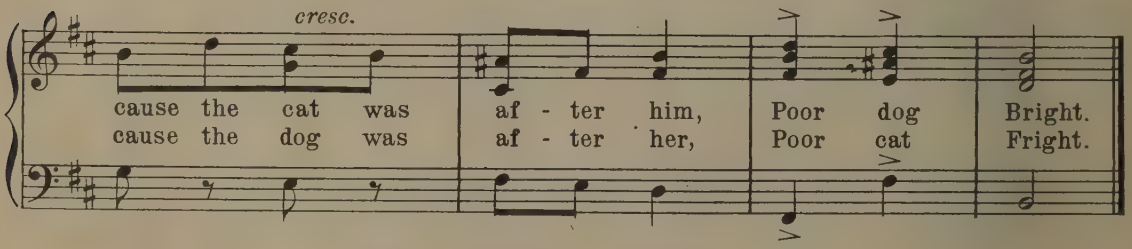

Lively
mf
Ride a Cock-horse to Ban-bu-ry Cross, To see a fine la-dy up- on a white horse,
f
Rings on her fin-gers, and bells on her toes. She shall have mu-sic wher- e-ver she goes.

A, B, C, Tumble Down D

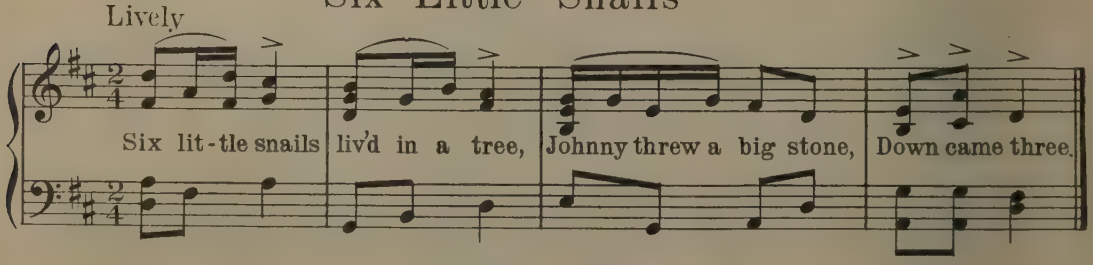
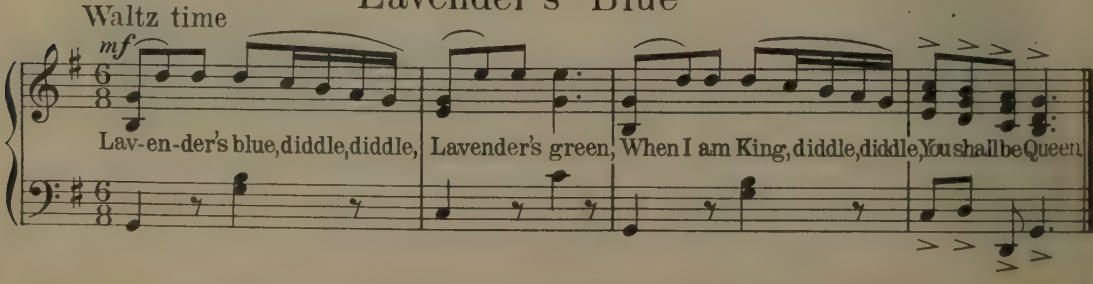


Poor Dog Bright





Six Little Snails



Lavender's Blue